



N. R. PRICE, Mayor.

July 7, 1927.

Major S. Whipple,  
West Point,  
New York.

Dear Major Whipple:

This is to thank you for your letter of May 28th and to inform you as to developments in my son's case.

On June 2, the War Department informed me my son was definitely excluded from entrance, reciting the original reasons given by the Academy Board for refusing entrance by certificate. Nothing was said as to the action of the Board or review of his case. From this I infer no recommendation was made.

This final notice reached me on the tenth anniversary of my reporting for active duty in the the War, a service that continued nearly two years, and a rather melancholy reminder of that indiscretion when at the age of 41 I first joined the war.

The thing that irritates me is that my sons' Alternate, (Matthews), was admitted by conditional certificate granted six months before his qualification at the boys prep school where he was a student; also his schoolmate, Caraway, (Son of the Arkansas Senator of that name.) I probably overlooked my hand by not filing a certificate when my son first applied for admission in 1926.

Altogether, two years of determined effort to break into the U. S. Military Academy has resulted in humiliating failure, and I have advised my son to turn his attention elsewhere and work out a career. As for myself, I have forwarded my resignation as Major, Med+O. R.C.

Very sincerely yours.

N. R. Price, Sr.



WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON

IN REPLY  
REFER TO

AG201 (Price, Norman Randolph) Res. 12-20-23

April 30, 1924.

SUBJECT: Appointment in the Officers' Reserve Corps.

Through: Commanding General, Fifth Corps Area.

A 0-199200

To:

Major Norman Randolph Price, Med-ORG,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

B None

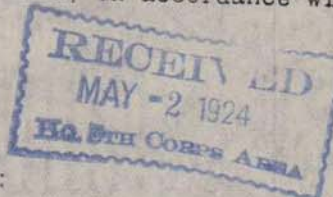
1. By direction of the President you are appointed in the Officers' Reserve Corps, effective this date, in the grade and section shown in address above. Your serial number and length of active service in your present or any higher grade are shown above in A and B, respectively.

2. You will not perform the duties of an officer under this appointment until specifically called to active duty under competent orders.

3. There is inclosed herewith a form for oath of office, which you are requested to execute and return promptly to the agency from which it was received by you. The execution and return of the required oath of office constitute an acceptance of your appointment. No other evidence of acceptance is required. Upon receipt in the War Department of the oath of office properly executed a commission evidencing your appointment will be sent to you.

4. It is important that there be no delay on your part, otherwise it will be necessary to cancel your appointment after lapse of a reasonable time.

5. Your attention is especially called to the importance of notifying all concerned each time that you change your permanent address. For this purpose please use the forms inclosed, in accordance with instructions thereon.



By order of the Secretary of War:

4 Inclosures.

Copy to Surgeon General.

Adjutant General.

Price Norman Randolph



1409 Colonial Avenue,  
Norfolk, Virginia,  
July 9, 1925.

N. R. Price, M.D.,  
Pres. of The Greenbrier Med. Soc.,  
Marlinton, W. Va.

Dear Sir:

Your recent article relative to the situation of medical education which appeared in "The Evening Sun" of July 1st, was read with great interest by me, as medical education is something that I am interested to the extent of aspiring to be a country doctor--a Calling that four generations of my maternal ancestors have followed in this country.

*Inertia + situation*  
Unfortunately, however, I have learned to ~~my~~ sorrow that the door to all medical is now closed to poor boys--worse, the deans of many of the medical schools are advising the poor boys to keep out of the medical profession. This statement in the face of the much heralded claim that we the citizens of America live in a democracy is rather disconcerting.

Nevertheless, it is vry gratifying to learn that there are a few physicians left of the "old school" who can peer ahead and discern the impending dangers now threatening Orthodox Medicine.

Previously, I had come to believe that Dr. Pusey was playing a "lone" hand in the suggestive reforms that he cited in his presidential address of last year.

*situation*  
What has been done about the ~~matter~~ since then? I have yet to learn a single fact in connection with this matter! Why?

You know, and I know, Dr. Price the reason of all this inertia! So why discuss the matter any further.

However, I think it fitting to state that there are plenty of qualified students who are only waiting for the chance to enter the medical schools and qualify for country practise. Just now, however, we cannot work our way through medical schools because we have no night schools and part-time attendance is not permitted under the existing laws.

No change need be written into the present preliminary requirements, provided The Council On Medical Education And Hospitals would be a little tolerant toward our financial shortcomings. We are not seeking a doles system--nor schlorships, or loan funds.

The alleged claim that enough schlorships and loan funds exist to care for needy students can be dismissed with the statement that they only exist in the proportion of two to every thirty students. To prove this statement all you have to do is to count the number of students enrolled in the medical schools today and divide the number of loan funds and schlorships against them.



Much has been written about the inferiority of the old time medical school and yet most of the present leaders of Medicine today are products of these institutions. In addition to this, the old time medical school could make more concessions toward needy students than the present highly endowed universities.

A study of medical education in Maryland for the year 1884 reveals the fact that of the six schools existing at that time, three of them made a seventy percent reduction in tuition for poor students. This was not confined to one or two students, this was a concession made to all who could vouch for their indigency.

It is not my intention to comment on the "desiderata" of the present day medical schools, since that is a matter for the medical pedagogs to debate. It is significant to note however, the dearth of medical geniuses under this new system of teaching--a subordination not in keeping with the expectations of its sponsor--a layman.

A survey of the University of Maryland under this new era reveals no achievements which the late Eugene F. Cordell could add to his book: The History of The University of Maryland. If the University of Maryland could graduate such men as Councilman, Abbott, Hemmeter, Williams, and Carroll under the old system of teaching, why cannot the University under this new regime, increase this famous progeny.

1885, the period which produced these famous men, discloses some interesting facts in connection with the University of Maryland. In those days the faculty consisted of ten professors--twenty-four weeks a school year and three years a graded course. Today, under Flexner's dictates the University of Maryland requires 87 professors, 103 instructors and assistants--a grand total of 190 individuals to impart the knowledge that an ordinary medical student is supposed to amass.

The writer, in 1913 qualified as a medical student under the then existing medical laws as a medical student in Maryland. On the basis of a high school diploma. I completed a year and then was forced to leave school because of financial reasons. In 1917 I attempted to return to school but was refused admittance on the grounds that I had no standing as a medical student until I satisfied the new requirements. Since that time I have repeatedly attempted to reenter the medical school with no success. My contention is that since I satisfied the requirements in 1913 I should be governed by the laws of that year. What do you think about this? Are medical laws retroactive? Can a enrolled student be legislated out of school?

The only choice I have in the matter is to either enter a Class C school in Boston or do two years premedical work. Therefore I am most anxious to see the outcome of this present discussion regarding medical education. Trusting that you will continue your articles regarding medical education I am with best wishes for your success in the matter I am,

*believe me,*

Respectfully,

*William McCaffrey Dillon*  
William McCaffrey Dillon.



Office of

Dr. ....

.....Dec. 14, 1911.

Dear Mr. ....:-I have written you twice recently concerning your account with me, but, strange to say, I have heard nothing from you. Suppose I should treat you in such a way when you are sick--what would you think of it? However, I will be charitable with you, and will conclude that you have been too busy--or perhaps you have been saving up the amount to bring to me in a few days. I assure you that it will be very welcome, for doctors have more expenses to meet than most other people.

After settling this account you will feel better--you will feel easier in mind, and that will make you feel better in body. You will also know that when you or any of your family get sick, you can get prompt and willing attendance. This in itself is worth much.

Confidently expecting to see or hear from you soon, I am,

Yours for a Square Deal,



N.N.R.R. PRICE, Major.

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-9.4? July 7, 1927  
July 7, 1927

From: Norman R. Price, Major, Med.-O.R.C.

To : The Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.

Subject: Resignation# of co mission.

1.-- I hereby tender my resignation of commission as  
Major - Medical Officers Reserve Corps.

Norman R. Price .  
Major,-Med., O.R.C., 325th Engineers, 100th Division



GRANITE AND  
MAUSOLEUM  
MONUMENTS  
AND MA

GRANITE AND MARBLE  
MAUSOLEUMS  
MONUMENTS  
AND MARKERS

1133 Main Street  
WHEELING, W. VA.

68 West Maiden St.  
WASHINGTON, PA.

NOTICE TO PERSONS SIGNING THIS CONTRACT—Read the terms of this contract before signing it, as no statement, settlement, agreement, understanding or representation verbally made or written and not contained herein, will be recognized. Please address all communications to the firm and not to individuals.  
(This Contract subject to Acceptance of Home Office)

Monument Design No.

Marker Design No

### Dimensions

21  
0  
X  
1  
0  
X  
1  
0

uses (1) for 1/2 of 8' x 10' x

..... on foot. J.K.P.

Out from  
of eating

Inscription

AN KINSEY-PRICE  
1880 = 1928 per mile

Remarks

Remarks  
7<sup>th</sup> Feb in Mentoring Country House  
with John Bealings

To be erected in Washington 1862  
or as soon thereafter as possible, for which I bind myself

Cemetery

irs and assigns, to pay SIMON WHITE'S SONS

just amount of

Seelye House

...the full and

DOLLARS

And it is further agreed that this Monument shall remain the property of said SIMON WHITES SONS until it is paid in accordance with above contract, and they may enter and remove said Monument without process of law. This Contract not subject to countermand. The price named in this contract DOES NOT include any lettering, etc., that may be required after the work named herein has been erected.

All Contracts taken subject to labor troubles.

59

Thomas R. Davis, MD

.[SEAL]

[SEAL]



## PHYSICIAN MEDICINE.

By Norman R. Price, M. D.

In the two English-speaking nations the trend toward socialism in medical practice is very widely discussed in medical journals, as well as in newspapers and magazines. The prospect of state controlled medical affairs is not pleasing to the more individualistic members of the profession. The increasing cost of medical and hospital care to the public is a related matter of great popular interest. England already has her panel practice, and in America the ever widening activities of national and state boards and bureaus and county medical units tend strongly toward centralization in some form of state controlled medical practice.

During the past three decades, men of great wealth, and with zeal but not according to knowledge, have poured out their surplus millions to endow the higher schools of medical education, and to initiate the so-called surveys and classification (notably the Oil and Tobacco Kings, Rockefeller and Duke), and as a result there quickly followed the elimination of the slowly built up and established system of centuries. The medical schools from which we of a former generation derived such knowledge of anatomy and medicine as we possessed at the start of our public professional careers were quickly put out of business by means of the state educational laws that followed.

There is good reason to doubt that this has been a benefit to society at large, and the members of the medical profession as a body. The slowly developed principles of medical education acting under the law of supply and demand and the customs of the people for centuries, cannot be suddenly arrested by the power of huge sums of money suddenly applied without danger of disaster. A frequently referred to result, accomplished in a decade, is fewer practical general practitioners, and a multitude of specialists and surgeons. Few of our youth, except the pampered type with plenty of backing, have the spirit or hardihood to endure the years of incarceration within the halls of learning necessary to obtain the degree, and many of these emerge sapped and lifeless, devoid of initiative or vitality for the battle of building and enduring the strain of medical practice. Some one has remarked that the country doctor is dying out because he ought to die, there being no longer any need or room for that type in the scheme of modern life. Be that as it may, the fact is that the vast majority of the newer graduates are remaining in the cities and large industrial centres.

As it used to be, at least the rural physician was a rather long-lived animal. The mortuary tables of the American Medical Journal prove that a host of physicians are giving up the ghost between the ages of forty and sixty years, in what should be the prime of life, not living to an age when it could be said of the individual that he died full of years and honors. Ambassador Choate once remarked that he had not the age of seventy as the time when he expected to really begin enjoying life, and he expected to hurry up and get to seventy as soon as possible. Arterio-sclerosis, kidney and heart lesions, suicide, and automobile accidents are taking far too heavy toll of medical men who should be in the prime of life at the time of theirs.



leaving what to them has often been an inhospitable world, in which they seemed to fit awkwardly in the scheme of things. Replacements of newer men, practically educated, and of good habits and strong constitutions are not by any means available from the farms from which we should look for such materials, and to which environment they should return, to assist in a more equitable distribution of medical men in this country.

~~## committed to memory by every medical man, and others as a prophylaxis against premature senility, states the case:~~  
Kipling in his incomparable poem "The Old Man," which should be committed to memory by every medical man, and others as a prophylaxis against premature senility, states the case:

This is our lot if we live so long and labour unto the end--  
That we outlive the impatient years and the much too  
patient friend:  
And because we know we have breath in our mouth and  
think we have thoughts in our head,  
We shall assume that we are alive, whereas we are  
really dead.

We shall lift up the ropes that constrained our youth,  
to bind on our children's hands;  
We shall call to the waters below the bridges to return  
and replenish our lands;  
We shall harness horses (Death's own pale horses) and  
scholarly plough the sands.

The Lamp of our Youth will be utterly out, but we shall  
subsist on the smell of it;  
And whatever we do, we shall fold our hands and suck our  
gums and think well of it;  
Yes, we shall be perfectly pleased with our work, and that  
is the Perfectest Hell of it.

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A painful result of the modern trend of State Medicine is a lack of esteem in which the medical profession as a whole, and as individuals are held by the public generally. Henry L. Mencken has recently taken to praising medical men, and commending medicine as an interesting profession. I will admit that it is an interesting occupation. This is proof positive that the average man has the opposite view. Comparing Medicine to the Law, Mencken says that if you employ a physician to help you, he does the best he can to help you, without interference from anybody. On the other hand, he says if you employ a lawyer to defend you in court another lawyer on the opposite side is doing his damdest to hang you.

To complicate existence and multiply jobholders is characteristic of American life. And always we have the jobholders long after the emergency for which they were created has gone and been forgotten. Recently a fantastic disease known as psitticosis has been seized on by the sensational news vendors. As a result the health department of certain cities have proposed inspection of and registration of all parrots imported into this pure country, where barnyard fowls and filthy diseases such as colon infections are of course unknown.



The great increase of quacks, negro medicine vendors (of which type Pocahontas county has a star of the first magnitude, rationalized by our best people); chiropractors, christian scientists and such like charlatans, with their notable financial success, against whose operations the most stringent medical qualification laws--particularly in our own state of West Virginia--are powerless is another case in point of the adverse workings of modern medical education and regulation. Far better would it have been to have allowed the medical schools to evolve along rational lines than to be thrown into the confusion and violent uplift of the Rockefeller Foundation (with millions to favored schools). The old Deans and Professors of the Baltimore Medical Schools, whom I consider it a privilege to have known in the early years of this century, saw the handwriting on the wall, and the end of the practical, workable middle-class medical education in this country, and the fantastic system of legislation relating to public health that would follow,

The result in public health activities is comparable to the change wrought in the economic life, and otherwise, in this country of the adoption of the 18th Amendment and its legal legitimate offspring the Volstead Act, and concurrent state legislation. This may well be a matter of interest to medical men, for as is well known and embodied in in the State Coat of Arms Mountaineers are always free to still moonshine or manufacture home brew in the homes for their own use, but spiritus frumenti is not recognized as a medicine, nor may it be prescribed legally by a physician.

Far too much of our medical regulation and legislation belongs to the class such as President Hoover designated the 18th Amendment--a "Noble Experiment." -- and which, because of their questionable value, or downright detriment to the health and well being of the whole country, should be of particular interest to medical men.



The Doctor and the Public Health Service in their  
Relations to the Public.

-----  
The most successful persons I am acquainted with are those who most persistently attend to their own business. Welfare work, uplift, and new legislation ~~that end~~ seems to be a mania with many people of the present day, in the face of widespread lawlessness and moral degradation among the people. The question arises, would it not be better to lay off some of the activities of the day, and ~~leave~~<sup>let</sup> the public work out its own salvation.

The daily press "discovers" a laborers' family living hard in the minesection of this state, and proclaims that famine and pestilence is raging in the mountains of West Virginia; while we, who have lived here for many years, can discover only the usual percentage of privation which has been our lot for generations, and on which we have developed endurance and retarded the extension of the abdomen. A certain amount of hard times is good for a critter anyway.

Our medical press is getting ~~all fussy~~<sup>alarmed</sup> because there are signs that the public is getting suspicious of its medical advisors, even while it requires their services more than ever, and on the slightest pretext. Having the doctor in, or trying a little of his medicine, is no longer the historic event in the average family that it once was. The doctor, too, is at fault, with his fussy diagnostic stuff, persistent treatment and added expense in trivial matters. The public employs, yet fears, the specialist and physician, and on slight pretext resorts to the absurd manipulations of the chiropractic, or other cult.

Economic pressure is partly to blame for the armed neutrality that seems to exist between the public and its physical and spiritual advisors. It is the custom to demand all the luxuries and attentions,



whether the individual is prepared to pay for them or not. They tell us there is a scarcity of physicians in the rural sections. My own observation is there are enough to do the necessary work, if only the public would discriminate between the necessary and unnecessary. at any rate the average man has little trouble in getting the medical attention he needs, or at least all that he is able to pay for.

Then comes the public health service, state health service, and welfare workers. In theory they reform and regulate the race, with an optimism that ignores wind and weather, and all the ills that flesh is heir to. But an unhealthy season comes, or circumstances that seems to be unexplainable, like the outbreak of influenza in the perfectly sanitary army camps during the war, and the old percentage of mortality is right on the job as usual, or a little worse, apparently to make up his due.

I verily believe that if it were possible for our genial director for the suppression of venereal disease, working in conjunction with the doctors, to eradicate the last diplococcus and spirochete in the whole state of West Virginia, and they were to be declared extinct, like some of the prehistoric animals, that some germ of the same nature would evolve again under the grime and filth that exist today and have existed in all ages. Our culture and civilization is, no doubt, doomed to extinction. What good reason can be given that this nation which had its cradle in the forests of North America should not reach a stage of development, and then sink in chaos and oblivion that has been the history of all tribes and nations.

The races of man have moved from one part of the world to another and as their numbers increased they have devoured every green thing, and over-population has led to extinction; or some neighboring state has envied them their riches, and has invaded and carried them away captive.



Fussy laws, fussy welfare work, and fussy medical attention and diagnosis, will not cure shiffliness, natural born ignorance, or common laziness. Hard time, if not too hard, will act as a tonic, and some will rise equal to the emergency. Fat and flabby politicians will advocate cure-alls for public evils, all tinctured with gifts from the public treasury and plain graft, but ~~there~~ is no cure except in hard work, and each and all attempting to mind his own business. The desire for luxurious and easy living, so characteristic of the times, (and I might add, particularly so of the female of the species) which is not attained by downright hard work and achievement, can lead to but one end, and that the weakening of the physical and moral fibre of the people. Fundamental rottenness in the scheme of our civilization can not be eradicated or cured by any amount of inspection or welfare work by the government bureaus.

At present, as always, the public is accepting and struggling along with an unlimited amount of bunk, loaded on it by the legislative bodies, ranging from Volsteadism to our State Bureau for Negro Welfare, and I can only wonder when the burdened public will arise and scrap a great mass of this fantastic law stuff.

"We make the laws we flout,  
We flout the laws we doubt;  
Until we wake the <sup>thundering</sup> guns that have no doubt."

The experience of the Red Cross shows malingering on the part of the Public, which asks to be received into hospitals, to have their teeth fixed, for medicines, or a change of climate, and do many other things for them. Nursing the general public deprives the individual of self respect. He no longer tries to look out for himself, or meet his obligations; it paralyzes his energies and ambitions.. Social insurance and accident insurance have not brought contentment to the



working classes, as promised. It has been demonstrated that the period of recovery and convalescence has been lengthened because the individual lacks the incentive to early recovery. The pension system which follows all wars, and particularly in evidence since the World War, is bad, for it helps to destroy initiative and self-reliance, which otherwise would be much in evidence among the Veterans.

Let us discard this flowery bed of ease stuff, and get back to the fierce fear or lust spirit of the pioneers. The load of Welfare work and Government Bureau activities threaten to paralyze the successful functioning of our Government, and do the public no good at that.

"Then welcome each rebuff  
Which makes earths' smoothness rough;  
Each sting which bids nor sit nor stand, but go;  
Be our joys three parts pain; strive and endure the strain;  
Dare, never grudge the throe."

N. R. PRICE

Marlinton, W. Va.  
April 7. 1922



Marlinton, W. Va.  
December 15, 1925

Dr. Wm. Allen Pusey,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Doctor Pusey :

Replying to your letter, I submit the following.

There are twelve practicing physicians in this (Pocahontas) county. Of these five are located in the county seat town, a village of 1500 inhabitants, and the largest in the county. In addition, four retired physicians live in the county. The same figures approximately apply to other rural counties in West Virginia, and in others there is an increasing concentration in any city or county seat town.

The average age of practicing physicians in this county is fifty-five years. Fifteen years ago eighteen physicians, for the most part young men, served this section, the population at that time one third less than at present. Three have died, 4 retired, and two removed, possibly more. Several physicians have moved in and out again.

No recent graduate has located in the county in 15 years. One graduate (1924 C School) not yet licensed, nor under our state law, likely to be. About 6 of our county young men have studied dentistry in the last decade, as being a more practical career. No lack of dentists in this county.

Pocahontas is a county of large area, as can be observed by reference to a map: approximately 80 miles by 40, and very mountainous. The adjoining counties of Greenbrier and Randolph also the largest in the State.

I enclose a third article by myself in the Baltimore Sun of recent date, dealing with the generally unsatisfactory state of affairs as applied to medical education and health legislation.



Please pardon long delay in replying to your request for such information as I have been able to give you in the foregoing. Any further statistics bearing on the general subject - will be glad to give. I was away from home at the time your letter was written, in attendance at a Reserve Officers Camp, at Camp Humphreys Virginia.

Allow me to congratulate you on your able and complete exposition of the whole subject of Medical Education in the Journal. I have specially filed the numbers containing your series of articles.

Sincerely,

N. E. Price, M. D.  
(President Greenbrier Valley Medical Society)



September Volume 2  
1959 Page 1

Jean and family returned to Puducherry, Ky.  
Wednesday, August 26<sup>th</sup>, where they  
arrived, daily, Friday, 28<sup>th</sup>. The annual  
1959, visit successful, and enjoyed by  
all of us, whatever the pains and  
expense of travelling, entertainment,  
and gifts. Jean for scholarship at  
Yamartell University, where she has  
completed the first year; ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup>  
requiring my financial help.  
Whatever the outcome of present day  
higher educational trends, maybe.  
While here, Jean typed 269 pages of  
my narrative, approximately 10,000  
words, (544 pages script.)

Today, resume my story, with  
Page 1, "second volume." Arose at  
3 AM. the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp  
Custer, Michigan; talked out as Surgeon  
10<sup>th</sup> Infantry by Major J. C. Adams, M.C.,  
but continued with the Regiment as  
Surgeon 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, <sup>is</sup> ~~is~~ a Military  
Reservation for Troop Training in the  
Recurring Wars of America, located  
on an elevated sandy plateau.

Showing glacial erosion, marked  
by large and small ponds, ~~which~~  
with numerous muskrat "houses."

The Camp located six miles from the  
thriving town of Battle Creek (name)



because of some forgotten conflict of the  
pioneers with the Indian residents of  
the valley, a world center in the  
production of cereal foods, typified by  
the names Post and Kellogg. There  
also is located the famous Hortorium  
of the Christian Scientists; also  
abounding Vegetarianism in diet.  
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil  
produce celery as a principal crop.  
Abandoned farm houses marked the  
sandy plateau of several thousand  
acres; the soil appeared thin and  
worn out by unskillful cropping;  
adapted to grape growing; each  
farm had a small vineyard of  
neglected appearance. Prevailing  
winds from the west, and ~~such~~ the  
trees and shrubbery about the houses  
lean eastward due to constant  
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland  
sea.

The nature of the country is well  
described by H. W. Miller in his  
book "I found no Peace"; 1936,  
where Gay-novel house was  
near Dowagiac, Michigan;  
A famous "War Correspondent" and  
"Isolationist" - if not a pacifist, his  
writing not approved by the war-  
mongers, and Mafus, Churchill  
and our own F. D. Roosevelt -  
Miller was found killed by a "Fall"



From a train in <sup>3</sup> the London yards,  
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the  
United States in the war in Europe,  
as Miller had been strongly writing  
and opposing the war, he had met  
the same ostracism by internationalists  
as had the ~~Warner~~ Colonel Charles  
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill  
faction. It is therefore probably  
certain - that Miller was snuffed  
by agents in the employ of the  
authority in Britain and America,  
the cause of death officially written  
off as an accident, with the usual  
"hypocritical" regrets of the inter-  
National Press and Politicians.

W. B. Miller, shortly before his  
death, in early middle life, had  
married an English woman. His  
book, little known, and almost  
forgotten, may yet be given the  
credit that is its due, a clear  
and sensible commentary on the  
wars of empire in the first years  
of the twentieth century, A. D.  
His death was timely, perhaps;  
as undoubtedly he would have been  
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh  
and retired, as has the latter, to  
comparative obscurity. By good  
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still  
survives, though looked on with  
suspicion as a Divergent!



His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abductions and murders of his first born son - Mrs. Lindbergh (Carrie Morrow) appears a gifted and elegant woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Lindbergh Infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americas.

In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Center, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farm house near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and



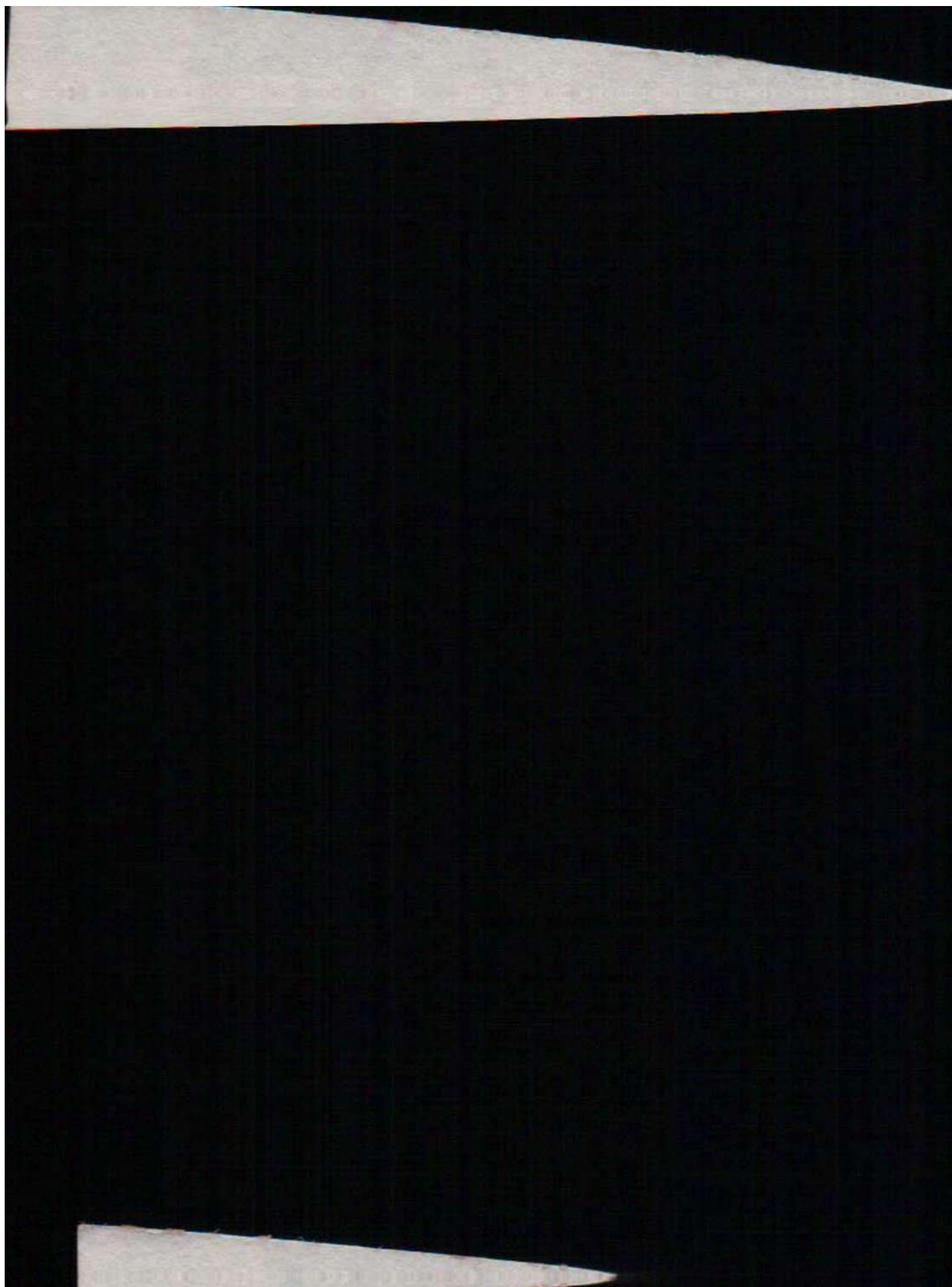
predecessor of  
and mother

Peaceful rural community was  
once inhabited here; the spot now  
devoted to the study of war in the  
School of Mars.

The house was sound and well  
built and sound, though never painted;  
an iron cooking stove abandoned by  
my former occupant and owner.  
The quartermaster agreed to my plan  
in lieu of quarters in "ind", and  
supplying some fuel, a few utensils  
and tools and bedding. With the  
help of Mr. Gary and Arthur we  
contrived a table and benches from  
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;  
four mattresses spread on the floor.  
I met the family in Battle Creek  
October first, moving immediately  
into our new home on the Harmony  
Road, which we occupied quite  
comfortably until my "honorable"  
discharge from the Army the following  
February, 1918-1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved  
mild, with little snow, compared  
with the preceding "hard winter"  
of 1914, marked by gales blowing  
from the Lake and drifting snow  
on pleasant days, and off duty, all  
of us took walks in the country  
with its adjacent woods and small  
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we  
visited Battle Creek, where for a







Couple of months Normany attended  
Public School. Part of his sketchy  
formal education, until his final  
graduation from Marlinton High  
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly grocer in  
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind  
in delivering food stuff not  
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.  
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family  
man, apparently in a good way in  
business, as the saying goes, was  
quite openly admired for his high  
spirit and acceptance of our  
Nomadic Army life, with its  
pioneering aspects on the Harmony Road.  
He frequently delivered groceries in  
person. At our departure from  
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge  
of two kittens and a young dog  
the children had taken in. In  
connection with the final disposition  
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote  
before our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangone  
where James Brother Maceri was  
employed as a boy-scout executive  
for the local Scout Camp.

Taken all together, our winter  
with the Army at the house on the  
Harmony Road, more than endurable  
and routine for both ~~with~~ a few  
and our young children. Perhaps



With my usual matter of factness  
spent too many evenings until late  
at the card games in Officers mess.  
But Jean, as always in our family  
life of twenty two years did not  
complain of my absence on business  
or otherwise, except once when  
I staid unusually late and failed  
to meet her on return from town  
by street car, she and the children  
getting "home" as best they could  
in the rain and mud. This was  
mexcusable on my part; Deeply  
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was  
neglectful of the family comfort;  
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard  
and long for this comfort, and  
supplied every comfort need;  
fortunately, I had other means than  
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,  
style 1917. Never incurred a  
debt during entire ~~active~~ service.

Undoubtedly, Jean missed her  
accustomed social contacts  
during this time, although 35,000  
human beings and their camp  
followers inhabited the Army Camp.  
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride  
from the East, and following the  
example also set up these  
kitchens in another form.



+ and again comparing

8  
Have a quarter mile on the Harmony  
road. An exchange of calls  
did not lead to cordiality between  
the families, particularly on the part  
of the Lees regarding the part  
terrible turn-out of marriage  
~~under~~ pioneering; and Captain  
Lee and wife soon took an apart-  
ment in town.

Once again gave shelter to a  
young woman, Camp follower, &  
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who  
did not remain long. We  
learned the young soldier was  
Corn had been "Bartley" for neglect  
of duty; it being evident that  
marriage in his case had not shown  
his way to promotions and pay.  
At Thanksgiving, Jean prepared  
an excellent and elaborate turkey  
dinner, and we had in St. Xavier  
my friends of Rock Island Camp.  
Captain ~~Vauter~~ Eugene Vauter,  
now with the 40th Regiment, formed  
from the 18th. Captain Vauter  
in full dress uniform in honor  
of the occasion. Moreover, ~~Captain~~  
~~Vauter~~ a native of Albemarle County,  
Va. and a gentleman born, single  
and even this approaching middle life  
in his thirties. He was living at  
last alone, married a retired officer in



Saturday  
September 5, 1959  
3 AM.

This day marks my  
74th year residence  
at Marlin, Boston.  
James and I con-  
pleted our trek in the "Carry-all" from  
Rockingham County, referred to at length  
in a preceding Chapter. I a boy  
aged 49 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).  
Our first night in Brentwood County  
at the home in Huntersville of  
Dr. S. P. Patterson.  
A change in plans and extensive  
alterations being made in the drainage  
and sewerage system under Main  
Street - at added cost. As the  
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet  
of concrete Complanate; the sewer  
and water systems underlying will  
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a sailor,  
that I had sheltered in our home  
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;  
perhaps, with her genius for coaching  
~~and managing~~ young women in  
their settling in life, hoped to save  
the marriage. However this young  
person proved to be "Not the marrying  
brand," and soon disappeared from  
our household; perhaps to become



On the arrival<sup>10</sup> of the Battalion at Camp  
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a  
large number of negro draftees running  
at large, encamped adjacent to  
our ~~Cavalry~~ Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed  
by the order and discipline of our  
~~Reg~~ Regular troops; many bliseto  
try the "new doctor" in camp,  
and appeared in numbers for treatment  
of their many diseases, though having  
their own Medical Detachment  
Physicians. I found it necessary

to turn these away to seek their  
own medical facilities. One  
of these Lieutenants (White) called  
on me as Regimental Surgeon  
and audely threatened to "Report"  
me as refusing his men medical  
attention. Telling him to "report  
and be damned," he did report me  
to the Division Surgeon, but I  
escaped with a mild reprimand  
from Colonel Wright to be more  
diplomatic in future in handling  
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke <sup>Jackson</sup> ~~Head~~  
a colored boy who had for a time  
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter  
and field hand. Burke had been  
swept in by the draft, and hearing  
of my presence, called to pay respect



11

Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Delephant Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was kept for ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, patriotically glad to see me. ~~The~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis. After his army hitch, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl" (Jennie) and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army, Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge - ("Surgeons Certificate of Disability") The cause of Discharge was written "Imbecility". When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~and~~ exhibited the discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in "trouble," only weak mentally. He had a good heart. Peace to his ashes.



The 10th Regiment, recruited to full  
was strength, autumn 1918, and the  
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ shoulder  
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~ overseas,  
"overseas" and routine examinations  
made of men and officers for that duty.

At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton  
M.C., devised two specially irksome  
activities for medical officers,  
designed to test and improve  
whatever physical and mental qualities  
were possessed.

The first, "Pep drill," specially  
for those assigned "overseas": a  
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared  
to have recently been a football  
player and coach, was assigned  
to drill us; of fierce facial expression  
and mental density typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the  
athletic field, about forty in number  
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress-  
~~and~~ were put through all paces,  
consisting of setting up exercises,  
including short runs and leaping  
low hurdles. ~~Individuals~~ <sup>an officer</sup> who  
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the  
knees ~~was~~ singled out to go  
run a hundred yards and return  
and jump a hurdle.

~~There~~ A middle-aged and dignified



13

Major, M.C., who in civilian life had probably been a distinguished man in the community, dared to protest, with some heat, this ignominious destruction to moral; his protest received in stony silence by our "Coach." It appeared for the moment one of those tense tense moments, not unknown in the military life; but we were soon dismissed without noting <sup>boresome duty</sup>.

Another ~~was~~ designed by Colonel Creighton was a weekly quiz designed to test our professional fitness and scholasticism. All Divisional medical officers assembled and required to recite; ~~indeed~~ <sup>some</sup> called on at random by the grilling officers. It is readily seen this could be embarrassing and destructive of true moral in the military service.

Once when called on to describe some intricate detail involving the blood circulation, I rose and stated I was not prepared to recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical degree from a University and had practiced medicine and surgery for fifteen years just past, including one and one half years active military service. This I did



Father then attempted to scrape from a  
defective memory anatomical details.  
Having had my day, I sat down, and  
was not called on again by the  
"Professor" detailed by Creighton  
to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military  
Surgeon of the sixteenth Century,  
was largely ignorant of scientific  
details; I hardly <sup>hardly</sup> not yet described  
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory  
symptoms of the onset of the great  
Influenza epidemic of 1918, ~~and~~ and  
well as ~~onset of winter~~ <sup>and</sup> the  
"Armistice" of November 11th, put  
a final quietus to the Creightonian  
Nagging. His Medical Divisional  
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing  
numbers of <sup>soldiers</sup> ~~men~~ reporting with  
fevers, temperatures and catarrhal symptoms  
at H.C. Camp, Colonel Creighton  
was inclined, at first, to suppress  
the percentage of sick in the Camp,  
even directing the diagnosis  
"Influenza" be used sparingly.  
However, I continued writing "Influenza"  
quarters, where indicated, ~~at the~~



Sunday, Sept. 6, 1919. 13-  
4 A.M.

"September Morn," an  
idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights.  
Ripening fields; some corn already in shock.  
Slept a little late, rising at 4 A.M. Some  
weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large  
numbers in quarters and hospital, and  
the night cool; the men began to close  
the windows in Barr Crowded Barracks  
for already full to suffocation with  
smoking, coughing sick soldiers. ~~one~~  
A duty of the officers of the day to keep  
open a certain number of windows  
for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for  
the Divisional Medical Staff heard  
of no more in the onset of the epidemic.  
Futile efforts made to make the sick  
comfortable; more straw provided to  
stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra  
barracks made available for the sick  
and partial isolation. A good deal  
of confusion as to the number reported  
daily as present and fit for duty.  
Numbers went to their rear-by homes,  
or overstayed leaves of absence, and  
not missed at assembly. ~~Others~~ Others  
could have done so, without being  
reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many  
as fifty in one day, from pneumonia  
and complications, besides the per-  
manently disabled by flaring and.



16  
tubercular infections. (Many a  
pensioner is living today - Forty years  
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)  
I do not know the exact mortality  
at Camp Curtis following the "flu"  
epidemic, but many hundreds died.  
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,  
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians  
left, and the virus infections deadly.  
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities  
among ~~the women~~ who bore children, and  
~~those who~~ gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks  
quarters, though the officers of the day  
depressed to get the sick to hospital,  
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.  
Criminals and armed men have a  
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of  
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only  
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity  
- did not contract flu. Myself and  
family staid well. Possibly due to  
having had influenza the winter of  
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov. 11,  
and due to epidemic disease, there  
was a let down in morale and the  
movement set in among the men and  
officers to "go home," ~~unopposed~~  
opposed



for a time by higher authority. The  
movement extended to "over seas" and  
in January Detachment began to arrive  
for discharge at the "Base", ~~every~~ very  
snooty with their over-seas caps,  
serap leggings and "gold" service  
stripes. Some name-calling and  
even fights occurred between  
individual soldiers on a point of honor.  
The soldiers of my old Rock Island  
detachment especially beligerant on  
the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers  
at the outbreak of the war. A ~~small~~ <sup>SCORE</sup>  
point freely expressed; not even  
permitted in general orders of  
"strips" for voluntary service, ~~that~~ <sup>when</sup>  
~~that~~ decorations were handed out  
freely for every imaginable  
~~that~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureau rising reacted of  
all-time high in stupidity in this  
slay-up, advertising an unpopular  
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided  
in December, 1918, to break out with  
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early fallor only the  
"armistice" of Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> put in an  
application for discharge, feeling  
the urge to get out of the Army and



back to civilian employment, to  
restore personal finances, much  
depleted. This was finally granted  
to take effect January 27, 1919. I  
had been duly examined in the field  
by a board of Medical officers  
and pronounced perfect physically,  
presumably, also, mentally unimpaired  
and unscathed by a year, seven  
months and twenty-seven days  
"Home service" in ~~active~~ was time,  
including about eighty months  
"Field service" with the 104th Infantry, 45 Army.  
Like thousands of other soldiers  
and officers, in my anxiety and haste  
to get home and ~~into~~ business in  
a "War Market" I ignored or  
concealed injury or illness that  
could have been pensionable at  
a later date, or even retirement  
pay as a Reserve officer; The ~~unhappy~~  
Railroad accident at Blue  
Creek, in particular, to both legs.  
Incidentally, I may add, that  
the number of Medical officers  
granted "retirement" status after the  
war of 1917, became a national  
scandal shortly after, due to favors  
granted their own kind by a Medical  
retirement board. (Comp. morae)



Friday, Sept. 11, 1959 19  
Thirty days of almost continuous heated weather  
around 90 each day; cooler weather and  
fall signs. Combining with locally the  
average was large x work on the Road  
and bridge progressing; but delayed by  
extensive ditching for sewerage. And  
day a typical "September Morn." a long  
distance call from Mr. Lemmon of Charleston,  
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal  
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is  
evident they are still interested in  
this gas field.

Following the armistice of November 11, 1918,  
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced  
the war was over, whether the Pentagon or  
the army agreed; and settled down to wait  
discharge. There had been no deaths or  
serious illness among the officers of the 10th  
and 40th Regiments during the influenza  
epidemic, and all of us relinquished early  
his hope for promotion and pay in the war.  
Leaves and the family by this time were well  
enough quarters in his old house on the  
Farmway Road, with more space and  
freedom of movement than most families  
in the army enjoyed. We made visits  
to town, few a short occasionally, and  
even in hope of early discharge and relief  
to Marlinton. No more bay drills and  
gung classes by Colonel Bright, a  
Division Surgeon much distressed by the  
heavy mortality during the epidemic.  
Morale in the camp was low; no Refers  
games were frequent, and playing for Refs  
was rapidly rising to unjustified



20  
Losses to many officers, as for the men, those  
usually confined to any money  
they had in hand. Credit of "Jaw Bone"  
in gambling not popular among the  
centurians. <sup>any time the game</sup>  
at night the Barrack windows  
of officers mess covered with blankets and  
lights were supposed to be "out". On  
such a dark night. No war so far as it  
concerned the Citizens soldiery, ended.  
This passes the glory of the earth.

Johnson made my financial clearance with  
the Quartermaster, the Commissary and the  
officers mess, early in February we left  
the farm house and returned for home.

During the second day in the evening  
regaining practice in my profession  
after long absence, in my case, was  
comparatively easy, as I had retained,  
and paid rent on my office in the Bank  
during my absence I was able to begin  
immediately, and it is a matter of some  
pride I earned a dollar the first day.  
I also made a deal with Ford Peabody,  
and friend James Baxter for a Model  
T and to work. Influenza was still  
rampant, and home attendance of cases  
of child birth the usual thing. It is  
true the mud of late winter was  
almost bottomless, but I and  
my Model T and a horse I purchased  
valiently tried to answer all calls.



Just as I had been accustomed to doing  
before my tour of the War and its clamors.  
It is a singular fact that in the Spring of  
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice  
in Marlinton was equipped with either  
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except  
myself; the others relying on hired  
conveyance or conveying the homes  
of the clients. I had thus first call  
on Country Practice, and kept busy.  
Many Physicians returning from the  
War were not so fortunate as I; some  
finding their places filled by claim  
jumping Doctors, or otherwise ousted.  
"For emulation has a thousand sons,  
Who stand in line; if one be gone  
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and  
place as an elected County official,  
but hoped to regain that or some other  
Public office; at this time having, as I  
thought, a justifiable belief that the  
returning Soldiers might be welded  
into a voting block of influence in  
the election as supporters of former  
officers and comrades. The elections  
of next year, a Presidential year,  
together with woman suffrage, pretty  
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans  
Politically, in a foreign War.

The sad case of my class-mate and



Mr. war ~~curator~~ - Captain George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~good~~ to the fertility as a patriotic asset of service in that war - a brilliant student and prominent in the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of Maryland, and a native of Summersville in Nicholas County, Do. McQueen was quickly successful as physician and Surgeon in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married; and before 1917 had served as Mayor of the Capital City.

After honorable service he aspired to the office of Governor of the State, with ~~respectable~~ <sup>superior</sup> personal and financial backing; his grandiose figure in uniform featuring his campaign posters, as justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldier's vote - ~~expected~~ in the elections of 1920. This proved a delusion, of the ~~highest~~ <sup>most</sup> magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as personal and political opinions dictated, as heretofore, before and after the war. Dr. McQueen, running as a Democrat, failed of <sup>the</sup> nomination, going to some "civilian" politician, who was in turn, defeated by the Republicans - ~~land-slide~~ of 1920.

The losses of a Political Campaign were heavy and the Doctor lost out in ~~the~~ profession as well. The death of his



23

Paul H. H. H.



he considered "staying" or bluffing  
tactics of the sharp-shooter directed  
at me in several plays previous.  
His quite obvious "staying" nettled  
and discomprised my opponents who  
dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Stacy~~  
commented to me after the game, in  
which I was a small winner, what  
the gentleman had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after  
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost  
out professionally and politically  
and died aged about 40 years.

Unusually gifted and promising  
in early life, his end I fear was not  
peace. I trust he was in the  
Covenant of Grace; though wandering  
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor  
McQueen, Dentist at Seemerville a  
few years since was tragic. He  
fell into an open hearth fire; it may  
have been while dozing, and was  
fatally burned.

Further, I will record that in the elections  
of 1920 I was nominated for County  
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and  
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams,  
prominent Lumberman and Banker. ~~in~~  
~~that~~ I opposed the amendment to the state  
constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.

Putnam



Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939<sup>25</sup> - Rose at 3.30. The  
Mummy Coal; regular fire in the Bath room -  
very usual "sitting down" in early morning  
and eve. Cellars has come - then winter.

It seemed unreasonable to me - then as  
now - that people the voters - men and  
women - under the leadership of Tay-  
lors in the Legislature, would  
sally at the Pells and vote an amend-  
ment enabling the State to borrow  
vast sums to build internal  
improvements. The Mother State  
that Virginia, Reminiscent of the  
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating  
to a period before the Revolution  
of 1861; the West Virginia part of  
the "Virginia Debt" until receiving  
a political issue, in 1920, finally  
settled by payment of Fourteen  
million Dollars with interest. Elected  
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.  
In the elections the "Good Roads  
Amendment," with its borrowing  
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;  
particularly popular with the need  
women voters; ~~among~~ the ladies  
as always, insufficient for progress,  
regardless of public debt. The  
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me  
in the elections; besides the trend that



26  
Year was Republican. Wilson  
Paralytic and Senile, held on to the  
Presidency to his last gasp for  
breath in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not  
going my way - My defeat for County  
Court not unexpected. The Campaign  
was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat,  
I was soon after elected to the Town  
Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton.  
Meanwhile I was practicing to the  
limit of capacity, enjoyed a good  
income, sufficiently ample for all  
present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-  
year onset of the incredible 18th  
amendment, with moonshining traffic  
in hard liquors and the home  
brewing of filthy country wines and  
liquors - along with Judicial  
and Police Tyrannies, graft and  
hypocrasies. Our home, like  
others in Marlinton, was marked as a  
fifty brewery of Malt liquors and  
fermented assorted drinks, with  
Wmmy, aged 13 years an enthusiastic  
helper in bottling operations, thus  
early acquiring a taste for illicit  
alcoholic Beverages.  
With my customary aloofness, I



gave no need. Signs of danger, even when, at times, I found at the house an assorted drinking party of men and women. I was personally there and through life a total abstainer.

Always early to rise for a breath of morning air, and busy with my practice of Medicine, and gardening, Land-Scaping and forestry, I ignored or did not observe the plain signs of disaster in the family life.

From early life, Jean had been accustomed to social drinking on occasion; now for a considerable period - about three years - excessive and habitual, until the onset of ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety about Norman's alcoholism, put a final stop to her drinking, but ~~her death~~ four years later.

About this time the activities of Mr. H.S. Ruelar, an attorney, and for long operator of a part-time gambling Commercial Paper place in an apartment over his office; he was also notable in the Moonshine and Home Brew Business, as an adjunct to his Paper game, and as a business.

"The Judge," as he was often called by owners and customers, possessed



28  
An ancient auto - a "Peep" or  
other extinct brand, the operations of  
which required the expert attention  
of Henry Hines, and who drove the  
car on Judge Ruchers frequent  
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided  
one Hoptlett, a lead mine moon distiller  
of Moonshine. Many times Henry  
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~also~~ in  
~~with~~ the expeditions. It was on  
returning from a trip to the North Fork  
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I  
first observed Jean drunk in the  
Autumn of 1928. The unpleasant  
incident is fixed in memory,  
because Jean ~~proper~~ exhibited a  
long knife, or stiletto, I did not  
know she possessed, and stated  
fiercely that if I objected to her  
conduct I would be killed then  
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor  
fled or made resistance; she put  
away the evil looking stiletto;  
and nothing more said of the  
incident. Nor was the threat  
repeated. Doubtless, I have always  
thought of the right of a woman  
to kill her husband, if she cannot  
live with him, and feared not  
be penalized. It may be this



be considered <sup>29</sup> one of the risks inherent  
in ~~the~~ the state of Matrimony. I know  
the incident was deeply regretted by  
Jean when she later came to her senses.  
She had a good heart, and would  
normally <sup>have</sup> died, literally, for her  
husband and children.  
Many years later, and following my  
Jean's death, Brother James told me,  
quite casually, that he had <sup>then</sup> expected  
Jean to kill me - about 1923.

Except for an occasional incident  
as the foregoing, ~~it is not at all~~ <sup>it is not at all</sup> rated  
our domestic life ~~was~~ unhappy;  
~~actually~~, actually, we lived well,  
decently and in harmony. My  
single, and doubtful, diversion was  
the weekly Village Paper game,  
generally <sup>usually</sup> all night, which was  
interrupted by a call, usually of  
an abstract nature.

It is related of the Great London  
Physician, John Hunter, 17th Century,  
that on one occasion returning late  
to his home after a day's work of  
research and practice, found his wife  
presiding at a mixed party, or  
"fick-up", as he described it, and  
dispersed the gathering, thus  
exhibiting his authority.



Sunday, Sept. 13, 1909 30 30  
4 A.M.

I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complex national election - style of about 1970. Personally, my problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

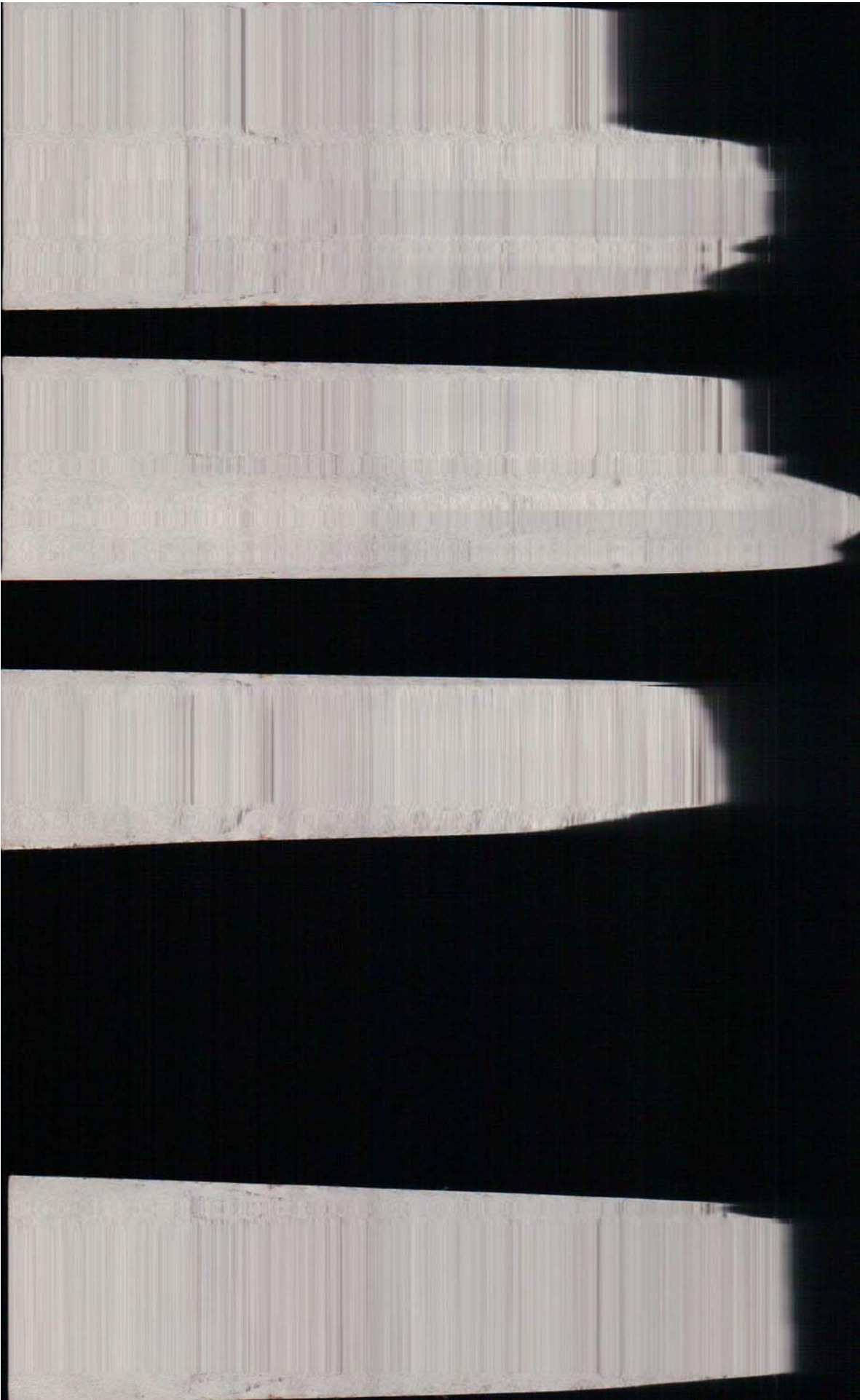
The youths shall faint and be weary,  
And the young men shall utterly fall;  
But they that wait upon the Lord  
They shall mount up with wings as Eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary;  
And they shall walk and not fall faint.

A recent letter from Amos L. Herald of Austin Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action, "even as you and I".

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because if I do not make the damned

(446) Hunt and Miss Agnes M. (446) Hunt







31  
Further today, I will be sure to

It is called of the same demonstration  
that that on becoming infected  
with the parasite (the mites);  
it is once, unfortunately, that he must  
demonstrate the effectiveness of Moberg  
as a cure; he has not the (page)  
"Pure mites" as a reference to the  
demonstration of Moberg  
which has been recognized by the  
myself to the approval of the  
Jensen (Government of the State  
(Moberg) on his chest.

A. Scott Becker was one of the men  
of Dr. William Becker, of Copenhagen,  
Virginia and Denmark, who was  
both physician and leader. All  
the men were lawyers; one, however,  
was in Scotland N. La. for  
with a degree, and it was this  
evidence as a doctor to others, an  
Mying River, Valley, since visiting  
them (mice) mites in these and  
and were from Moberg, mites on  
Moberg.



Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a  
 handsome lady of large frame, the  
 mother of three daughters; a native  
 of Amherst County, Virginia and of  
 excellent family and culture.  
 Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney  
 and journalist, practiced law in  
 our County and edited the Marlinton  
 Journal for several years. In  
 1899 he married Miss Lillie Yeager -  
 daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam  
 Scott had University Education, was  
 literate, even a genius; but was  
 dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -  
 all of which is another story.

During this married life in Huntersville  
 and Marlinton, over a period of about  
 forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker  
 "separated" a number of times, due  
 principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent  
 affairs with certain Native Concubines  
 of the Period.

On more than one occasion when  
 Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at  
 a fast gait the team of two cross-  
 gray horses, with her three daughters  
 in the large family Chariot, the  
 village would remark that Mrs.  
 Fizzie Rucker was leaving Scott



Rucker, again <sup>33</sup>

When an attractive woman of middle age leaves her husband, and does not find another man of means to take her up, she is lost.

A lady of high Principal, Mrs. Rucker, on these recurrent separations invariably went to the home of her father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker, at Lewisburg for refuge. After a time, a reconciliation would be patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~and~~ and the children would drive home. One such incident occurred about 1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having died, Mrs. Rucker took a small hotel or boarding house in Norfolk, Virginia, in anticipation of expected touring activity connected with the Jacksonian & Jacksonian ~~that~~ ~~year~~. Due to a minor business recession that year, or to public indifference, the ~~&~~ position proved a failure, or "flop," and in due time she returned to her home in Marlinton. On another occasion she removed herself, (the girls grown, and all teaching or doing secretarial work) as far as Mobile, Alabama, but again returned. About 1912, to reside



with her aged <sup>3<sup>rd</sup></sup> husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life the deadly sin she could not bear was Scott Rucker's "infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally depending those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Incidentally affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his Court Room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Court House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for all hours business by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by "lumber" jacks, even negroes; with a bit of boot-legging of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County grand-jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker's gambling "joint."



The Prosecution <sup>was</sup> usually unsuccessful  
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors  
not usually cooperation in supporting  
"law and order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing  
was asked by the Grand Jury Foreman if he  
played Poker, replied he "did not know  
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful  
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~and~~  
and had no luck. - This from a  
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,  
excited merriment, and no damning  
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate  
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet  
lives a retired and plain life in  
Marlinton at an advanced age,  
supported for the most part by his  
"Social Security". Married late in  
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Thorne,  
who has recently died. For many  
years Wallace Lange followed  
the life of a woodsman in the Lumbers  
Camp, was known as "Pete", and his  
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in Cards  
games to some extent. Proverbial  
when asked by the jury foreman and  
Prosecutor, he admitted having played  
in Ruckers apartment; interrogated  
further if he had seen money pass  
commercially in the game, "Pete"  
replied he had seen "Donations"  
to provide utilities, Cards, light, heat,



Foot 26, mages, 36

Sanctus services and other survivors  
surroundings of a gentleman's game -  
The jury returned no indictment x  
To fully appreciate this anecdote,  
one needs be familiar with Walter  
Lange, his personality, eagle eye and  
and peaked nose, altogether a hand-  
some man, not often seen, even in  
age and adversity; correct in his  
language, although not regularly  
educated, his education that of a  
man of the world endowed with  
intelligence. I believe, had fate so  
decreed, Wallace Lange could  
have been a leader, in war and  
peace. True, a lifetime in the  
Lumber Camps - like unto soldiering,  
he may have spent too many hours  
studying the <sup>business of</sup> things, and the  
favors of the Goddess of Chance.

At present friend Lange lives  
alone in his cottage at the base of  
Price Hill in West Marlinton. And  
Providence has granted him length  
of days following an active life in  
the open and forest places. He was  
born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain  
overlooking Marlinton from the west.

Now he can review life as Vanity;  
"the shadow of a dream"; at the same  
time real and earnest. ~~In good luck!~~



In the autumn of 1904 and Jean being detained  
at home, our young son being an infant of  
eight months, I desired to offset the  
exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's  
consent travelled alone by rail, and by  
way of Baltimore, having a nostalgia  
up to a gain ~~see~~ recall student days.  
after a four years interval, that had  
witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two  
days in a student's boarding house  
West Fayette Street, and mingle  
with students assembling at the  
University of Maryland Medical  
School, where I readily passed  
for one of them, with the reserve  
of my acquaintances. The Medical  
School had recently opened for both  
men and women - an innovation. -  
A woman medical sat near me at  
table, who appeared to speak German  
by choice. I did not rate her as near  
the equal in beauty and charm as  
Dr. Alice Steffan of the early days.  
I travelled by boat from Baltimore  
to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the  
shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving  
the boat, who should appear looking  
for lodgers at her rooming house  
than Mrs. Fizz Rucker, who had  
recently "left" Scott Rucker as her  
wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker  
either did not recognize me, or a student



38  
appearance of doing so; she may have  
felt somewhat near sighted, or ~~her~~  
over-sight. As she had seemed to  
look directly at me without recognition,  
I chose not to introduce myself, and not  
long afterward I heard that she had  
given up her logging business and  
returned to her home.

After Mr. Rucker's death in 1924, Mrs.  
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.  
Before her departure she enlisted Jean  
to arrange and dispose of the household  
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,  
including some debts of the Ruckers'  
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Premontory symptoms of Jean's  
long illness had already appeared  
in the fall of 1924, but she labored  
long and hard on the Rucker  
disposal of effects, though not  
feeling well. This she did from  
some feeling of association and  
friendship for the family over many  
years; although at the time I did  
not think she owed them much,  
either in association or sincere  
friendship; especially in the matter  
before referred to in the Automobile  
Expeditions for ~~the~~ foot-leg  
legions, wines and home brews  
of the early years of Prohibition  
beginning in 1930.



39  
This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher  
family, and effects continued for  
about a year, because as late as  
September, 1925, I paid Mr. Rucher  
for books and some furnishings. By  
then Jean's liver and pancreas was  
failed to function markedly, together with  
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.  
An abnormal craving for Carminatives -  
Cloves, pepper, cinnamon, was a symptom.  
A collection of wines in jugs and some  
malted drinks in bottles no longer craved  
as nature had revolted against such  
abuse of appetite for food and drink.  
It was necessary to keep the "wines" under  
lock, as by this time Norman was quite  
willing and eager to dispose of the lot  
in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general State  
Police had begun raiding Private houses  
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic  
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose  
of all "Cellar" contents, some gallons  
of jug of wine being cached by me  
among ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> rocks on the hill-side.  
Some years later when I ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~searching~~ <sup>looking</sup>  
for this treasure I could not find  
a single jug - six in number  
but it had exploded, or else  
I had not marked the site of  
burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.  
Anyway, the brew was not of a vintage  
exactly improved by "age."



Saturday- 1/9/1960 <sup>434</sup>  
4 a.m. a mild winter - this  
morning a balmy "forty". wrote five pages  
letters. Perhaps with "Memories"  
completed, & may fill in with letters,  
Diaries, & Essays. Having begun  
"a dog's life", continue to the end.  
- writing.

Down. Clear, at 7 - not even heavy  
frost. Rain, or snow, in the offing.  
There has been little floating (canine)  
ice in the Green River winter 1959-1960.  
"The Weather" important in human life  
on this earth planet.

Wednesday 1/13/60 Rain in the night  
4 a.m. - Mild  
Woke at 2 a.m. tried to get back to sleep;  
failed. This is not surprising, as I  
slept eleven hours right before.  
Got up at 4 a.m. with a crew to  
write some letters.

Yesterday morning made some  
progress removing old wire fencing  
from the garden lot, and early spring  
cleaning leaves and shrubbery.

The Bridge Rd. - walks completed -  
all that remains the metal guard  
rails. The wooden bridge still  
in use. River remarkably free from  
ice and high water past months



Thursday - 1/14/60 435 Jan. 13, 1960 - Full Moon.  
5-am! The weather continues mild.  
Got on, yesterday, with Jimmy & Jimmy  
Gardner. Removed Helen down penney-  
letter from Jean, Jan. 9. All's well.  
Jean, Jr. - Returned to school - Nashville, Tenn.  
Andrew Jackson's "Hermitage" new city.  
It is announced Governor Underwood  
and staff will attend the Bridge "opening".  
An election year, no bets ever looked.  
If I attend, the "pick up" ~~of~~ because  
of "Seigniority" - Not "Popularity".

Joseph H. Buzzard

(1862-1942)

J.H. Buzzard was born on Anthony's Creek, the  
son of a Confederate soldier, slain in the  
war (25th Va. Infantry) in 1862. From  
earliest youth in a post-war period  
accustomed to privations and hardships of  
a pioneering community.

In early Maywood his left leg  
was so severely fractured at the knee  
by a falling tree that two or more  
physicians debated amputation of the leg.  
Dr. John M. Lyon, himself a Veteran, one  
of the surgeons.

Joe Buzzard recovered without loss of  
limb, but ever after walked with a  
noticeably distorted gait, his foot inverted  
outward, but without aid of cane or  
crutch - using neither cane or crutch.



By nature intelligent and Personable, he used his, crippling adversity as an asset, becoming a self educated business Man and public official; for several terms the respected assessor of Pocahontas County, and for more than one term Treasurer - Sheriff. As a youth known for his trading ability in live-stock and doing a full man in supporting his mother widowed in the war (1861).

Apparently, a hopeless cripple, in his young manhood Joe Buzzard persuaded Mrs. Jennina Alderman, noted belle of Derittus Creek, to marry him. Which of itself speaks volumes about Joe's business ability and strength of Character.

Mrs. Jennina Buzzard has recently died, ~~at~~ (1958) at her home near Huntersville, aged 96 years. A personal friend and client for fifty years, I could relate incidents of Aunt Jennina's good sense and strong ~~character~~ <sup>individuality</sup>. Usually, in summer, she could be found at her house or in the garden bare-foot; strong and capable, though far advanced in years. At ninety known to walk to Stillwell - seven miles - to visit her daughter Mrs. A. Lee McCord.



437  
On one occasion I was called to treat  
Mr. Buzzard for injuries received  
while assisting her son Edwin in  
corralling the unruly live stock at  
his ranch on the Deep Run of Williams  
River. At the time she was at the  
home of her daughter, Mrs. Howard  
McClure in Marlinton. The injury  
several fractured ribs and bruises  
having been run over by an outlaw  
wild cow.

On this, and other occasions, Aunt  
Jemima greeted me with her homely  
saying:

"Pills, Pills; and Doctor's Bills!"  
I have long thought the name "Jemima"  
should be adopted frequently in naming  
girls.

Though strong & independent, notably  
independent & an intelligent strong-  
minded woman, apparently indifferent  
to public opinion, through her long  
life Mr. Jemima Buzzard deferred  
to Aunt Joe's superior education  
and worldly knowledge. Her  
usual address to her was a firm  
"Jemima!"

At the very last, for past thirty years,  
Aunt Jemima consented to brief visits or  
calls in the County Hospital, treated by  
Younger Physicians than myself. I am  
told retaining mentality to the last. She



28438

Survived her husband many years -  
Her family four grown sons and two  
daughters. Tragedy had a place in  
her family, endured with Stoic philosophy.

The eldest son, ~~William~~ Joseph, had been  
~~for~~ was a soldier in the Regular Army -  
a sergeant, at the beginning of the war  
(1914). ~~He~~ and served with the First  
Division in France. Following the  
armistice, Nov. 11, 1918, Master Sergeant  
Joseph Buzzard was hit by a  
French soldier in a brawl and killed.  
This occurred ~~while~~ at a French  
port while his ~~Regiment~~ was preparing  
to return home. Sergeant Buzzard  
left a wife in America, but not located  
at last report. His death was rated  
in line of duty. Buried in an  
alien soil.

The youngest son, Harry Buzzard,  
also a veteran (1914) died by a  
self inflicted rifle shot in 1940,  
while residing on the farm. A bold  
active man, his rash act and  
untimely end, aged forty years,  
is ascribed to a fit of temper.  
Harry was employed at the local  
lumber and farming as well. His early  
brother's death lamented, leaving a widow  
and children.



Wednesday 2/3/1960 439

5-11-60 No recording, last two weeks, January 14-31, 1960. During this period a notable "January thaw," following the deep cold wave Jan 16-26, 1960, the bridge opened for traffic February 1, 1960 - a fine sunny day. By invitation of District Engineer Spangler, Constructors Engineer Saultbureau (Floyd County, Kentucky) and Road Foreman Arnold Burns were conveyed the message, I drove my car first over the bridge, - the third on this location over Greenbrier River. No special ceremony - but the remembrance and courtesy of the Engineering Department to me as a Senior Citizen appreciated. The history of the three bridges, over a period one hundred and ten years (1850-1960) has been recorded.

William Lorus, colored, age 71 years, was found dead in his house January, 1960. A veteran of 1917, drifted while living in Ohio. A few days before his death I met William Lorus on the street, observing the "benevolence" of his countenance, "the image of God done in clay." Pleased by his kind inquiries about my health and family well fore. His wife and family, several children, living in Washington, having left William Lorus alone in his house, foot of Martins Mountain, almost the last of his race in Martins available for odd jobs, horse cleaning, janitor service, repairs, and so forth. Also the last survivor of Joppe and East Lorus, formerly ex-slaves, heirs of a wealth and drovers of wares. Also lived in Martins Vaya Con Dios.



Joseph H. Buzzard was repeatedly elected Assessor of Pocatello County, early 20th Century, filling the office acceptably, with notable dignity and justice. Plainly dressed, he usually rode a mule on his official journey. In election years I have ~~often~~ heard his remark "Joe and his mule were running again;" the inference was that he was ~~unbeatable~~ <sup>unbeaten</sup> for the office. At a period when taxation was a touchy subject. I have rarely heard Assessor Joe Buzzard's decisions and judgment questioned.

Joe Buzzard was Sheriff of the County during my ~~term~~ first term as County Commissioner - 1911-1916 - and our official relations were pleasant; he seemed to fully approve of my efforts to build roads and bridges, at a time when full responsibility rested with the County Court in this business.

Never a large land-owner, though his early unusual opportunity to acquire valuable lands, in the late years of the 19th Century Mr. Buzzard bought the Michael McFarquhar place, formerly known as the "Jake" McCallum place, presumably on favorable terms from the Pocatello Development Company, though none was heard to criticize, and was public confidence in Joe Buzzard's honesty and justice. About the same time an unfortunate partnership in a feed and supply business in Marlinton caused losses, and his



#41

last year, remembered by Bank Loans. However, Sheriff Buzzard's public accounts were in perfect order throughout, until his retirement from public life as assessor and Treasurer - Sheriff of the County. For several years before his death his health declined, largely due to a moderate oxidation in the lungs; acute sensitivity to the air - and wearing heavy woollens even in summer heat. On at least one occasion when calling on him at his home, I found him sitting up and sorting out voluminous papers. His death was sudden. Summoned to his home, I found him, fully clothed, lying dead on his bed, aged 77 years. Without formal education, Joseph A. Buzzard was self-educated in contact with his fellows - a reader and thinker.

Vaya Con Dios.

His son Rodney Buzzard, who yet lives (1960) diverged politically, and elected as a Republican Sheriff of Pinal County. At the present time, (1960) Joe Buzzard, grandson, William Buzzard is running for the Republican ticket for nomination as Sheriff. A veteran of ~~1941~~ the war (1941) Bill was nominated in 1956 for Sheriff, but beaten in the election. Because of a preponderance of Registrars going for Buzzard, all need support from the Democrats, from whom I also remember his name father Joe Buzzard - Democrat.



441-A

Rodney Buzzard, son of Joseph H. Buzzard, elected as a Republican, served a term as Sheriff, acceptably, during the Reconstruction period, following the civil war and following the third decade of the century. The Sheriff's brother-in-law Mr. Howard McEleece was jail deputy. He and ~~his~~ ~~son~~ Mrs. McEleece having held the position for many years previously ~~and~~ notably during the terms of Sheriffs William Gibson and Lincoln Cochran. Both live at an advanced age in Marlinton. During this period many human derelicts; some aged "white pine" lumbermen, were housed in the jail annex, no other house of refuge, or "Poor Farm" being available at the time. From personal contact with some of these public charges I can testify to the uniform kindness to them shown by Mr. and Mrs. Howard McEleece over a long term of thorough many seasons.

Howard McEleece in youth a "white pine" lumberman and log driver on the Green and River. At past eighty years, "his age is at a lusty wittes - frosty yet kindly."

I can also testify to the efficiency, personal courage and faithfulness of Sheriff Rodney Buzzard performing the multiple duties of his office. The personal dignity of his father, Joseph H. Buzzard, reflected in



441-B

The son, Mr. Rodney Buzzard still lives aged and alone in his small house near Huntersville; with the appearance of a man to be reckoned with, as becomes the son of Joseph and Linnah Buzzard. He is lame, but walks erect, using a cane. I do not recall ever observing a "silly look" on the faces of any men or ~~and~~ boys of the J. H. Buzzard line.

Mr. Rodney Buzzard died many years ago, about the time Rodney served as ~~sher~~ County Sheriff, leaving quite a large family, children and grand-children. Unprofitable business resulted, also, in the loss of ancestral lands.

The low estate of government in the present era, undeniable, office holding seemingly inextricably tangled in a multitude of private interests, welfare agencies and "Pressure Groups", or Labor Unions if you prefer -

It is altogether fitting that some of us (Democrats) support Young Bill Buzzard in his ambition to hold the office of County Sheriff, once held by his father and grandfather, Joseph Henry Buzzard, the latter a Democrat.

A sober, industrious, intelligent young man, who resides on his own ancestral acres on Cummins Creek near Huntersville - farming and as a job delivers the widely circulated Beechey Post-Herald to all parts of Rockingham County. As a diversion and social frolics, also Recording Secretary of the Huntersville Mens Club.



441-C

It has pleased me to write this testimonial  
- unsolicited - Passably a surprise  
to the Buzzard family Committee.  
(Incidentally, there are, or have been  
recently more than one Bill Buzzard  
known in the county through the  
years.) ~~Durham~~

During the Political Campaigns  
of 1966 - ~~four years ago~~ - I recall  
there was some confusion as to the  
identity of the Republican Candidate  
for Sheriff - Young William Buzzard  
of Cummings Creek, and grandson of Joseph  
P. Buzzard. By this time (1966)  
there should be no mistake in  
identity.

As a student of faces, William  
Buzzard of the third generation, looks  
to me to be a chip of the old block -  
Joseph and Jennah Alderman  
Buzzard.

~~Joseph P. Buzzard~~  
(1880-1966)



Thursday 2/4/60 442  
5-am. The

Engineer Paulsbury -  
Yesterday at 2 pm. Press pictures  
at Center of Bridge, together with the  
car and the Engineers; to appear  
in Saturday's Berkeley Times-Herald.

The Rickwood Paper - Hillbilly -  
Prospering because of plain printing  
of facts, and forthrightness, Edited  
by Crustock and McClung - It  
remains to be learned whether the paper  
can "stand prosperity" - or no - The  
editor recently remarked, regretfully,  
that it appears "Dog owners (People  
who like dogs) usually are neighbor  
haters." - To the Editor of "Hillbilly"

My letter to the Editor of "Hillbilly"  
appears in the current issue - attached.  
Full reports of the Regular (1960)  
Legislative sessions quite remarkable,  
especially the first week.

The fixed star (Sun) *Arcturus*  
visible early morning at 5-am, high  
in the North-east.



Saturday - 2/6/60 443  
3-4 mi. Heavy rains - ~~it~~ field. Have  
written several long letters past two days.  
Dr. Ligon Price, Aspen, Colorado; Mr. Murry  
Bosworth - Filing (Formerly of Elkins)  
Richmond, Virginia. - referred to the best  
families in Randolph County, and of Jacob  
Warwick descent. I can forward the  
last installment (typed) - (432)

An informative letter from C. A. Dixon  
about affairs in Eastern Kentucky, and  
check for one hundred dollars, Royalties  
on the Wooten Creek Mine (Coal) - Wooten,  
Leslie County, Kentucky. (Kyoga Coal).

January 26, 1960, The Chicago Tribune  
featured the 80<sup>th</sup> day of birth General  
Douglas Mac Arthur, old and diseased,  
a millionaire, who dwells in a ten-suit  
apartment 37<sup>th</sup> floor of the Waldorf Tower;  
(When not in hospital); Figure-head  
Chairman of the Board of a Corporation  
(Rand-McNally); Portrait attached painted  
many years past ago.

Colonel Robert MacConick attempted to  
boost for the General for President in  
1952 - for what reason not made clear.  
Defeated, his army destroyed (in Bataan)  
the Philippines (1941); leaving his second  
in command in captivity (Gen. Wainwright)  
according to "Regulations in Modern War"  
- he escaped by air.  
Again defeated and his army lost in  
North Korea (1950), again deserting.



Keft Historians<sup>444</sup> will have difficulty  
~~even~~ in Building a National Hero of  
two armies (which he deserves) destroyed  
in the Orient, to be replaced by a draft  
without limit, and Billions of War Sept.

A handsome soldier, the son of a  
Civil War (1861) General, and a "West  
Pointer," General MacArthur has been  
"successful," and a thoroughly  
disciplined old man, kept going  
by a squad of Medical and Surgical  
"Specialists," - including "His" personal  
Physicians - and a Horde of Hospital  
Corps Nurses and orderlies.

When in age Cincinnatus was sought  
to return and Command the Armies,  
the old Roman was found plowing  
with oxen.

It is written: "King Azzarius Trusted  
in Physicians, that they might Cure him;  
and Azzarius slept with his fathers."

Political Economics in Modern United  
States of America is well summed up in the  
phrase: "Spend, Spend; Tax, Tax; Elect  
and elect."

The saying first credited to the cynic  
and Court favorite Harry Hopkins, and  
will not down.

During the Administration of "Hc" -  
where everybody lites - the Spending  
Philosophy has been elaborated and improved.  
Where it goes nobody knows!



Monday 5 AM. 445-

(Fixed Star) 2/8/60 The morning clear - Arcturus  
vibrant at 5 AM. Snow flurries  
all the day - Sunday. Red Dawn -

General Douglas Mac Arthur, early  
Lieut. when in August, 1932, troops under  
his command dispersed the "Bonus  
Marchers" and burned their encampment -  
Huts on the Anacostia Marshes.

In 1932 - an election year - "Depressive"  
Conditions had become desperate. Herbert  
Hoover a candidate for re-election.

The President, once famous as "Food  
Administrator" for the World, appeared  
apathetic, paralyzed, when confronted  
with an "emergency" at home and in  
a "free" Country. Fortunately, food  
was plentiful and "Dust Cheap" despite  
Dust storms in the "Bread Basket" of  
America - Kansas.

New York financiers seemed helpless  
because of financial shock - J.P. Morgan  
& Morgan Company bankers - first to  
extend loans to "the allies" because of  
personal losses in stocks, paid no  
income tax in 1932.

They say the Lion and the Lizard Keep  
The Courts where Jamsyd gloried and  
Drank Deep;

And Bahram the Wild ass  
Stamps o'er his head but cannot  
Wake his Sleep. - Rubaiyat.



446

For several years, there were no strikes or other "labor" disturbance; the unemployed exceeding those who held jobs at a dollar per day and upwards.

Many large fortunes were formed by those who either held on to stocks and bonds in their possession or bought at a few cents on the dollar "gut-edged" securities - even "Liberty" bonds & exchange ownership at eighty or less - Cash offer.

My modest personal "play" on a depressed market, Silver at 25 cents per ounce, as related heretofore and at length. (Montgomery Ward Stock would have been better at four dollars a share, or Anaconda Copper (three dollars), et cetera.

"God pity the rich; the Poor can work," as intoned by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, before the war (1914).

Throughout the "Depressive years," I continued busy in practice as usual, though cash income reached a near vanishing point. In the year 1932 I Carig had been an alternate Delegate at the Convention in Houston, Texas, 1928) achieved a total cash income of eight hundred dollars, on which I was expected to maintain my household (a cook, colored) Rent an office, maintain a Model A Ford and dispense medicines; also hold my gun well as possible in the regular Saturday night poker game in the Silvers. Net result Naturally, was a debt of



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two thousand dollars, interest bearing -  
by borrowing on life insurance, (United  
States Government bonds.)

Fortunately, Norman was at long  
last in the army in Honolulu - not  
as an officer; and Jean in training  
at Joseph's Hotel, Baltimore, therefore  
self-sustaining for the most part.

Card playing, soon abandoned, for  
good and sufficient reasons. Though  
practiced as a diversion - mainly - since  
the war period - 1917.

For a time the small cash ~~was~~  
may have had in bank was doled out  
to depositors - the so-called "Bank Holiday" -  
could business and financial integrity  
reach a lower stage of degradation?

President Hoover - a vastly over-  
rated man - was duly swept from  
his perch in 1932, and March 1, 1933,  
President Franklin Delano Roosevelt  
began his long reign - another story.

Sister Anna's husband, Frank Benick  
Hunter, died in April, 1932, having  
been executive Vice-President and Cashier  
of the Bank of Marlinton since its founding  
Autumn of 1899. His age 72 years.

My parents buried sleep with his father  
in the cemetery Old Time Church, Lewisburg.  
Age and illness coming on, several months  
before, and preferring to end his days  
"from a stormy life unblest" at this home



of his elder brother Carter Hunter,  
Sweet Springs, Virginia. - the home place  
at one time jointly owned by the  
brothers and a sister, Mrs. Trayman.  
Our parents long dead - Pa in  
January, 1921, and Ma January, 1924.

In the year 1932, or about, Mrs.  
Anna V. Hunter began a long career  
in Building and Business promotions  
extending to the present, a period of  
nearly or quite thirty years -  
Quite remarkable in their extent  
and variety - at times even spectacular.  
A portion of this mighty work I will  
later refer to, briefly. Another story -

In August, 1932, I first was affected by  
a troublesome and unsightly skin  
inflammation, resistant to the usual  
remedies, and affecting only the  
face and hands, even the scalp.  
This I correctly diagnosed as "allergy"  
but resistant to usual remedies. As is  
often the case, medicines recommended  
and tried only increased discomfort  
and therefore harmful. Shaving  
was difficult, and I even tried  
growing a beard.  
I had used tobacco habitually



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Time the war period (1917) and in desperation, after attempting dieting, abruptly ceased smoking. Almost immediately the deep lesions on face and hands lessened. By good fortune the sedimentary deposits of the Sweet Chalybeate Spring was applied freely, with almost instant relief and quickly healed. The value of this "Healing Spring" has been known from the earliest times. Traditionally known to "the Indians", who applied the mud freely for sores (including small pox), also wounds and Burns, - in the latter quite effective. Among other contents the water carries in solution and deposited as a reddish sediment on the stones, Iron, Sulphur and alumina.

I am still "allergic" to tobacco, therefore only occasionally smoke a "Ceremonial Cigarette", as did the people who discovered and used tobacco - the American Indians. Addiction to the Poison tobacco is world-wide, and abandonment of a Needless habit necessarily slow.



Wednesday 45-0

2/10/60 - 5 A.M.

Mild - cloudy - awoke  
at 4 am. Because of an open epidermis  
some color remains in leucoderma and moribundity -  
The autumn was unusually heavy -  
Spring not far behind.

More about the "Allergic" Dermatitis of  
the Summer 1932-1933. In 1916 I first observed  
patches of leuco-derma on neck and  
hands, a phenomenon frequently seen in  
the Negro race, when it may be spectacular,  
- a colored boy turning white! In my case  
especially noticeable during summer tan  
by contrast. During the years following  
after quitting tobacco the leuco-derma  
cleared with return of normal tint to the  
skin of hands and facial parts.

Unquestionably, this was the type of  
skin discoloration of which Cleopatra,  
the French War Minister, was sensitive,  
causing him always to appear in public  
wearing gray silk gloves.

The Napoleonic "Fily" has been  
commented on at length in the section of  
"Diseases of the great," and the peculiar  
end affects of infections which have  
degraded humanity in all ancient and  
Modern times.

In his valuable book "May the Unknown";  
Dr. Alexis Carroll, exerted the resources of  
an enlightened, imaginative, intuitive mind.  
- but did not solve the riddle - himself dying



before the allotted three score and ten.  
 from heart failure; perhaps Cancer.  
 He may have used Tobacco; undoubtedly  
 used much animal fat in his diet (Amibulatio)  
 and did not till the soil. Moreover, I  
 find little evidence in his "intuitionist" work  
 of interest in evolution of the soul, or spirit.  
 Nevertheless his life work and writings  
 added to the sum of human knowledge,  
 even wisdom, therefore valuable; good to read.

The Arabians say that Abdul Khrain,  
 - the mystic, and Abu Ali Siena, the  
 philosopher, conferred together; and on  
 parting the philosopher said, "all that  
 he sees, I know; and the mystic said,  
 "all that he knows, I see!" (Intuition)!

The Wisdom of the East (Yogi of  
 India) offers <sup>at least</sup> a solution of human life,  
 and destiny in the theory of reincarnation  
 of souls. More than is offered  
 (solutions) by the West.

"God is a Spirit; and they that  
 worship him must worship him in spirit  
 and in truth." - John vi

All flesh is as grass; in the morning it  
 is green and groweth up in the evening  
 it is cut down and withereth.

"METEMPSYCHOSIS" - the word used to describe  
 transmigration of the soul.



## Early Dental Practice.

At nine years there was decay of the "permanent" teeth, with severe toothache principally afflicting the ~~the~~ lower six-year molars. I have related visiting Dentist Kirtzig in August, 1885, and, having two molars drawn, endured stoically without a cry; never after having such toothache as before removal of the two molars. No local or other anesthetic was used in this extraction, or any antiseptic procedure observed, other than rinsing the mouth with water.

Dr. Kirtzig was a skilled artisan who made "dentures." A complete set, upper and lower fitted for my mother about 1880 of such excellence worn all her remaining years until her death in 1924.

The set of teeth probably complimentary to the family of the local Minister. In any event not more than twenty dollars.

The wife of a "Peasant," - (Reliepers) lately passed to me, she had four hundred dollars worth of dentures in her mouth.

At age sixty I had lost all the remaining teeth, nearly all extracted by my own hand and without local anesthetic. Unquestionably, the after effects are better, with less bleeding - or post-extraction pain.

I have never had fitted, or used "Dentures." I have enjoyed ~~such~~ a good appetite and excellent digestion, subsisting on suitable foods - largely vegetarian, together with eggs and dairy products, and for



He may part doing my own cooking.  
 For aesthetic reasons, I prefer to dine  
 alone; likewise avoid public banquets, or  
 even continue eating in "Fasheries".  
 Cosmetically, Facial Mobilities largely  
 a subject to control, thus avoiding  
 muscular atrophy; it is possible to  
 smile without grimacing, and the "social  
 laugh betrays the vacant mind". Facial  
 Massage helps.

Not being cannibalistic, an eater of meat  
 and animal blood. Canine and the molars  
 of a wolf not needed.

Of a Major of Russia called the "Gnat,"  
 is said to have habitually dined alone  
 at a square table. Perhaps his teeth  
 were bad - or absent.

General George Washington often  
 ate in private. Certainly did not often  
 appear at banquets. He had difficulty  
 in getting properly fitting "Dentures";  
 once he used a pair connected, but  
 upper and lower, by springs.

At age seventeen I was concerned  
 to find decay in upper incisors, also  
 cavities in bicuspids and molars.

At that time (1892) the only resident  
 dentist (not in active practice) Dr. Esbridge  
 at Hillsboro.

It was customary travelling dentists  
 to visit the County and set up offices  
 for a few weeks, usually in private  
 houses or inns. Such a one was



D. James H. Weymouth, whose home was in Elkies. He usually located for practice at the home of Mr. Clark Kellison Day Branch of Swago Creek, a home noted for hospitality and good living.

Clark Kellison had served in General Philip Sheridan's Cavalry in the War (1861); afterwards in Indian fighting, and roundups on the plains—a "Regular" of the 7th Cavalry. (A Battalion of the Seventh was wiped out under Colonel Custer in 1872.)—the so-called "Custer Massacre."

I have talked with Mr. Kellison at some length. It was evident that some reminiscences of the war were distasteful to him; the burn and home burning and driving of livestock, the women and children, the wholesale subsisting on rabbits and such nuts, berries and such as the woods and fields afforded. He once stated, with emphasis that General Philip Sheridan was "a very bad man."

Sheridan's Army, in burning and desolating the Valley of Virginia in 1864, effectually cut off the principal source of supply for the Confederate Army.

A recent book "Appomattox" is a vivid biography of Philip Sheridan, the Genghis Khan of the War (1864). A bachelor, and a "loose liver" through life; black Irish; short in stature; a general



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Who exposed himself in the front of  
battle, moving at a hand gallop.  
He once described the ideal cavalryman  
of the period as eighteen to twenty-four  
years of age, light in weight, not married,  
and properly reckless.

In July, 1896, while in Washington, on  
leave examined for the Medical Reserve  
Corps, U.S. Army, I visited the Arlington  
National Cemetery. In a section  
reserved for officers I observed the grave  
of Thurman, which is on the slope  
before the Mansion House. Marked by  
a small marble stone, the scene remains  
in memory.

On the day of death I was called  
to visit Clark Kellison, his age about  
seventy, ~~the year 1912~~. He had  
suffered an attack of "Heart block,"  
and died, the month October, 1912.

He was a just man, industrious and  
respected. His wife had died from  
a cancerous affection ten years before,  
and Mr. Kellison had married again,  
a lady from Harrison County, not  
too young.

Vaga Cen Dies -

Dr. Weymouth, the Dentist, a man of weight  
and stature, native of Randolph County,  
had served in the war, probably in  
state troops. When I visited him, at  
the home of Mr. Kellison autumn of 1891



I found him at leisure. He received me kindly and consented to work on my teeth immediately. I was nearly seventeen; had appeared voluntarily at the Doctor-Dentist's office, not previously consulting my parents. Without any money of my own, if a bill was rendered my father I have no knowledge of it.

Dr. Weymouth expertly filled several minor and bicuspid teeth with gold, of which I was very proud.

Dr. William Campbell ~~visited~~ of Monterey, Virginia, also visited Martins in the 1890's, the village still without a resident dentist. A kindly, jovial man, also a Confederate veteran, he ~~also~~ made extensive repairs on molar teeth, probably without charge to Pa, as a Minister he had known in his youth.

From an early day Country doctors were expected to extract teeth and supplied with necessary forceps, though not trained to the business.

Brother James in practice had become an expert tooth drawer, and observing his techniques, and supplied with both "upper" and "lower" instruments, I soon became more than usually skilled in pulling teeth. Continued over a



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Period of many years. Twenty-five  
Cents per tooth was the standard fee, and  
the operation done without either local  
or general anesthesia. Occasionally  
a "Nervous Nellie," - male or female,  
required Chloroform for Mass extractions.

It will be readily seen the extraction  
of painful, ulcerated and infected teeth,  
indiscriminately, was important in the  
prior history, long before resident  
dentists were available in our County,  
with all the refinements of the Profession.  
Dr. ("Cedar oil") George Ervine.

John Wesley Ervine and George Ervine  
(brothers) resided and reared families  
in the rich Verdant Valley, north of  
Marlinton, following the War (1861) in  
which both had served with irregular  
troops in Western Virginia, C.S. Army.  
George Wesley Ervine, the elder,  
is said to have habitually carried  
his Mountain rifle, on foot or on  
horse, for many years following  
the war, as though still expecting  
separals. (He may have been prepared  
to kill any wild game encountered.)  
His son, the excellent Dr. Ervine  
but briefly, lives in Marlinton now.



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in his salage; rather unusually  
atony, cheerful and firm, as one who  
looks forward to joining his beloved  
"Blanche" "in the air". Very deaf  
and almost blind - totally blind from  
an early injury to one eye, wears  
neither hearing aid or glasses.  
Yet walks as one assured of the way.

Joe Ervine has worn his "bachelors  
night-cap" plaid for all his  
eighty years. For many years he  
worked as surveyor's assistant to the  
Cala County Surveyor, Adam Baxter,  
and himself has a working knowledge  
of the surveyor's art.

Referring to difficulties offered  
surveyors by the steep, rocky  
hills of the Annapolis Creek and  
Western Pocahontas County generally,  
Joe once quoted to me something  
about "the Redicks of Hell" of the  
region - with apology for the  
"Profanity"!

Joe Ervine and Miss Blanche Dean  
of ~~Annapolis~~ Cochrans Creek, kept steady  
company for forty years - a union  
of souls. Miss Dean has recently  
died, leaving her small property to  
Friend Joe, who has published  
some creditable memorial verses to  
his beloved. Page 101 Divs.



45-9  
Dr. George Irvine and his excellent  
wife Mary reared a large family  
on his portion of ancestral land in the  
Verdant Valley, high on the slope of the  
"Sleepy Hill", adjoining the extensive  
Jacob Murphy, Sr. lands. Two of the sons  
~~with native genius~~ remained bachelors  
through life, living and dying on the  
home farm.

With native genius, Dr. Irvine early gave  
study herb medication and surgery,  
without benefit of the schools. His  
researches resulted in the "Discovery"  
of Cedar oil, not previously recognized  
in botanical medicine, and for many  
years prepared and sold "Cedar oil"  
in a watery solution, especially for  
tooth-ache. As the Cedar tree is  
not native here, the Doctor made  
journeys to Eastern Virginia for stumps  
and coats of the tree from which he  
distilled a tar of execrable acrid  
taste; offered for sale in discarded  
"Extract" bottles in 25 and 50 ct sizes -  
The production and sale of Cedar  
oil, late 19th Century, required long  
absences from home and farm, leading  
to a somewhat nomadic life, traveling  
by horse cart, or Murfat wagon -  
In late middle life Dr. and Mrs. Irvine



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lived apart, the Doctor was "sustained  
by an unwavering faith" and unpovished  
because something of a poor and despised,  
unworthy of his excellent family heritage.  
Of strong-minded, he early developed  
skill in drawing teeth, expertly using  
a single straight small straight forceps,  
sent by me some years before his death  
in 1913 was devoid of vital power  
and blackened by use. With this  
single instrument he had extracted  
thousands of teeth.

An old man, occasionally seen riding  
a lean, spavined black horse, perhaps  
leading or driving an emaciated, aged  
cow for trading purposes, the Doctor's  
end was not peace. His body was  
found on the log railway track on  
Anthony's Creek, apparently killed and  
dragged by ~~an engine~~ a log train.  
Foul play was suspected, the body  
having lain for some time, and badly  
decomposed.

Placed in a home-made coffin,  
in ragged and torn clothing the body  
was brought to the Sharp Cemetery  
Verdant Valley, for burial. A related  
autopsy was demanded by sons of the  
dead man, and I was summoned  
to the Cemetery on a Sunday to view  
body before placing in the open grave



Monday.

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21st Feb - 4 am. The "Deep" snow -  
about 6 inches at Marlinton. Feb-13, remains  
frozen - the night cold - near zero -  
Arose at 3 am - to inspect the plucking,  
which is intact. A warming stove (fill  
Feb 12) sitting 6.30 am - over Price Hill.  
Feb. 14 (Sunday) Spent before the open  
fire, and in shoe paper and My leg in the  
open air. Walked to the office and Post office.  
A letter from Jean dated 11th - I wrote her  
on the 12th of February.

Viewing the body of Dr. George Erwin,  
badly decomposed and in its coffin beside  
the open grave, I could learn little  
as to cause of death, presumably that of an  
Aged Man, about eighty, Mauled by a  
logging train, afterwards found on the  
track, although the train crew had observed  
nothing.

Acting as Physician - Coroner, my  
decision was that death was probably  
due to being knocked down and sent  
dropped by the train, the time of death  
unknown, but evidently some days  
before. No objections being offered  
the body was buried the dead from  
the death was buried from our sight -  
"Antcasts always Mourn."

Aged Hatter, gray and grim,  
Here is custom Come your ways  
Take my ~~best~~ and lead him in,  
Stuff his ribs with Moldy Hay.

Feb 1920



Dr. Ervine would recite on a passing  
verse in couplets describing his profession  
as botanist, Surgeon and tooth Drawer.  
New lines added as desired, endlessly:

"Old George Ervine pulled teeth free;  
Here's eighteen he drew for me."

"I pulled her teeth with never a groan,  
And then she baked me a sweetened Pone."

(Add infinites) St. Clare, ad infinites.

A scene in the life of this old man remains  
vividly in memory.

~~One~~ I encountered him on the road, a  
year before his death, riding his spavined  
~~mare~~ and driving a cow on a rope, the  
cow ~~fast~~ exhibiting ~~at~~ a large and repulsive  
tumor on the jaw, evidently Anthrax,  
or "Fungus jaw". It was plain the  
Doctor proposed to treat ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> animal surgically,  
or ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> "Cedar oil", - his universal  
remedy, and so condition <sup>the</sup> for the market.  
A striking token of age: Weakness  
and ~~disease~~ <sup>disease</sup> in man and beast.

"Who knoweth the spirit of a man  
that goeth upward; ~~or~~ <sup>or</sup> the spirit of a  
beast that goeth downward to the earth?"

George Ervine never exhibited <sup>Proverb</sup> the stigma  
of a drunkard and a dope. With a natural  
bent for medicine and Surgery, his error  
was to ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> the easy way, as he saw it,  
for the ~~practice~~ <sup>practice</sup> irregular practice - quackery.



Tuesday - 2/16/60 46°  
5-AM -

Clear, Cold - Near Zero.  
Breezes, north-west, north  
and North East - Most severe, with much  
snow, of the winter.

The Philosopher, Immanuel Kant, as an  
aged man and recluse, was wont to remark  
(to himself) especially when seeking repose,  
'How Comfortable I am!' He died at  
eighty-two, active in body and mind until  
a year or two before death.

A feature of the John Wesley Grove farm  
foot of Slippery Hill is a depression, or  
"bowl" of several acres, very fertile.  
Traditionally, good grass and had has  
grown in the bowl for one and a half  
centuries, without rotation of crops or  
fertilization, other than drifting surface  
soil from the higher hills.

There is no outlet, nor does water  
accumulate in this bowl. Quite evidently  
there are subterranean caverns or  
caves, (limestone) in this region.

A somewhat similar formation at  
the "Rorer Place" on Red Lick Mountain,  
is known from the earliest days as  
"Tallow Hill." The origin of these  
place names is obvious. Due to the  
'greasy ground' of steep alluvial time-  
stone when claked for grass.

Verdant Valley once famous for the  
enormous growth and size of its white oak.



(Especially Red oak), Maple, Sugar and Poplar trees; "Washed" by the pioneer settlers William and Jacob Warlock Sharp and permitted to thus die and decay, as 'Clearings'.

A tract of about twenty acres 'Virgin' white oak forest remains on the portions of William Sharp land, owned by the late Mrs. Catherine Mary-Barlowe. This forest surrounds the Sharp Family Cemetery, and was still intact at the year of death of this estimable lady (the widow of Neal Barlowe) in 1956) when last observed by this writer, and admired ~~by me~~ when ~~often~~ passing on frequent journeys to the Poores Lane and Clover Creek regions.

Two sons of Dr. George and Mary Irvine lived their lives, (unmarried) but in some places ~~tutoring~~ ~~not~~ ~~illiterate~~, usually employed as laborers on the farms of neighbors.

The death of Edward, about fifty years of age, in 1935, was tragic. The brothers were returning from work on the higher portion of their land, ~~they~~ George observed a large flat stone suitable for a door-step ~~at the house~~. and ~~began to~~ roll it down hill.



The older brother was some distance ahead of George and did not observe the rolling stone bounding in great leaps, and, ~~was struck so~~ with the "Perseus of the West," was struck squarely below the right shoulder-blade, with fracture of several ribs, extensive lacerations, and concealed hemorrhage in the pleural cavity. A large, heavy ~~man~~, he was knocked or shoved ~~a hard fall~~ down hill. Falling hard-

with ~~the~~ stoical indifference of ~~frontiers~~ for bodily injury, little was done by the brothers for the severely injured man, and several days went by before I was summoned to attend him at his home; when a neighbor ~~summoned me~~ (Mr. Neal Barlow) who saw the injury and complications were serious.

Note: I can well understand the type of endurance in bodily injury practiced by those living in primitive surroundings, having survived ~~without~~ serious injury, ~~crippled~~ ~~several~~ wounds, bruises and putrefying sores - without benefit of surgery, other than first aid.

Climbing the Slippery Hill, on foot, from the old Wesley Grove Place, I found the patient in extremis; Traumatic Pneumonia and septic infection, from invasion of the lung, the Pleural Cavity.



Filled with Blood clots. Little could be done by way of treatment; and Edward cruce died on the seventh day following his injury.

Afterwards I was called to attend the brother George, in July, 1937, when struck by lightning, the only case of injury by a "fire ball" I have seen.

~~At the time~~ I have seen that the electric current, or bolt, goes upward from the earth, and not <sup>down</sup> from the clouds, as ~~supposed~~ thought.

At the time George Grime, Jr., was employed as farm hand on Cousin John Poage's Poage Lane, in Hurvost. A storm came up and George took refuge from rain under a large Red Oak, knocked out by the electric shock and when found was thought to be fatally injured. He had carried a gun to the field to shoot groundhogs, and held it in his hand.

The gun was scored and bent, but may have served to conduct the current away. The sole of a heavy shoe, studded with nails, torn from the upper part, and blown from his foot. A red mark about one inch in width from sole of foot to upper thigh, where there was an exploding wound of exit, apparently.

When I arrived the injured man was able to stand up, and recovered from shock,



Sitting permanent injury, although the  
patient ascribed the preceding illnesses  
and weaknesses as ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~beginning~~ <sup>initially</sup>  
having begun by being struck by lightning.  
Injury to the brain being by lightning  
is an awesome thing, but comparatively  
rare. More frequently animals taking  
refuge from ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~under~~ <sup>under</sup> trees are  
killed; ~~possibly~~ <sup>possibly</sup> reported, though I have  
never seen the body of an animal thus killed.

Friday (2/19/60). Ten days of wide-brand  
snows and cold. Feb. 13. (Saturday) Sub-  
Zero - the coldest of the winter; an eight-  
inch snow, at Marlinton; again on the 18th  
seven inches. (February 2, 1960, clear  
throughout).

"If Columbus Day be clear and bright  
winter will take another flight"  
Deep snows and cold waves reported from  
the north-west and north-east, and extending  
to Florida and Texas.

"All bitter chill it was, the awe for all his  
feathers, was a-cold;

The hare limped trampling through  
the frozen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly fold.

— The Eve of St Agnes  
(Wordsworth).



Saturday - 2/20/6<sup>468</sup> Cold; rising winds.  
4 am - arose at 4, in part to  
replenish fires and prevent freezing water.  
Electric service crippled; the linemen and  
electrician - and road crews - working  
day and night.

The McCloud (McLeod) Clan.

Mary, daughter of Dr. George Ervine, much  
resembled her mother, also named Mary.  
First married William McCloud (McLeod)  
and bore twelve children. The large  
family noted for Native intelligence and  
industry. Though not a "Landed"  
family, each, usually, has acquired a  
small farm, or a house, to which they  
have clung tenaciously, in which to carry  
on the simple life of living.

After the death of Bill McCloud - in  
early middle life, Mrs. Mary Ervine-McCloud  
married Antony Dominice, a native of Italy.  
And they both live, past eighty years, in  
their own house on Carrick Ridge, Big  
Run, near the site of the one-time  
"Italian Settlement," of which more will be  
written. Mr. Dominice lost a leg a few  
years ago from a circulatory ailment.

A good woman, Mrs. Dominice has  
showered members of the McCloud Clan  
with her fortune has overtaken any,  
notably Mrs. Virginia Dille who tragic  
life has recently ended - by a stroke - Paralysis



Virginie "Nellie" 469

~~Marriage~~ ~~Story~~ 469

An unusually handsome, buxom Woman  
of a pure Scotch type, she in early life  
parted from a "a good husband," because  
of human frailty and perversity. Her  
former husband, Russell Dille, was again  
married and has recently died.  
For more than fifty years Mrs. Mary  
Dominici has been my loyal friend;  
and by nature and inheritance kindly,  
poised, and courageous through thick  
and thin. Vaya con Dios.

### Italian settlement at Big Run

Patsy Anastasio and his wife Anita in  
youth emigrated from Italy to America.  
Far above average Italian peasantry, devout  
Catholics, intelligent and handsome in person.  
By industry and thrift a family was  
reared - American born - and Pat Ma-  
Anastasio became a minor contractor of  
Railroad track building, rearing the  
family on an "Italian" standard of  
living - and better.

At about fifty years, Mr. and Mrs.  
Anastasio had saved some money.  
They decided to settle down and dreamed  
of founding a "settlement," where retired  
people with a chapel of their faith,  
where far removed from the customs of  
a strange land they might end their  
days in peace and plenty.  
Land was bought at Big Run  
and "Carroll Ridge," recent site of a  
Lawn-Mill, near the Railroad at one mile



below Clover Lick - 470

It is interesting to recall that Jeremiah O'Fall, Bond-man and kinsman of Jacob Warwick, in the 18<sup>th</sup> Century and ancestor of the O'Fall relationship, who, according to Price County History, settled first on "Curry Ridge" on land given him by Jacob Warwick.

In line with the standard of Italian Peasantry the well watered land looked good, though not up to the standard American standard of what makes good farm land, being rocky ridges with a predominantly northern exposure. Neither did the Green River valley possess the genial climate of the Mediterranean, an inland sea, on whose shores ~~ancient~~ <sup>ancient</sup> civilizations have arisen in ancient times.

However, rapid progress was made at Big Run; saw-mill shacks converted into comfortable houses, and native stone used freely in Italian architecture of a peasant type or style. Good water and fuel was abundant. By patient labor a mile-long road was dug out up Big Run and Curry Ridge - steep - but passable for a Ford Car. I have driven to Big Run in my car many times. At the time, I was impressed by the



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Intelligence and dignity shone by Mrs. and Mrs. Anastasio as they labored in middle age to construct a little home. A flock of milk goats had been added to their live stock, and once when detained at Big Run, the only time I have fed on goats milk, which is excellent.

My hosts were unlearned in bookish lore, but rich in living, worded travel and good sense - written in their remembered faces. Mrs. Anti, especially, had a truly Madonna-like face, in late middle life. The marks of getting and giving had gone, leaving beauty and benevolence.

"Big Run" was not to endure for long. In the 1930's the auto age in America ~~was~~ had got going, and the second generation, took to second hand machines enthusiastically, with the usual result - idleness, extravagance and debt.

Some integration of the younger set with a predominantly Protestant people bewildered the Anastasios Elder Anastasios - devout Catholics.

The times hard; plagued by debts incurred for autos by the sons, "Patsy" Anastasio shot and killed himself. His body rests on Cemetery Ridge, marked by a handsome inlaid plastic Holy Cross, along with several of his family and country-men. Vaya Con Dios.







Archaeologists. Life-time study of the stone remains, burial places, and way of life of a most interesting, vanished, race. I was later to find among a heap of field stones on the River bank a dozed or more "Celts" which may have been collected in my grand-parents time, and needlessly discarded in "cleanny house" after his death.

Well Dennis Haury Price was not interested in Indian Relics - "sharps teeth" I also searched for fossils - "sharp teeth" and "acorns". The late Andrew Haiman, who lived on the old field fork of Elk, and Joseph McNeill, of Bucks Run, generously gave many specimens; Indian stone relics as well.

At the James Sharp Spring, on the Jericho Road at Green Hill, there is plain evidence of a "flint" quarry. - Flint nodules scattered from exposed limestone ledges, in the nearby fields heaps of flint "shells" and implements - for the most part broken, and while being fashioned, have been exposed by the plow.

The Sharp boys, Elmer and their sisters Mrs Talbert Sharp and Mrs. Harvey Bright, traded me many a relic from this ancient quarry and encampment - a mound once ~~buried~~ <sup>was</sup> near-by, which was partly leveled when the Jericho road was graded, early 19th Century. It was at top of hill near the Adam Moore house.



My attention <sup>called (474)</sup> to the Jericho Road Mound  
~~being called to my attention by the late~~  
William B. Johnston, I at once dug a  
trench through a portion remaining at  
the road-side. Only the usual signs  
of cremation-burial at the ancient  
ground level - a strata of ashes  
judged by the quantity of ashes and  
burned earth remaining, ~~that~~ a lot of wood  
had burned.

I still possess a large number of fine  
stone-age specimens, to be carefully  
preserved by posterity, or deposited if they  
be in the ~~Lewisburg Museum~~ Greenbrier  
Valley Museum, at Lewisburg, W. Va.  
Amongst the collection of exceptional  
interest a partly broken war club head  
of Hematite "Venez" - the broken part  
exposing a water-worn pebble of the  
Oriskany or Medusa period, about  $1\frac{1}{2}$   
by 3 inches, overlaid with one-quarter  
inch ~~thick~~ Hematite (Iron oxide);  
to be ~~later~~ found by a stone-age  
man and adapted to his use in  
war and the chase.

It is quite evident that the warrior's  
ancient owner was unaware of what  
lay at the core of his implement -  
unless broken while in use. The specimen  
is of the greatest interest and value both  
from a geologic and ethnologic ~~view~~ view.



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Hematite was a favorite material  
utilized also for ornamental tokens -  
and ground with oil for ~~paint~~ <sup>ceramic</sup> ware -  
Paints. The Ceramic stores of iron oxide  
or "Paint Stones" are well known -  
Presumably, ever warrior and Hunter was  
supplied with a paint rock.

My library once contained a complete  
set of handsome, profusely illustrated,  
Reports of the ~~American~~ <sup>Smithsonian</sup> Bureau of Ethnology  
Period 1885-1900, when the Bureau  
was under the excellent Major J. W.  
Powell as Director.

Major Powell lost an arm as a  
Northern Veteran of the War (1861).  
It is quite evident - aside from his  
position as Director of the Bureau, -  
that he had intense interest in  
Ethnology. He is also remembered as  
the first to ~~explore~~ <sup>discover</sup> Canyon of the Colorado  
River in Arizona, by a perilous trip  
through the mile-deep crevasse.

Though I never met Major Powell,  
I considered him a personal friend,  
who never failed to respond to my  
annual request for a copy of the  
Reports. These and other historical  
and geographic volumes, are now in the  
Library of the University at Morgantown  
W. Va. for safe keeping.



Wednesday - 2/24/60 - Three deep snow and  
4.50 out. Temp - zero, at times, February  
12-24, 1960. Milder; but mud snow remains.  
The rising sun near the base of Marble  
Mountains; sitting far beyond the Kee Knot  
of Buck's Mountain.

A heavy package; two dozen, "Blood"  
Oranges received from Mrs. Lillian Minnie Lewis -  
Gree, ~~Box 2~~ Box 66-M - Chandler,  
Arizona - (Postage \$1.40). Mention has  
been made of a similar package sent by  
Norman, December, 1959. It contained also  
fruits and commissary goods - the postage,  
alone, about equals the value of the ration's.  
All very good, perhaps, as a gesture, but  
impractical - expensive - and fruits perishable.  
I would prefer that neither had done this.  
Both Norman and Lillian (Minnie) are  
employed in the public schools of Arizona.  
Probably as efficient as most, as both have  
scholastic credits from the University of Tucson.

Norman an alcoholic, with twenty years  
service with the "forces" as enlisted man  
~~and now commissary sergeant~~ and may yet  
be afflicted with drinking bouts - I do not  
know.

Lillian - about fifty - "schizophrenic";  
with homicidal tendencies - judging from  
eccentricities exhibited over a long term of years.  
She and Norman were married in  
Honolulu - (California) about 1936.

In psychiatry, schizophrenia has many  
shades of meaning applied to mentality and  
human behavior; and frequently observed  
in recent times - in the United States of America!







to in this memoir, <sup>478</sup> and which fitted in well  
enough with the deprivations of the pioneer  
family life on the frontier, late 19th Century,  
with my cherished 'Drop of Indian blood',  
~~and~~ early cultivated, quite successfully,  
a real or assumed indifference to physical  
pain, as in wounds or even drawing  
teeth, which has endured through life -  
- an ordeal by fire, if necessary -

"A Hero of the woods;

A man without a fear."

- Campbell's "Last Man"

The driving out of the Eastern Indians from  
Appalachian by the white man, is comparable  
to the ~~conquest~~ <sup>conquest</sup> of Canaan, across the River  
Jordan, by the Israelites ~~begin~~ under  
Joshua, and ~~that~~ that continued over  
a long term of years -

"Thy shoes shall be Iron and brass;

And as thy days; so shall thy strength be."

- Blessing of Moses, Deut xxxiii

"Be strong and of a good courage, for  
unto this people shalt thou divide for an  
inheritance the land. Only be thou  
strong and very courageous" - Joshua iii

The ancient Ananites (Moorites, Kittites,  
Iberites, and so on) had artistic  
qualities also; an agricultural people,











His growing family. After a time  
 the Fingers family returned to the  
 "Civilization Cities" and with Keel  
 liquidation of "Little Blue Book"  
 about 1940. I heard no more of any  
 author I liked. His style is excellent,  
 and while not psychopantic in writing  
 of eminent men and women, ancient  
 and modern, does full justice to all.

That he admired those of whom he  
 wrote is proven by the fact that he  
 studied their lives to begin with.

Probably, in the course of human events  
 Charles James Fingers' spirit has joined  
 the innumerable host in the air - "Tito  
 at wine with the Muses Nine" - ~~Vaya Con Dios~~.  
 Not forgetting Waldeman - Julius and  
 Ed Howe, of Kansas: "Their spirits  
 purged of pride, because they died; -  
 They prove the worth of their bays."  
 Vaya Con Dios.

John McNeel - Little Level  
 (1844 - 1826)

The interesting life of this early pioneer of  
 the Little Level, and his descendants is well  
 written of in Price History of Frederick County  
 (1901) in which it is hinted that young  
 McNeel at about twenty years fled from  
 Frederick County to the wilderness  
 because of a ~~mob~~ duel or shooting.



Thought

Scrape. His life threatened, because his opponent supposed to be fatally wounded. Names and other details not known to history. Permit me to write that early Pioneers could well have followed old Testament example and supplied names and details of the loves and hates of ancestors unnamed.

It is told the wounded or wounded duelist recovered, and after a time oblivion; Young McNeil returned to Frederick County, married Martha Davis, Wash immigrant, Army and Dyne (1886) Near the bold spring where McNeil's first camp was located in our County. Both lie buried on the elevated knoll, McNeil Cemetery, their graves marked by flat, elevated lettered slabs, the work of Thomas Bruffery, of Brufferys Creek.

Jacob Warwick and John McNeil were contemporaries. The years of their birth (1844) and deaths (1826) being the same, or nearly so. Both bore rifles in Gen. Andrew Lewis Army that assembled at Leesburg, 1774, and marched to Point Pleasant to fight a bloody Indian Battle with allied Indian tribes, under command of Supreme Chief Cornstalk. As before stated in this memoir, they



418  
Paternal Ancestor Jacob Warwick,  
as Contractor - Indian Scout and fighter,  
drove his own hoo to supply the  
Army of about twelve hundred men -  
commanding a spread of herdsmen in  
his employ, who were also armed  
men and prepared to fight, which  
they effectually did in a plausibly  
attack on the day of battle, Oct. 10, 1794.

It is plausible that money earned  
in this rugged manner in part was  
applied buying more land of the  
vast estate of Grandfather Jacob  
Warwick, in three adjoining Counties  
Bath, Pocahontas and Randolph - His  
holdings - I am pleased to repeat -  
included the 640 acres at Merlins  
Bottom, wedding portions of my  
great-grandmother Nancy - Gatewood-  
Poage, whose grave is in the Poage  
Cemetery, Hamiltons field.

The John McNeel line for two  
hundred years large landed  
proprietors; his grandson Colonel  
Paul McNeel, associated with -  
William Admister and John Yeager  
located and pre-empted the vast  
"Wilderness Country," rich in coal,  
timber and wild game, later known  
as the B. & O. Lands, in these Counties.



But in land-owning Jacob Warwick  
 exceeded his comrade John McNeel;  
 his advantage born in what is now  
 Pocahontas County, at Summit <sup>(1874-1884)</sup> named  
 for Gov. Lord Sumner) and interesting,  
 to begin with, more than almost from  
 his birth, more than fifty thousand  
 acres, patented by his father, a Crown  
 officer named J. Warwick, as attested  
 in my paternal ancestry Memoirs.  
 In writing of the John McNeel line  
 I am to some extent <sup>moved</sup> to rescue from  
 what appears to be partial oblivion  
 the name of Lt. Colonel John Osborne  
 McNeel, M.C., U.S. Army (1905-1955)  
 Reserve Corps. (1942 (1941) Reserve

Born at Mill Point, on ancestral lands,  
 eldest of three sons of John Lanty McNeel,  
 and Grace Wilson-McNeel, his father,  
 late President of the Bank of Marlinton;  
 and nephew of McNeel John McNeel,  
 (Capt. U.S. Army) and first President  
 of the Bank of Marlinton, until his death  
 in 1934, aged 94 years - a large  
 landed proprietor. M. J. McNeel seemed  
 destined to leave most of his wealth  
 to great nephew John, himself being  
 childless, - and so it proved.



Monday 1/4/1960 42°  
5 am - Frosty - clearing - storm -  
Blizzard in far west - Snow north and east.  
Charles F. Frings "The Ice Age in America"  
relates the scientific fact that "Heat is a  
necessary precedent to the formation of ice"  
- Supplying moisture - The phenomena of  
a recurrent ice cap appearing in cycles of  
about ten thousand years; hence a change  
in climate.

I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine;  
The deaths you have died I have  
watched beside,  
And the lives you have lived are mine.

Three Physicians and Surgeons of more  
than ordinary eminence and wealth,  
and their wives, have worked and  
had had their being in Marlinton in  
recent years. I refer to Kenneth J.  
Haurick, Mark L. Wilson and John  
Osborne McNeil.

By co-incidence all three met  
their future wives, employed as Nurses,  
while the young physicians served  
their internship years in Hospital  
in New York, Baltimore and Charlottesville, Va.  
All are dead, except K. J. Haurick, M.D.,  
himself a broken man, aged and  
disabled, Surgeon, and Mrs. John O.  
McNeil.

As a son of Mrs. Portia Beatty Haurick  
~~and~~ I have mentioned Dr. Haurick in this Memoir.



Wealth, acquired <sup>421</sup> and inherited, while useful in the simple life of living, did not appear to lastingly benefit the lives of any.

In July 1903, Dr. Mark Wilson and <sup>15</sup> took the prescribed ~~examinatory~~ practice, in Charleston, and returned to gether to ~~Dr.~~ Marlinton. Dr. Wilson to engage in the practice at Wildell for a year, where the Wilson Brothers operated a large sawmill industry. Soon tiring of the monotony of "Company Practice" in a wilderness, and possessed of ~~Money Means~~, and married, Dr. Wilson removed to Marlinton, in the course of years became prominent in business, President of a Lumber Company; also President of the First National Bank.

Dr. and Mrs. Wilson built an elegant home on extensive, elevated ground in the "Big Bend" of Knapps Creek, with a background of Hemlock Forest, Buckley Mountains.

Dr. Wilson also served as Mayor of Marlinton at the time a tunnel ~~flume~~ flume was constructed, complete with "water wheel" to elevate Creek water to tanks on Marlin Mountain.

Retiring and unobtrusive, but not especially prominent in public affairs, Dr. Mark Wilson died in 1955, aged 77 years, Mr. Wilson surviving with two sons and a daughter. Mrs. Glend Smith - (divorced.)



Let me say, if I seem to write of the  
intimate details in the lives of contemporaries  
it is because I consider them worthy of  
a memorial; also to "point a moral  
and adorn a tale". Otherwise, these  
friends might be utterly forgotten, and  
as though they had never been lived.

Mrs Martha Wilson an exemplary  
home-keeper, landscaper, extensive  
lawn and gardener, her interest thus-  
wise principal patron of the Episcopal  
Church, which numbered few members in  
the Village - about the year 1912  
she actively led a "Crusade" to  
banish cows and other live stock from  
the streets and commons of Washington,  
many of whose "first citizens", my-  
self included, kept a cow, dependent  
on common or range pasturage.

It required more than one ~~little~~  
Annual Village election, with "Cow  
Pasturage" the principal issue, before  
sentiment was built up and a  
majority returned, against it. To  
the last, as a cow keeper, I was for  
"Cows". But the gradual influx  
of the more refined who objected under-  
standingly, to the useful cow least  
leaving "Calling Cards" (dime) on  
streets and side-walks, prevailed  
and the milk-cow banished the city!



Thursday 1/5/1960 423  
H.A.M. <sup>Murphy Thompson</sup> O'Chalors  
"The American Association for the Advancement  
of Science": currently meeting in Chicago.  
The Tribune is giving space to their  
conclusions, which, together with its  
individual foreign and domestic "News"  
service, a feature of this great newspaper,  
formerly owned and "run" by Colonel  
Robert McCormick. I have been a  
subscriber to its 6-day Weekly for  
nearly forty years.

In the issue of January 1, 1960, of the  
Tribune, Reporter Roy Gibsen quotes  
Dr. Chauncy D. Leake, President of the  
A.A.A.S., warning of the possibility of  
a disastrous flood because imminent  
melting of the Polar ice cap, preceded  
by a "Change in Climate"; caused  
through retentions of the sun's heat  
through accumulations of ~~diapogers~~  
gas in the atmosphere. Carbon Dioxide.  
The "Remedy," plant more trees  
to absorb ~~Dioxogen~~ <sup>Carbon dioxide</sup>, giving off oxygen.

Following the death of Dr. Mark Wilson,  
in 1955, Mrs. Wilson lived in retirement on  
her estate until her violent death, in  
1957 by gun-shot wound, of the body,  
presumed to be ~~about~~ instantly fatal,  
and accidental. Her death of this  
Judged Premature



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~~The~~ cultivated and pious lady is regretted -  
Vaya Con Dios.

For a period of about twenty years  
Kenneth D. Hawrick was Chief physician  
and Surgeon at the Pocatello Memorial  
Hospital, an institution as its name  
indicates, built and effectually administered  
(~~though~~ expensively) as a public trust.  
Emerging Dr. Hawrick acquired a  
large landed estate, including the Shearer  
ranch of nearly one thousand acres, and  
~~other~~ and continuing surgical practice  
despite ~~infirmity~~ maintaining (By X-Ray) of  
his fingers; himself undergoing surgery  
in New York Hospital, several times.

Finally (1953) the County was  
disturbed to learn ~~that~~ Surgeon Hawrick's  
"license" ~~was~~ had been suspended by  
the State Board of Health, because of  
confessed drug addiction - Narcotics.

Public protest - extensive - of no  
avail, and soon followed chaos.

The fine mansion and lands liquidated  
and Mrs Hawrick (also an addict) and  
young son removed to Pittsburg, Pa.  
Followed division of the remaining  
assets of which the lady and son  
appeared to get the lion's share.

A "Blue-grass" Kentucky lady of most  
excellent family, whose unhappy life  
ended in 1958, at her home in Pittsburg  
her body buried near her home on







4-24 - the cultural and how early to register -  
Laya Can Day

For a piece of art history, I see  
Kenneth J. Sturges as a Chief Historian  
and figure at the President's Memorial  
Festival, an institution as its name  
indicates, trust and esteem abundant  
[~~through~~ (experiences) as a public trust  
facilitator, Dr. Sturges acquired a  
a linked estate, mobilizing the theories  
a much of years, one through across  
the and, continuing through practice  
despite ~~strong~~ memory (Boy Boy) of  
his figures, himself undergoing history  
in these York (experiences, otherwise linked.  
Finally (1953) The century was  
disturbed to learn the foreign world's  
"license" ~~that~~ had been overlooked in  
the State Bureau of Health, because of  
conference directed - National  
Public Health - experience - of the  
area, and very ~~forward~~ ideas;  
The fine manner and ~~land~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~explanation~~  
and the manner (also ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ~~explanation~~) and  
young very similar to Pittsburgh, Pa.  
followed direction of the community  
center of which the early and for  
appeared to 9-11 the ~~from~~ share.  
a fine - 9-11, Kentucky early of great  
excellent family, whose philosophy life  
ended in 1958, at her home in Pittsburgh  
her body buried near her home in



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Cemetery Ridge, near the home she  
built on Hamlet Field, her spirit  
"in the air" - Vaya Con Dios

Dr Hamrick's "license" was restored  
in 1956, (Said Mrs Partha Beatty-  
Hamrick, as it remembered) and the  
Doctor labors on as superintendent  
of the Denmark home for ~~the~~ aged  
incapables, though himself partially  
disabled by age and crippling injury  
to his hands. ~~He~~ wearing his

Nature note: During "Bachelor  
Night-Cap," Dr Hamrick occupies his  
own house at Denmark, and offers  
hospitality to his friends at his own fire.  
A local paper records that last  
summer the Doctor landed the  
second largest small-mouth  
Bass of the season in Greenbrier  
River.

John Osborne McNeel, M.D.

on the death, in 1937, of "General"  
Matthew John McNeel, age 94 (and  
~~General~~ General by brevet Confederate States  
Veterans, 19th Va. Cavalry), it was  
found that young John O. McNeel  
had inherited the large landed  
estate of his great uncle. The terms  
of his will was a well kept secret,  
known by the late attorney Alfred E. Edgar,



Several years before the death of the testator. Always genial, though keeping his own counsel, it is possible and having no descent, it is possible that numerous relatives hoped to share in an estate exceeding by conservative estimate two hundred thousand. Except for a few minor bequests to the Presbyterian Church and allied interests, the whole was left to young Dr. John O. McNeel, who had completed his medical education and had served an extensive internship in the University Hospital, Charlottesville, Virginia, specializing in "Internal Medicine".

Soon after receiving his inheritance Dr. McNeel and a beautiful, cultivated lady from South Carolina, employed at the Hospital, were married; Mr. Wilson had studied art, an accomplished portrait painter. Both Dr and Mrs McNeel continued their employment at the Hospital, the Doctor an instructor in Medicine -

On the outbreak of War (1941) as a Reserve Medical Officer, Captain J. O. McNeel, M.R.C., accompanied the Hospital unit overseas, and stationed in Africa and Italy for (429)



from page  
continued

R

more than two years, attending the  
Sank Lt. Colonel Medical Corps. (as  
a cause of rift in families such long  
separations is understandable) From  
certain things which have occurred  
to me.

Be it remembered, General U.S. Grant  
was marooned as a Captain, 4th Infantry  
at a desolate Army post on the Pacific  
Coast, his wife and three children in the East,  
(1850-1852). He became a drunkard,  
on "free" commissary whiskey, was  
cashiered from the Army and left to  
make his way home as best he could  
by the Isthmus of Panama, and forced  
to borrow money - in New York - from  
his class-mate Captain Baliver Buckner,  
to reach his family in Missouri.

Nevertheless, General Ayrault  
Grant, under Providence, lived to  
command the Army, along with  
Phil Sheridan - a "bad" man, to  
roll like a juggernaut the Army of  
the Potomac over the expiring  
Confederate States Army. (1865.)

I sent my soul through the invisible  
some letter of the after life to spell,  
and by and by my soul returned  
to me  
and whispered thus thyself art  
Heaven and Hell - Put away at



4301 28

After the war (1946), Colonel and Mrs McNeil (still childless) decided to live in his home County Pembrokeshire, and begin the general Practice of Medicine, having spent thirteen years since graduation in Medicine in ~~two~~ hospital, university teaching and in the Army.

No other physician was ever to locate here under equally favorable circumstances, large landed estate and much property, being the largest owner of stock in the Bank of Marlinton.

Brother James Price dying that year, John Laury McNeil succeeded as Bank President. Colonel J.O.

McNeil being obviously next in line in the course of human events as this hereditary office in the McNeil line.

It is true ~~Dr~~ President James W. Price is survived by his son Leo, for Leo Price, for many years a Director in the Bank, but failed to succeed his father as President. Brother James majority holding of stock having been split at his death may have been a cause. But that is another story. It is conceded that son Leo in his own right, not the equal of his father as a practicing "Capitalist."



439 438  
Office Personality and independent  
Means, on Locust Street in Marlinton  
(1946) a profitable practice was built  
from the start. Truth to tell, Mrs McKee  
(a low-lander) did not appear to  
"integrate" successfully either  
with Mountain Villagers or her  
~~married~~ husbands relatives. Perhaps  
did not know "it takes a lot of  
living to make a house a home."

Further, an unfortunate mis-  
understanding between Dr. McKee and  
Surgeon Haurick over referral of  
surgical cases at the Hospital to  
Dr. Haurick, Dr. McKee preferring  
to practice as an internist. This  
also became a feature cause of  
discontent. Carried so far, Dr.  
Haurick is said to have bought the  
Alex McKee place - adjoining  
Dr. McKee's holdings - as a "spite"  
operation - the lands never came  
in the market during "Depression Days."

In about a year the McKees  
(still childless) went their separate  
ways, the Dr. McKee accepting  
a well paid position in a Clinic  
in Portland, Oregon, with occasional  
"fly plane" visits home on business,  
or trans-continental trips by auto.  
- ~~usually~~ at top speed.



431 430

Followed several years arguing  
over a property settlement and divorce,  
in which Mrs. McNeel demonstrated, by  
excessive pecuniary demands, the  
dependence theory of 'lack of a sense  
of justice in the female character'.  
Finally settled at the cost about  
half the McNeel estate, and nearly  
the whole of the liquid assets.

Meanwhile Dr. McNeel returned  
East, joining a Clinic at St. Louis, Mo.

In August, 1956, the County was  
startled to hear that the body of  
Colonel John Osborne McNeel, M.R.C.,  
had been taken from the Mississippi  
River about twenty miles below  
St. Louis, ~~the Doctor~~ having been  
missing about a week. ~~Identify~~  
Identification ~~only~~ made by Dental  
Charts. There being no witnesses  
to the manner of death, a verdict  
of accidental drowning was returned  
and rather large insurance claims  
settled on that basis.

A will was found, in which Colonel  
McNeel specified cremation, his ashes  
to be given to the winds on the summit  
of the "High Rocks", a bold peak  
on the Stamping Creek Mountains  
from which an extensive view is  
had of the Little Level and beyond.



432 434

I have now yet learned if this request  
(similar to that of Judge G. A. McClellan)  
has been dutifully carried out. I hope  
that it has. It was also  
written that the ashes, be scattered at  
the ceremonies of a relative who  
visiting the High Rocks locality.

Because of his tragic end, perhaps,  
~~and~~ no public notice given of the  
funeral, at the service, at the home  
church (Presbyterian) in Hillsboro;  
therefore failed to attend as a token  
of respect for the departed. That  
the body was represented by the  
traditional funeral "urn" of ashes  
a touch of the bizarre to the rites.

At the church service appeared  
(uninvited) the widow from her home  
in South Carolina, dressed in deepest  
mourning, the object of interest to all  
beholders.

The Niobe of Nations, there she  
stands,  
Childless and crownless in her  
voiceless woe;  
An empty urn within her withered  
hands  
Whose sacred dust, was scattered  
Long ago!

8 am. a light snow at day-break  
pages this morning. (A "Dorp life.")



32  
H 32

Wednesday 1/6/1960. 4 A.M. Mild - cloudy.  
An Argumentative session of the County  
Board of Mental Hygiene, at the County  
Court Session, April 5. The subject,  
Charles W. Allen, colored, twenty <sup>years</sup> old,  
colored "Boy" of the Billy Wilson Ethel,  
his case first heard in October, when  
Dr. Pitman and I declared him  
"Mentally Ill." The late Richard  
Currence arbitrarily "paralled" him  
in care of his family; and brought  
before the Board on a new Complaint,  
an over-grown (acomestic, or giant)  
6 1/4 feet - unemployable and idle -  
a public menace, as any idle negro  
may become. Otherwise Normal.  
President Brown Beard insisted his  
"Parale" be continued, but objections  
on my part prevailed. Though  
there had been resumed on this  
young nigger. Sentenced to "hard  
labor" at the State Hospital at  
Weston, indefinitely. A graphic  
example of the workings of the  
"Welfare State."

Part of the "evidence" leading to his  
Certification (Mentally ill) turning on the  
radio or Television all hours day  
and night, though begged to quit down.  
- the family on old age public  
assistance, in part, ~~was~~ indulged  
in radio-TV necessities.



A "lecture" to President Brown Beard, (near eighty), on "Modern trend" in dealing with "mentally ill misfits" of no avail - of the same opinion still, result a divided Board, but the majority favoring commitment to state hospital.

By good fortune I have found in a "Little Blue Book, H. M. Tichenor's "The Theory of Reincarnation Explained." In short the "evolution" of the soul (spirit) it maybe in successive bodies. He quotes extensively from Emerson, Swedenborg, Schopenhauer, et al., in support of his thesis.

Tichenor writes (and I believe) the Modern Church might well adopt a doctrine of "spirit evolution" thereby overcoming a stumbling block as to our future estate - how else explain the presence among us in the flesh of superior persons?

The German Philosophy Schopenhauer has the distinction, almost alone, to write in an understandable and pleasing way. He once wrote "the chief fault in the female character its lack of a sense of justice."



Wednesday 12/23/59 379  
4 AM

December 22, 10 AM - the winter solstice  
and shortest day. Sunrise 8 AM. - Light snow  
and colder. Sun-set, 4.30 PM. Observed from  
out of the steps. A "Ley-dog" far to south of  
the setting sun - a faint luminary with prominent  
rays, resembling the rainbow

### The William Sharp Family, of Platy Fork Tuck River

The Pioneer William Sharp, and six sons -  
occupied an immense estate - several thousand  
acres, on the waters of Platy Fork Laurel  
Fork and Big Spring Branch of Elk, extending  
as a sheep ranch on Gauley Mountains.  
During the War (1861) the three older  
sons were killed in the irregular fighting.  
Bernard Sharp falling at Duncans Lane  
in the skirmish, under the purchase Captain  
Walt Allen with Captain McNeels Company  
19th Virginia Cavalry -  
Confederate General George M. Lee related  
to me that his Company, under command of  
Lt. J. Woods Price, in foot march up two of  
creek through the low place at the  
Big Buck Mountains to West Union where  
Captain Allen's Company was found in the  
Pegar Camp, Duncans Lane. An exchange  
of notes and Bernard Sharp killed the  
Yankee porters retreating by way of Laurel  
Creek and Red Lick Mountains, and the  
Rebel Company returning the way they had  
come. General George Lee appeared to  
think a great deal had been made to  
put a flight a squad of horse-dealing  
porters under Captain Walt Allen - I could



The names of the two brothers of Bernard Hays killed in 1861, during the fighting in Randolph County, possibly at Bull Mountain on the Beverly Road, a defeat for the Confederate army under General Garnett, and the subsequent retreat of General Lee's army in Western Virginia.

An incident of the ~~first~~ Campaign was the death of Lt. Colonel John Washington, in Gen. R. E. Lee's staff. While riding with an escort near Elk water the troop was fired upon from ambush and Colonel Washington killed by a rifle ball; quite evidently their assailants being Mountain men armed with rifles.

The dead officer, son of Augustus Washington and nephew of the first President, created a sensation. ~~At the time~~ It was said the sharp-shooter who fired the deadly shot was other than one of the Sharp Boys, of Blatty Fork of Elk. There may have been other casualties; be this as it may, the escort retreated leaving the Colonel's body.

Traditionally, some trophies were taken, including an ornate dress sword, or rapier, with hilt and scabbard inlaid with gold. The ~~trophy~~ <sup>weapon</sup> was in the possession of Dr. James W. Price, and may yet be in possession of the Price family. No present possessor was known.

The younger surviving sons of the pioneer Washingtons, Elias, Hudson and Bush, survived the war - and in their



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 duty possessors of extensive timber and coal  
 lands, Elk and Gauley mountains. The  
 Murphy family closely allied with the  
 Haden family, descendants of the pioneer  
 Joseph Haden, whose history is fully  
 recorded in Price's Biographical History  
 of Western Virginia, portion included a thousand  
 acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Gauley Mountain,  
 rich in timber and coal. Following the sale  
 of Haden's place and family removed to Elkins  
 in Randolph County, where he and his son  
 Albert Haden resided until his death.

Lilas Murphy, whose extensive holdings  
 were principally on the Laurel Fork and on  
 Elk Mountain, has therefore been another  
 of our hospitable, good men, whose  
 good sheltered me on occasional journeying  
 to Randolph County, late 19th Century.  
 An excellent man, devout, his memory  
 is cherished.

Hugh Murphy, whose possessions lay  
 in the most part on the Big Spring  
 Branch, between Lilas and Haden's place,  
 but he included the ancestral home -  
 High lived and died unmarried - a  
 good humored bachelor, who in some  
 respects, I have thought, resembled my  
 bachelor uncle, James Price, a contemporary.  
 As with other pioneer families on the  
 Elk valley and the Keokuk, of his day.



day possessors of extensive timber and coal  
lands, Elk and Guley mountains. The  
Thorp family closely allied with the  
Hamm family, descendants of the pioneer  
Joseph Hamm, whose history is fully  
recounted in Price's Biographical History  
of Harman Township, portion included a thousand  
acres or more, on Laurel Fork, Guley Mountain,  
rich in timber and coal. Following the sale  
of Harman Township and family removed to Adams  
County, Randolph County, where he and his son  
Albert Thorp resided until his death.

Lilas Thorp, whose extensive holdings  
were principally on the Laurel Fork and on  
Elk Mountain, has heretofore been written  
of as the hospitable, good man, whose  
roof sheltered me on occasional journeying  
to Randolph County, late 19th Century.  
An excellent man, devout, his memory  
is cherished.

Hugh Thorp, whose possessions lay  
in the west part on the Big Spring  
Branch, between Lilas and Harman places,  
and he included the ancestral home -  
Hugh lived and died unmarried - a  
good humored bachelor, who in some  
respects, I have thought, resembled my  
bachelor uncle, Jesus Price, a contemporary.  
As with other pioneer families on the  
Elk was used the keeping of bees was  
almost universal. With Uncle Hugh  
Thorp, a bachelor but not a recluse,



Bee-Culture was more than a utility,  
 but resembled a passion - of endless  
 interest and enjoyment. True, his bee  
 "colonies" were housed in sections of hollow  
 trees ("gums") or suspended board hives,  
 before the day of "Lumber"-hives by ~~Wm~~ McWarr,  
 representing the destruction of a bee colony  
 to obtain needed honey. Much though  
 permitted the escape of many a swarm  
 to the forest, rather than build up an needed  
 "gums" also cut many a "bee tree"  
 rather than sacrifice his ~~family~~ domestic  
 colonies - his friends.

Mr. Hugh Sharp died many years ago,  
 and his spirit is roaming with the bees - and  
 among the bees.

The forests of the upper Elk and Teton  
 River valleys remarkable for natural  
 beauty and wealth, - a veritable  
 land flowing with milk and honey -  
 its early inhabitants, down to the present,  
 noted for a "high standard of living" -  
 including milk and honey, and other  
 novelties. The sharp corner ~~cut~~ lying  
 where three forks of Elk converged -  
 Sluty Fork, Laurel Fork, and Big Spring  
 Branch, unusually strategic and  
 convenient of access, where everything  
 seemed to "come to the house down hill,"  
 as dreamed of by the pioneers.



December  
(Thursday) 12/24/59 - 383

"Christmas" Day - Remembrance of yester-year - { Continued Cold - More  
in North-east - same -  
Memories of yester-year - { cheerful fire in fire-place  
yesterday -  
A bleak childhood which has no memories  
of this season. - The winter solstice - anciently  
a pagan festival to the sun - sustenance of life.  
The time of giving gifts.

"I have eaten your bread and salt,  
I have drunk your water and wine;  
The death you have died I have watched beside  
And the lives you have lived are mine."

In childhood and youth I have wondered -  
envied - the bounteous tables set by by Elk  
region housekeepers, where honey was  
served every day. Aunt Mary McLaughlin's  
meals also graced with honey, to which  
I applied myself on occasion. Strangely,  
none of the Pines kept bees, nor did ~~we~~  
until Uncle Andrew McLaughlin stocked  
me up, in 1892, as told heretofore.

A saying was, 'only an honest man  
had luck with bees'. At the very least  
a bee-keeper, needs be, enterprising and  
industrious! - experienced - congenial  
with bees, at working time!

Silas Sharp had a son, and daughters,  
Mrs. Ellis Hamrick and Mrs. George Gibsons.  
Brief mention has been made of the sudden  
death of Mrs. Lam Wood while attending a  
singing class conducted by Professor  
Little David Sharp, at Haley Fork, June  
1934. At eighty-eight years Mr. Sharp  
still leads his choristers with spirit in  
singing gospel songs and Psalms



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Active as Merchant and Rancher; Principal heir to his father's lands - Uncle Henry as well - Mrs. Humph has led an active life. Merrett the second time, he resides on the Big Spruce Branch, site of the Henry Sharp house. At one time ~~at~~ a frequent winter visitor, (and investor) to Florida; not too fortunate in investment in the South, but his losses, if any, endured without complaint.

In June, 1908, while "swarming" a flight of bees, and bending a bit far, Mrs. Humph heedlessly fell in a Bramble bush and seriously wounded his right eye. I was consulted, and attempted surgery for an extensive laceration of the sclera. Fearing complications, I journeyed with the patient to Baltimore where he was treated at a general hospital - a measure of sight preserved, although a noticeable scar remains.

As Union partisans in the War (1861) with tragic losses, the Leary Fork Humphs are Republicans. When Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt passed through Pocahontas County, May 1934, by auto, visiting her favorite ~~community~~ <sup>community</sup> experiment, Ashurdale, the Cavalcade stopped at the Humph Filling Station for gas. In a friendly manner she talked to Luther, inquiring what he there of business prospects; his reply, in effect, (not recognizing his distinguished customer) was that in her opinion, things would be "no better while that Man Roosevelt was in the White House." The President's wife did not identify herself, and only after leaving did Mrs. Humph



know what <sup>\$85</sup> was he had talked to  
I had a fleeting view of Mrs. Roosevelt  
Roosevelt as she passed through, and although I  
instantly recognized from pictures, in this  
manner.

I had paused ~~in my car~~ by the road  
at a lookout point on Drummond Ridge,  
to observe the flowering wood, and was  
standing by my car. Three "open" or  
convertible cars approached, one in the  
middle driven by a woman, from the  
direction of West Marlton. Only when  
directly opposite did I know who was  
journeying, too late to come to "attention",  
which I would have done had I known.  
(Mrs. Roosevelt's itinerary had not been  
announced) she had travelled by the  
way of Hot Springs, Virginia. A few  
days later I heard of the conversations  
with Mr. Luther Murphy of his fellow states.

Mrs. Roosevelt was then at the height  
of her fame, during President Roosevelt's  
first term. For many years after  
she drove her own car, usually  
an open "convertible," by choice. A  
very "Democratic" first lady indeed!

Luther D. Murphy married the spirited and  
beautiful Laura Morgan (first wife) the  
only daughter of the Rev. Morgan-  
Morgan, at that time Methodist  
Circuit Rider and Minister at Elmy Church.  
Mrs. Murphy family of three young sons



and two daughters among my first patients in the State Hosp. records, 1905- and after. As the happy mother of a family, Mrs. Laura Mergay Sharp impressed me by her robust energy, cheerfulness, capable management of the family and endurance under strain of serious illness. Paralytic in the family was treated; also a more serious epidemic of Diphtheria, two or more cases, treated by the new and cumbersome, even painful, "antitoxin" of the period - all this at a distance of fifteen miles, by horse, from my office, while the <sup>use</sup> of Ford's Model T about year 1912.

During my tour in the Army, 1914-1919, and after I saw the Sharp family infrequently, they having the children having become grown. Yet almost by chance I was present at Mrs. Laura Sharp's death, about 1930 in early spring - from a heart affection. Not previously seen by me for several years. I was impressed by her worn, silent demeanor, although fully conscious; resigned, she seemed quite willing, even in haste to depart and died without a word or a cry - ~~surrounded by~~ <sup>surrounded by</sup> members of our family and her husband at her death-bed, and equally composed.

The youngest daughter, Goldie Sharp, a beautiful, spirited girl of about sixteen years, a student in Marlinton, had died at



her home, about <sup>38</sup> years before her  
mother's death (1920) of diphtheria, they have been  
deftic ever that the time was ~~was~~  
early spring, the road impassable for any  
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been  
seen by a Marlinton physician before her  
return to her home when she became ill -  
~~this was the~~ This was known to me, and  
they have been a season I did not make  
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp  
home, when this almost frantic appeal  
was made for medical help. Previously  
I had done equally strenuous trips, and  
now regret I did not make the effort.  
I believe another physician by some means  
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,  
and in her youth and beauty, Goldie died -  
youngest of the family, and first to die -  
Sage Ben Dies.

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan  
Father of the Mrs. Laura Morgan-Sharp. This  
striking Methodist Pioneer Methodist  
Circuit Rider, well known in Pocahontas  
and Greenbrier Counties, late 19th Century.  
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan  
appeared to be of the Ashury-Centwright  
School of Methodism. At times  
he preached in the Marlinton Community  
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian  
seemed to approve his doctrine and  
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ he was possible.



her home, about <sup>38</sup> years before her  
mother's death (1920) of ~~acute~~ <sup>septic</sup> ~~myocarditis~~ <sup>core</sup> ~~myocarditis~~ <sup>thrombosis</sup>  
early spring, the road impassable for any  
wheeled vehicle. The patient had been  
seen by a Marlinton physician before her  
return to her home when she became ill.  
~~This was the~~ This was known to me, and  
may have been a reason I did not make  
my strenuous effort to reach the Sharp  
home, when this almost frantic appeal  
was made for medical help. Previously  
I had done equally strenuous trips, and  
now regret I did not make the effort.  
I believe another physician by some means  
reached the patient, but his efforts of no avail,  
and, in her youth and beauty, Goldie died -  
youngest of the family, and first to die -  
Sage Can Docs.

The Rev. Morgan - Morgan  
Father of ~~the~~ Mrs Laura Morgan-Sharp. This  
striking Methodist Pioneer Methodist  
Circuit Rider, well known in Pocahontas  
and Greenbrier Counties, late 19th Century.  
Tall, clean shaven, earnest, Mr. Morgan  
appeared to be of the Ashury-Centerlight  
School of Methodism. At times  
he preached in the Marlinton Community  
Church, and my mother, Presbyterian,  
seemed to approve his doctrines and  
pulpit delivery, present ~~when~~ <sup>when</sup> possible.



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The preacher, invited to our house,  
a distinction worthy of mention. ~~He~~ There  
was much that was militant about the  
Circuit Rider; he may well have been  
a Veteran of the Civil War.

Ma once repeated to me the story he  
had related to her of an accident that  
befell him as an aged man. He was then  
living on Hills Creek; and in his journey  
his horse fell on ice, injuring both  
horse and rider. The weather was  
~~just~~ zero. Though unable to walk,  
Mr. Morgan literally crawled for  
a half mile, in snow, until his Henderson  
whistle could be heard by neighbor  
Tom Bruffery, who came to his assistance.  
My mother seemed to admire his  
courage and resolution in his fortune.

There may have been other children  
in the Morgan family; Laura only remembered.

8 am. - Christmas Day - Pages 383-388  
The paper swirling with "Electricity"! }

The three sons of Laura and Luthy Harp  
- Paul, Silas and Ivan - successful men  
of business, far removed from the old  
home on Hasty Fork. The elder  
daughters, married and living in Richmond  
Virginia, have recently died.

Luthy D. Harp, age 88, fully competent  
and a leader of music - a valued friend.  
Married the second time, living in harmony  
for, so, these many years. (Childless).  
Vaya Con Dios.

(precedent)



December 25, 1959 (Friday) The entry of yesterday -  
 4:30 P.M. - ~~was~~ "Christmas" under the impression  
 that Christmas always fell on a Thursday -  
 the illusion held until arriving at my office,  
 12:30 am, I observed more than the usual stir  
 of people and autos - business as usual - a  
 relative informed me (Jane Sharp) that it was  
 December 25, 1959, - Christmas Day.

As to the sisters of Mr. Luther D. Sharp, Mrs. Ellis  
 Hannah (Malinda) and Mrs. George Gibson  
 (Mollie), remembered as friends and clients  
 over many years, remarkable for beauty,  
 good sense and cheerfulness, whether in  
 prosperity or adversity, good or evil report.  
 Under their roofs I have enjoyed their  
 hospitality many times, when journeying  
 'Down Elk'. Their spirit still lives, in a  
 degree, in their daughters, notably, Mrs. Charles  
 Beale whose mother was Malinda Sharp-  
 Hannah; and Mrs. Forest Gibson, daughter of  
 Mollie Sharp-Gibson; who yet live  
~~unimpaired~~ for grace, beauty and a better spirit.  
 Their Ancestress, Mrs. Elias Sharp appears to  
 have died in middle age, whose name and  
 family I do not know at this morning, and  
 not remembered by me. She must have  
 been a notable woman to have reared  
 such daughters and grand-daughters to the  
 third and fourth generations. ~~Hannah~~  
 It was ~~at~~ my horse Mr. Ellis ~~Sharp~~ died,  
 several days after an accident ~~and~~ over-  
 turned wagon, as told previously, in these  
 annals. Mrs. Malinda Hannah was present  
 & during this trying tragic scene, ~~and~~ I had



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could absorb her tenderness and strength of  
character under adversity. Her death in the  
arms of equity at her home in the  
year 1811. (1811) two years  
before the death of her mother. The  
year 1811 was the year of the  
death of her mother. The year 1811  
was the year of the death of her mother.



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could observe her steadiness and strength of  
character under adversity. Her death  
occurred early about eighty at her home on the  
old Field Fork of Elk. About two years  
before she had suffered a hip fracture, and  
later moved in a wheel chair. Competent  
and cheerful to the last; she rests in hope-  
in the air.

Mrs. Mollie Tharf-Gibson, also departed, at  
about eighty years, at her home on Elk-  
half way from Murland to the County Line.  
It was at her gate I paused in the Marlinton  
Run of September 24, 1898, when Mr. George  
Gibson brought me a life-saving drink of  
water (in a two-gallon bucket) in which I  
plunged my face, and swallowed a  
mouth-full. George Gibson has recently  
died (1940) aged eighty-six years.  
More than six feet in height, 200 pounds  
or more, a fast player of soccer foot-  
ball in a "forward" position when scarcely  
fifty years old past forty years. Always  
noted for his merry jest and ringing  
laughter, continued to the last, though  
preceded by a few years of declining health.  
His death, occurred in his home. On the  
day he died, being asked how he felt,  
he replied, lie-ttle, that he "felt with his  
fingers." Both George and Mollie Gibson  
were firm supporters of the "Marion Gibson  
Chapel" on Elk, named for Mrs. William  
Gibson - their mother; and both rest in hope-  
Vaya Con Dios.



Both George and James Gibson (King of Elk) enjoyed annual hunts for the deer and bear, ~~not far~~ their camps, in Gauley Mountain.

In this connection mention must be made of James Gibson, <sup>brother</sup> of George, sons of "Wild Bill" Gibson, and dominant member of the Gibson family in his generation. Mr. James Gibson also remembered as a tall athlete and player of soccer in middle life. An extensive owner of lands, on which a large family of sons and daughters were settled in the days of his prosperity a very large frame house was built, which still stands on old feed fork of Elk, route 219. This is, undoubtedly, the largest dwelling ever built in the County, and occupied by the family of his son Forrest Gibson.

In James Gibson's dining room the longest table I have ever seen in a home, twenty feet, or more, in length. No stranger was ever turned from his door, or denied hospitality. I have reason to be grateful for Mr. Gibson's support in my early years in business and the profession.

His death occurred <sup>at his home</sup> a few years back aged Eighty-Three years. He was a honest man - 'the noblest work of God'. He had a pious mother, and a stately home the "Memorial Chapel" on Elk was built as her memorial (Vaya Con Dios. Go with God.).



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Mrs Mary Hannah Gibson, of the Joseph  
Hannah line, reared her large family  
and capably administered her large  
Baronial Household. She went her  
quiet way, not outwardly moved by  
triumph or disaster. Though a  
frequent professional visitor in her house,  
I do not remember ever hearing her  
complain of pain or illness. True, my  
service as physician in the family  
principally for her children and numerous  
grand-children.

Quite late in life she underwent operations  
(by Dr. R.J. Haurick, I being present at the  
operation) for a ruptured gall-bladder,  
that might well have been followed ~~by~~ <sup>fatally</sup>  
~~by death~~. Mrs. Gibson recovered and  
lived several years thereafter. Her  
daughter Mrs Mary Gibson - Miller now  
living on her portion of ancestral  
lands, most resembled her mother in  
early beauty and strength of character.  
Her husband Lieutenant Bill Miller  
died recently. He was an veteran  
over-seas veteran of war of 1917.

In the decade of 1920 - speculation in  
live stock and land ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> complicated by  
a disastrous suit at law, Mr. Ed James  
Gibson lost control, temporarily, of ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup>  
his whole landed estate of many thousands  
acres; yet continued to live on his own



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house and on his own land until his death. This was due, in part, to the Magnanimity of Dr. James Ward Price, who took over a beautiful mortgage on all of Mr. Gibson's lands - in amount, \$12,000. This occurred in 1933, due to "frozen" Bank assets, the mortgage originally held by Bank of Marlinton.

Several years before James Gibson purchased the Theurer Lands, about one thousand acres, on Laurel Creek, foothills of Red Lick Mountain. In this connection he entered into an easy-going partnership with his nephew Pat Gay (now living in Marlinton) to buy and sell livestock, necessitating temporary borrowing at Bank. Mr. Gay also purchased, (for the most part credit) the Levi Gay property, near Marlinton. Bad markets, debt, land mortgages and taxes incurred for the ~~most part~~ by Nephew Pat Gay, had the usual result, and the Gay-Gibson "Partnership" soon in trouble at the Bank. An instance of Mr. Gibson's honest effort to pay ~~back~~, a hopeless debacle, his son, Clark Gibson having, died on whose life was five thousand insurance, his father temporary. The whole of this went to stem the tide, only to be lost. A notable suit was begun, that finally reached the Supreme Court, with attendant delay and expense.



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Gibson vs. Gay - My brother Andrew  
once being attorney for Pat Gay, and also  
representing Bank of Maryland interests.  
The plaintiff attorneys alleging that Mr. Gay  
had grossly exceeded his authority, ~~##~~  
incurring debts. The whole cast system  
of "partnership law" seemed broadened.  
At Brother Andrew's death I found  
among his legal papers a copy of a "brief"  
depositions, etc. relating to appeal in  
the case. I was especially interested  
to read the deposition of James Gibson,  
given forth-rightly, in honest and truthful  
manner, but revealing that he had put  
too much trust in Nephew "Patty's" diligence  
and ability.

It is only truth to tell that in this whole  
trying time, Mr. Gibson, now far advanced  
in life, received little or no help from  
several sons, with two exceptions.  
Some of the boys, including the twins  
Leamners and Winters, addicted to  
drink, and drugs, some times in trouble  
with the law, being in jail. Of all  
my sons, seven in number, only two  
survive.

Forest Gibson, barkeeper, and his good  
wife, a daughter of George Gibson, have  
redeemed a portion of lands and now  
live in the ancestral mansion. Also  
Daughter Mrs. Mary Miller, as previously  
noted.



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 Fisk v. Gay - My brother Andrew  
 Gay being attorney for Pat Gay, and also  
 representing Estate of Marquith, interest.  
 The plaintiff's attorney alleges that Mr. Gay  
 had power to execute his authority, #  
 in various acts. The issue was taken  
 of "Marquith has" "executed his  
 of Andrew's death & to find  
 many his legal papers a copy of a "true"  
 deposition, which relating to a dispute in  
 the case - I was especially interested  
 to read the deposition of James Gay, Jr.,  
 given forth-aside, in which and further  
 matters, but evidence that he had first  
 for much trust in Andrew's deposition  
 and ability.  
 It is only truth to tell that in this whole  
 trying me, Mr. Fisk, now far advanced  
 in life, recovered after a no rest from  
 several years, with two operations.  
 Some of the top, including the latter  
 farmers and others, a decided  
 drunk, and drug, some time in family  
 with the law, being in fact. Of all  
 the sons, seen in country, only that  
 Andrew, Fisk, Lawrence, and his great  
 brother John, a daughter, George, John, have  
 since in the ancestral mansion. Also  
 Andrew, Mr. Mary Miller, as previously  
 noted



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Lynchburg - 12/27/59 - a winter fog - mild -  
 had dinner - 4:30 am - 2:50 pm - enjoyed  
 conversation particularly with Loane McNeel, age 55,  
 son of Dr. Wm. McNeel. For many years  
 employed by the "State" in Charleston, in various  
 "Public Relations" activities - Loane supervised  
 the historical "Markers" on State highways,  
 with attendant research - Schooled at Hampton  
 Sydney College. At the present time an aid  
 to Governor Underwood in Public Relations.  
 Resides in Charleston. His wife Florence Price.  
 mother of two sons, William P. and John McNeel.

The Meurer Lands

Mention has been made of the purchase of the  
 "Meurer" Lands and Levi Gay place by  
 the "partners" James Gibson and Pat Gay,  
 involving large bank borrowings, with the  
 resultant involvement in the Bank Debauch-  
 "Holiday" of 1929.

The history of this tract of land, and  
 its successive owners, is interesting; illustra-  
 tive of land possession on the lines and  
 fortunes of families.

Following the War (1861) there came from  
 the vicinity of Lynchburg, in <sup>Amelia</sup> County, Va.  
 William Henry Meurer with his ~~head~~ <sup>young</sup> family of ~~four~~ two sons and four  
 daughters, together with some negro family  
 retainers or "hands". Mr. Meurer was  
 a widower and remained single the  
 remainder of his life. His "war" history  
 is not known - Probably a Veteran.  
 An aged man, he lived retired on his own  
 thousand acres of land, high on Red Lick Mt.



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The young Shaver ladies, quite undeniably  
had "advantages" - well educated, very  
lady-like and devout. - Methodists. All  
spoke in marked ~~but the~~ Eastern Virginia  
accent, or drawl, in contrast to the clipped  
speech of Mountaineers.

Before removing from Eastern Virginia,  
Mr. Shaver had engaged in clearing, or breaking,  
many acres on Little Laurel Creek, with  
building, settling on his land about 1880.  
and continuing to "hack" dense forests of  
hemlock and hard woods; the potential  
value of this timber, even for local  
building, does not appear to have entered  
the mind of the Shaver pioneers. Result  
much grass land, little timber when early  
in 20th Century the latter became valuable.

A vivid recollection of the Shavers, September  
1885, just arrived in Pocahontas County,  
the hilarious marriage of young W. H. Shaver,  
junior to Miss Lillian McClure, aged sixteen,  
daughters of James and Elizabeth McClure, head  
of Horry Creek; assembly of the clans  
with feasting and "Charl' Vari", continued  
for as Marlinus Patton - where we had  
just arrived and begun "Pioneering", we  
knew also from Eastern Virginia.

Unfortunately, I have not the names  
of these cultivated, devout Shaver sisters,  
only one of whom ever married -  
another story. Each was by nature  
emotional, of the "Mountain Methodist"  
type, but restrained by true piety.



There ~~has~~ must be a "downy" member of  
 the family, named ~~Wesley~~ <sup>Wesley</sup> I think, whom  
 I recall as the author of a clever Allegory  
 printed in the Times entitled "NOT NIL RAY"  
 (MARTINOT) which may be found in the files  
 of that spunky paper. (Died about 1894)  
 (The article has a place in my "Oceap-book".)

The lives of the Murer Fishers, or their  
 elevated rank, were full of deprivations  
 and remunerations, but they had mental  
 resources and strong family affections.

Later, the Sisters then conducted a  
 school for young ladies in Hillsboro,  
 and were so occupied when I was a  
 student at Prof. Brower's academy  
 in the summer of 1891. All are long  
 dead - their spirits "in the air".

One sister married, about the year 1885,  
 her husband a "Renegade Jew" named  
 "H. Nathan" whose fortune it waste drift  
 into the mountains and become a tiller  
 of no soil, also to wed a "gentile".

The late J. Luther McNeill related to me  
 that in his youth he was sent, horse-back,  
 to summon Mrs. Elizabeth McClure from  
 her home on Stony Creek to attend as  
 midwife Mrs. Nathan in child-birth.  
 Mrs. Liz McClure being one of that noble  
 band of pioneer women Physicians  
 (obstetric) Nurses and Midwives that  
 I have referred to with appreciation.  
 Traveling in haste, Mrs. McClure and



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Young Luther McNeill, splashing through  
deep mud in dense Hemlock forests at  
night, reached the Sheave house with its  
beacon light, the family in a high state  
of excitement, and the patient at the  
chimney, giving birth to the first born.  
Miss Margaret <sup>McNeill</sup> appearing in the lighted  
doorway with a fervent "Bless the  
Lord" - Bless his ~~holy~~ name; Hallelujah!"  
- as quoted by Luther.

On a more serious note, I will relate  
that at a later date the Jew<sup>th</sup>. Matthews was  
accused of "rustling" a black steer from  
his "Clutton" place head of Stony Creek,  
~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> Jimmy and cutting up the same.  
A search warrant turned up a black beef-  
~~steer~~ hide, positively identified by Mr.  
Hay as that of the Jimmy Steer. At  
a resulting indictment <sup>three</sup> cattle theft -  
a high crime and ~~an indictable~~ <sup>felony</sup>, Matthews  
was cleared - arts reservations! This  
~~family~~ scandal - in part - resulted in  
removal from the family lands, after  
the death of the Patriarch H. H. Theard, Jr.  
A study in psychology, the history  
of the Theard land, on Laurel Creek, and  
the McClure land on Stony Creek is given.  
~~interesting~~ <sup>interesting</sup> Tenaciously held on to, and  
encumbered with mortgages, by W. H. Theard, Jr.,  
husband of Lallie McClure, ~~for many~~  
~~years~~ Later these lands immensely ~~valued~~

(Belonging to Mr. & Mrs. Gay)

\* (Gift from) Mrs. Gay



Valuable, being well in timber. After brief ownership by the Gibson-Gay "Partnership" and Supreme Court litigation these tracts together about eighteen hundred acres, held by Bank & Marlenders for many years for debt - unprofitable.

In 1940, Dr. Kenneth J. Hamrick bought the Laurel Creek tract, proceeding actively to fence, stock and improve the land with lime. As a "gentleman Rancher" and actively engaged as the Counties and leading Surgeon, it did not prove a profitable investment for Dr. Hamrick, and eventually sold, at a loss.

\* The heroic efforts of "H. Thearer, Jr." over many years to administer the lands ended in failure, and he died ~~bankrupt~~ bankrupt, but uncompromising, about 1918, to his very last year endeavoring to buy and sell live stock.

The home of Henry and Lillie Thearer was on the Indian Draft, where their family of four sons and two daughters were reared. Mrs. Thearer has recently died, a cordial friend to ~~the~~ thorough life (Vaya Con Dios.)

At this instant this son Roy Thearer a substantial Citizen (the same who "torn down" thirteen months (in 1918) and never fired a gun) lives on the very peak of Elk Mountain, a section of the Red Rock Tract.

\* "The fact of the matter is the fact of the matter."



+ I was my dad duty, as a coroner's physician  
to him Henry Goddy

His brother, Henry Shearer, third, also  
an over-seas soldier, but not a "Tourist",  
who later found Civilian life too com-  
pely to be borne, killed himself with  
a rifle head shot, about 1924. This  
occurred near where 219 crosses Elk  
Mountain through the "low place" elevations  
3350 feet. Henry had ~~evidently~~ con-  
templated death by hanging, a rope  
found suspended over a limb, but  
decided shooting was best for a soldier,  
and blew out his brains.

\* "When wounded and left on aftermaths  
Plains,  
And the women come out to cut up  
What remains,  
Then roll to your rifle and blow  
out your brains  
And go to your ~~deaths~~ like a soldier's"

Thus it is seen that generations of the Kipling  
Shearer family have lived, and died.  
On Little Laurel and Red Lick lands.  
All were honorable men and women, if at  
times unfortunate in land holding.  
At ~~the~~ Present ~~over~~ the Laurel Creek  
tract part of the extensive holdings of  
Mr. George Edgar and son, Captains Thomas  
A. Edgar, who lost both legs by shell  
fire on Normandy Beach June 6, 1944.



Wednesday - 12/30/59 401  
4 am -

The weather cold -  
a light frost. 1959

As measured by the Gregorian Calendar, drawing  
to its close; a year measured in affairs  
of mankind a new "high" achievements  
in scientific, and a "Low" government  
and economics. As to the low estate  
the Public Service has become, locally, a  
"disabled" Coal miner, Prefector, & a disreputable  
foot-legging drawn tavern, Gilbert Jack,  
the put announced Candidate for County  
Treasurer, or Sheriff - in the election 1960.

The approaches to Bridge and street  
fence put in built preparatory for use,  
though unfinished, the wooden Bridge  
removed as a menace in winter ice  
and floods high water.

### A March Ride (1913) on Elk.

1913 As member and chairman of the County Court  
these years past, I was attempting to give  
personal attention, to far as possible, to  
all details of County government ~~first~~  
lay in the field of the Board. Long  
before ~~time~~ State Worker for the aged,  
County Board of Mental Hygiene, or even a  
health officer, usually a physician.  
Commitments to "Weston" was a rare occurrence,  
totally denied to the merely aged and senile aged.  
The County almshouse, or "Poor farm," the  
sole house of refuge reserved for the  
most extreme cases of destitution, at that  
time rare.



In March, 1913, James Fitzroy called my attention to such a one. An aged recluse Mrs. Josephine Griffin existed for some time on the charity of neighbors, and ~~suppose~~ mentally ill. As District member and executive of the County Board it was my duty to investigate (without pay other than the \$2.00 per day when in session ~~at the~~ <sup>in</sup> the County Chambers at the Court House).

Such cases today are handled before the "County Board of Mental Hygiene" by the ~~County~~ Sheriff and deputies, with two physicians and two lawyers in attendance (paid) all constitutional rights of the "Defendant" scrupulously observed.

A "mud throw" had rendered the road impassable in places for my Model T Ford, so mounted on a <sup>western</sup> buck-skin pony from the West, commandeered for at Wilbur Clark's Livery Stable I set out, the March day ideal.

Accustomed to taller horses, I had doubt of the ability of the Buckskin to plow the ~~mud~~ level sections, the hills fairly comparatively dry, but was assured by Wilbur the pony was "waggy."

As a matter of fact was able to "lope" tirelessly considerable distance on the more level portions, especially in the



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Fields bordering the road, gates being left open for the convenience of an occasional horseman or team in winter and spring. My Merut proved a genuine Plains Buckskin, soan in color, tireless and easy on the lope. It is sufficient to say, that I made the thirty mile ride, going and returning without pausing for provender, horse or rider.

I found Mrs. Griffin alone in her small house near the mouth of the Big Spring Branch, and not far from the present site of the large public school building at Fleet's Fork. Aged and gaunt in appearance, she did not utter a word during the interview; emaciated, almost starving, but not helpless. At times she appeared to grope in the ashes of a fireless hearth for fragments of food; indeed I observed crumbs of corn-bread and ~~bones~~ meat bones <sup>in</sup> the hearth. Otherwise no food visible in the house.

~~Some time~~ Previously ~~she~~ her son and family had abandoned her, ~~or~~ or had been driven from the home, by the recluse, who also had refused to leave, though offered refuge by neighbor Luther Mark-



404 <sup>W's</sup>

At the time her son and family were  
living on the Greenbrier at Harpers, a mill town.  
Aged and mentally ill, Josephine  
Griffin exhibited a residue of strength  
and instinctive ability of a wild  
animal to survive, long as shelter  
and food were to be had.

Considering her situation urgent,  
I assured the kind Mrs. Fuller Sharp  
she would be given shelter in the  
County House of Refuge - the "Poor Farm"  
in the Little Level, at the time being  
conducted in a more than ordinary  
cleanly manner by my friend David  
Gladwell.

I may here state that the excellent  
Dave Gladwell, originally from  
the Dry River section of Rockingham  
County, near my birth-place, met his  
death some years later by accidental  
gun-shot wound while hunting  
sabbies on the farm, and crossing  
a fence. He was one of those  
- Easterners, including Sergeant John  
Payne, 62<sup>nd</sup> Va. Infantry (Wattsburg  
Veteran), who came to our County  
following the war (1861). Sergeant  
Payne was born in 1843. He was present  
with our squad at the Fifth Mass. on  
July 19/13, where I formed a friendship  
lasting until his death. Payne was D.D.



405-  
His home was west of Hillsboro in  
the Caesar Mountain Section. A  
soldier of slight build and height  
remarkably youthful in appearance  
at past seventy years, able to do a  
day's work on the farm until any-  
how years before his death; just  
eighty, and his wife dead, he returned  
to his birth-place and resided with  
a son.

Talking to Sergeant Payne early in  
1917, the subject was in Europe which  
had become somewhat stale from this  
distance, and my possible "calling up"  
as a Reservist, in case America had  
declared war, he did not appear  
at all enthusiastic about the war,  
remarking: "Once burnt, twice  
shy." I think this attitude was  
quite general, in 1917, among numerous  
~~reservists of the Civil War~~ <sup>living</sup> living-  
soon after my ~~was~~ returning to  
Marlinton from my "inspector's visit".  
March, 1913, at my request Sheriff  
Lingen Cochran (Republican) drove  
to Flaty Fork and persuaded Mrs.  
Josephine Griffin to accompany him  
to the "House of Refuge" in My Lewis,  
where she resided until her death a  
year or so after -



I never saw this <sup>406</sup> old Spartan woman  
thence, but was assured by Mr. Gladwell  
she "gave little trouble," did not  
become head-fast until near the end;  
rarely attempting to speak, making  
no complaint, ~~before~~ entering into  
death without a cry.

I have written in detail of the Buckskin  
horse, and one of my last long rides in  
the practice, year 1913. Mr. Clark  
continued in his livery business, but with  
less success, until about 1920, and I  
occasionally hired a horse when the roads  
were impassable for Ford cars, I having  
used nine "Model T" in succession  
1912-1926 inclusive.

For several years the "Buckskin"  
foam appeared to be a favorite mount  
for amateurs and riders at the County  
Fair grounds; then faded from memory,  
sold or traded, with the decline  
of horsemanship locally.

In 1920 the Army Remount experiment  
with Arabian horses, with the view of  
improving ~~the~~ <sup>putting</sup> stock by infusion of  
blood of this beautiful horse with native  
"Chippaw", "Palomar" and other breeds.  
Three Arabians were placed with  
Mr. Clark for a time, but the use of  
autos was so advanced together with



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building of hard roads, the breeding  
of horses among the things that were  
before.

I believe the Army Remount Station at  
Front Royal, Virginia, had some success  
in cross breeding with Arabian horses.  
Mention has been made of the beautiful  
gaited Dark bay Mare, of medium  
size, ridden by me while in Active  
Reserve training at Fort Belvoir  
in August, 1925.

~~In~~ The year 1928 saw the introduction  
of the Ford Model A, - the most  
practical, enduring and economical  
car ever built in America. In many  
respects it is regrettable that the  
"evolution" of the motor car did not  
pause with the "Model A" for a time.  
It is said that Mr. Henry Ford  
was satisfied with the performance  
of this car, and objected to the more  
radical changes of later models  
of the Ford ~~car~~. Attaining the  
monstrosities of the present day,  
which, like the reptiles of the Pleistocene,  
appear to be declining because of  
over-weight, deadliness, - and expense!  
The last tax cut may well break the  
motor cars back!



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Mr. Marion Burr, who died in 1958,  
aged eighty, kept a Model A Ford  
1931 in use, until his death, and  
it still being driven by Mrs. Bessie Burr

Literary Note → 209

About the year 1950, daughter Jean wrote  
a ~~Mystery~~ Book size "Mystery" entitled  
"Dead as a Door Nail". While at home  
on vacation from Port Arthur, Texas, where  
she resided at the time; the month of  
August was industriously spent in this  
essay, patterned on a reading type  
which interested her. Moreover, it  
appeared possible to capture a market  
flooded with black literature rampant  
in published books and magazine "slicks".  
Masters in the art of Whim Conan-  
Doyle and Edgar Allan Poe, stand alone,  
even Ben Ames Williams - stand alone -  
appear rarely in a Century.

Stacks, ~~books~~ bred and born in the literary  
tables of some publishers, turn out such  
providence, endlessly; eagerly devoured  
by the non-cognoscenti among their  
readers; served up with illustrations  
and ~~as~~ <sup>in</sup> modern art, degenerate art.

It is apparent, also, that some well  
known names are being lent to work  
done by ghost writers and hacks.



If this were not so, the recent serials  
 published under the name of Clarence Buddington  
 Kelland are far below the standard in  
 imagination and style set by earlier  
 work, notably "Foot-light" and  
 "Arizona." Such counterfitting appears  
 to be confined to the New York "Clicks".  
 Mr. Jean Stockwell authored a  
 sprightly story, frankly written "For the  
 Market," but found no publisher in  
 a "Rigged" Literary Market.  
 Run of mine "Who done it?" (and  
 "Memoirs") should be postponed  
 to the Ninth decade in life of the  
 author - and not for immediate  
 publication. If fortunate, by that  
 time he can "Paint his picture for the  
 God of things as they are".

The typed "proofs" of Mrs. Stockwell's  
 Book is among my prized <sup>writings</sup> manuscripts.

"Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth  
 upward; or the spirit of a beast that  
 goeth downward to the earth?"

— Wisdom



Friday 1/11/1960  
4 A.M.

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Light frost; snow  
of yesterday nearly gone.

Retired at 7 p.m. Promptly  
at midnight books were exploded by restless  
souls about Martin Luther, as a salute to 1960.  
This continued at intervals for two hours.  
Having slept well, I arose at 3:30 and  
started my usual fire in bathroom "Library".

This is our lot if we live so long  
And labor until the end.

That we shall outlive the impatient  
youth, and the much too patient friend;  
And because we know we have breath  
in our nostrils.

And thus we have thoughts in our head,  
we shall assume that we are alive,  
Whereas we are really dead.  
— The Old Meek.

The Sheldon Hammel Family  
(of Elk River).

Ed Howe, of Kansas, once wrote a short  
story intitled "The Good Husband", going  
on to describe the life of the only  
good husband ever known in his part  
of the State of Kansas. Neighborhood.

As Ed parted with his own wife  
whom both were old, he should know in  
a negative fashion what a "good  
husband" is, or was, in his vicinity.  
Several years past an elderly man



Called on me at my office, instantly  
 recognized although we had not met  
 for forty years, Frank Hannell of  
 a large Elk River family; well  
 appointed, even youthful, with a touch  
 of ~~the~~ "man of the world", as ~~he~~ might  
 well be, having in youth attached  
 himself to a travelling circus, or  
 carnival, afterwards marrying the  
 widow of the Principal owner, thereafter  
 accepted as an assistant Manager.  
 Frank had returned from the sad  
 errand, & burying his wife at her old  
 home somewhere in Pennsylvania;  
 and calling on relatives and friends  
 in Locustas County.

Though undermonstrative, I sensed  
 that Frank Hannell was deeply grieved  
 at the death of his past middle-aged  
 wife. He quietly recounted some  
 incident of their somewhat nomadic  
 life during many seasons in the  
 carnival business, and their home  
 life in Pennsylvania. It appeared  
 Mrs. Hannell's death was sudden,  
 and occurred "on tour" in the Valley  
 of Virginia.

I was pleased that Frank Hannell  
 thought to renew acquaintance, being friends  
 in youth; interested in ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> adventurous  
 life through which he had passed  
 unscathed, and hoped to meet again.



However, Frank's death was reported  
 not long thereafter, his body buried ~~at~~  
~~his home~~ beside that of his wife, and  
 their spirits in the air - (Vaya Con Dios.)  
 I am positive that Frank Hamann was a  
 "good husband." ~~He was one of a~~  
~~the large family of~~

The Patriarch, Meldey Hamann was of  
 the Joseph Hamann line, well written  
 of in Pikes County History, in the third  
 generation; Mrs Hamann a daughter  
 of Samuel Moore of Marlin, Maryland  
 near Marlinton. Their whole industrious  
 lives, rearing a large family, spent at  
 the ancestral home old Freed  
 Fork of Elk. When quite old,  
 Mr Moore was thrown from a  
 run-away <sup>horse</sup> wagon, suffering a severe  
 scalp wound, but recovering, also  
 treated Meldey Hamann for an  
 infected wound that entirely penetrated  
 his foot, having "jumped bare-foot"  
 from the house porch and stepped on  
 a "Rusty" piece of wire. His patient,  
 uncomplaining while being treated for  
 a dangerous infection is remembered  
 past eighty years. Lived some years  
 following the ~~wound~~ <sup>injury</sup>. While being  
 treated for his foot wound, Mr. Hamann  
 stopped with his daughter Mrs. John  
 Pruntyman, thus living in West Marlinton,



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The eldest son, <sup>413</sup> Mulder and Martha  
more Hannah, ~~that's~~ Hannah has recently  
died (1956) just eighty years, carefully  
attended by his daughter Mrs. Fitzwater, at  
his ancestral home. ~~Edith's~~ wife, a Miss  
Johnson, died many years ago, leaving  
three daughters, then infants, his life  
thereafter devoted to their care and rearing.  
~~Miss~~ Chloe married Mr. <sup>Eden</sup> Gibson, fifteen-year  
veteran U.S. Army, at present coal miner,  
and Mary married Jacob Van Meter, of a  
prominent Berkeley County family, recently  
died in an auto accident, and was  
occupation coal miner. Mr. Fitzwater  
a retired Railroad worker.

All three sisters have passed through  
hardships peculiar to being left orphans  
at an early age, and bringing up  
families under many difficulties,  
through which each has come with  
colors flying in Blood will tell!

Mrs. Chloë <sup>Gibson</sup> for a time was had a  
mental illness treated at State Hospital,  
but for several years recovered, and  
with her family of grown children.  
Mrs. Fitzwater lives at the home place  
on Elk. It is thus seen several  
generations of the Joseph Hannah line  
have spent their lives in the beautiful  
and rich Elk River Valley at its  
source and many branches or "forks".  
All have been ~~for~~ my friends and patients  
for many years past. (Vaya con Dios)!



Sunday 1/3/60 4:14  
4 am. A storm in the North-East.  
Record high tides on New England Coast.  
Locally, Rain-snow-Fog! Slept well  
before an open window, rising 4 am.

Charles J. Finger

A middle west Journalist, Historian and  
Biographer, the past generations, not too  
well known in literature, but successful.  
His excellent short Biographies of Napoleon,  
Napoleon, Theodore Roosevelt, and Pepys  
Diary (Edited with notes) also "The  
Anatomy of Melancholy", the latter  
favorite reading of Thomas A. Edison in  
youth and age. Mr. Edison also  
wrote his own auto-Biography, not  
notable for style, but revealing.

Many thousand copies of Finger's  
essays printed as "Little Blue Books"  
at five cents the copy by the Late  
Haldeman-Julius, Girard, Kansas,  
thoroughly performing a valuable public  
service, early twentieth century.  
I have several hundred copies "Little  
Blue Books" in my fields of Biography,  
History, Literature, Essays, Translations.

A renegade Jew (Agnostic-infidel)  
with business ability, H. Julius built  
up a publishing business which he  
valued at one million dollars. For a



415-  
Longtime published weekly a newspaper  
broadsheet, entitled "Appeal to Reason"  
on a materialistic note, denying any  
"First Cause". This feature of his publishing  
~~business~~, things sent gratuitously to me  
for some years, I considered "in error"  
and of no interest, an ~~ancient~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~ancestral~~ <sup>ancestral</sup> Race  
of "Garden People", his mind darkened,  
Haldeman-Julius was found dead in  
his bath, a suicide. ~~Through a~~

Leading "Materialist", it seems that  
he was unable to live out his days  
on a planet whose earth, sea and air  
is filled with the glory of the Most High.

Mr. Finger worked as a journalist  
in several <sup>mid</sup> western states, and  
Cleveland, ~~Ohio~~, <sup>Indiana</sup>. In late middle age  
made the interesting experiment sub-  
sisting a large family in Rural  
Arkansas, on an Ozark Mountains  
farm, meanwhile continuing his  
Literary output - a regular "Dogs  
Life", which he described minutely,  
giving totals of animal <sup>and</sup> ~~food~~ <sup>vegetable</sup> ~~consumed~~  
foods consumed by a family of eight,  
and other provender, much of it of  
their own husbandry.

Finger, in my opinion, showed  
great good sense in contributing to  
a term of education in the rough for



Marlinton, W. Va  
December 18, 1954  
4:30 am

Dear Jean:

I am sending a batch of the Memoirs-  
pages (2<sup>d</sup> Volume) 322-348-56 - one  
of my greatest pleasures to read the  
typed "~~proofs~~" proofs - a most excellent  
notion of yours to continue the typing.

You may think a rather lengthy  
"Memorial" of Dick Currence unnecessary -  
but it pleases me. He will have no other.

Even living in a fine mansion - the  
Hamrick House (built on soldiers graves)  
"lucky" - as it undoubtedly was for  
Dr. Hamrick and family - haunted!

"There are ~~more~~ things in Heaven and  
Earth than thou hast dreamed  
of, Horatio!" - Hamlet.

(Dick died on his own door-step, trying  
to get home from the Kee Flut - golf course.  
Strangely, he did not stop at Hospital -  
Fate!

I mailed you Medicines; including  
"Pincellin S - Procaine". Be sure to try  
a dose or two - I find it beneficial  
for arthritis! It even prolongs life!

Vaya Con Dios

N. B. Price

(over)



PS - I read the manuscript hurriedly -  
you may make minor corrections if  
needed - particularly in punctuation -  
fewer "commas" and "semi-colons" could  
do no harm. A "dash" thrown  
in here and there might help!  
NRP

Nan K. Roderick (now Kimmey) Frederick  
Maryland, sent me a card. Says she  
is a great-grandmother - Her son  
born (1912) in August.

I have just written her a three-page  
letter - She will be surprised!

NRP

PS - Perhaps Janet Cecil find time  
to help with the typing during her  
vacations. Some practice won't  
hurt. I typed for 45 years - and  
never good.

NRP?



Tuesday 12/1/39 322  
3.30 P.M. - Cool weather continues;

No snow locally, except on "high ground".  
Second day of the Deep "Kill" - As to the  
Native Black Bear, Brother Cal Price,  
for many years in his "bear stores," urged  
the extermination of the bear, as a menace  
to sheep husbandry. This was error,  
fully recognizing, in his last years, the  
bear rarely disturbs domestic animals,  
because of his natural sense, and a wholesome  
fear of retaliation, with guns; and only  
they when driven from his wilds.

Even so, the species has survived here  
because, wide ranging bears, early and  
late spring and autumn, principally are  
males; the female more retiring in  
habits, before <sup>during</sup> and after entering her  
"long sleep."

The Black Bear, one of the most  
interesting of wild animals, ~~is~~ lives  
~~around us~~; as is true of the great  
Horned Owl, aptly termed by Deane  
"The Tiger of the Air." ~~A~~ A predator  
and "drinker of blood," the Horned Owl  
~~has~~ has been relentlessly destroyed  
by "civilized" man in America from the  
earliest times, but ~~this species~~ <sup>the species</sup> managed to  
survive. A night hunter; a dweller  
by day in the darkest and most remote  
pine forests. Uttering, at times, in the  
night, savage howls and chattering, along  
with its usual "Hoo-hoo-ah-hoo."

Nesting in early March, indifferent  
to snow or ice on back and ~~its~~ eyes  
of ticks, after an abandoned Hawk  
~~nest~~ or crow's nest.



Mr. George Beatty  
(of Mingo) Flats, W. Va.

A native of Eastern Virginia, and a veteran  
from start to finish of the Confederate Army  
(1861-65), following the War, removed  
to Mingo Flats and for forty years  
carried on the trade of Smith in the  
Village of Mingo; He married, his  
family including four fine daughters,  
whose lives I wish to memorialize.

Of Mrs. Beatty's back ground, even  
her appearance, I have no remembrance,  
only meeting her once or twice when  
called to attend her husband when he  
suffered fracture of the femur (1905)  
that she was truly a "Mother in Israel"  
is exemplified in the lives of four  
beautiful and cultured daughters,  
bored on the Randolph-Pocahontas  
County Frontier, following the war, 1861.

Mr. George Beatty exemplified  
Longfellow's ideal "Black Smith" none  
nearer than any I have met.

Under a spreading Chestnut Tree  
The Village Smithy stands;  
The Smith a mighty man is he,  
With strong and steely hands;  
And the muscles of his brawny arms  
Are strong as Bran Ba's.

(Quoting a hymn of the Presbyterian Church;)  
"He went on Sunday to the Church,  
and heard his daughters voice  
Singing in the Village Choir,



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And it made her heart rejoice.  
His probable Veteran Beatty had seen the  
Mingo Flats while in Lee's Army, 1861,  
encamped there, and admired the region,  
headwaters of Great Valley ~~to~~ Plains.  
The home of Captain Jacob Marshall,  
extensive land owner and leader  
of Confederate Partisan Rangers -  
May have influenced him; several  
convalesces also settling at Mingo  
"after the War."

My meeting Mr. Beatty was brief  
and professional in nature. In May,  
1905, at age about seventy, while  
shoeing a horse, he was pushed or  
kicked backward and suffered  
fracture neck left femur, the so-called  
hip fracture. He thought he had ~~not~~  
fallen hard on a stone, because of sharp  
pain; which may have been true.

The family physician, Dr. W. F.  
Cameron, not available, and being  
in the neighborhood, was called in  
one of the first - perhaps the first - cases  
of the kind I had seen; except that  
of Veteran Clark Wooddell, injured  
in the year 1896 by an over-turned  
wagon on Price Hill, and treated by  
my brother, Dr. James Price, the patent  
lying in at the old Price House  
the "guest" of St. L. Woods Price.



I, of course, not even an "under-study" of brother James, the ~~Doc~~ Surgeon; but I recall taking my turn, with others, in passing the night with the aged, suffering Veteran Wooddell, a "good patient," who made "no bones" of his injury, and grateful for aid. I am pleased to record that Mr. Wooddell recovered from his injury, lived for some years thereafter.

During a period of fifty years I have seen a dozen or more similar cases, in aged persons, notably Cousin Emma Warwick, in ~~1923~~ 1920 who then resided with her sister Cousin Maggie Lockridge at the Minnehaha Springs, who recovered, dying in 1940 a known story.

In the year 1912, Cousin Agnes Clark Beard-Clark also "broke her hip," and again I chanced to be in the Level, seeing her together with Dr. Wm. H. McNeel. Cousin Agnes, being ~~of~~ of heavy weight and advanced in years, succumbed to complicating illness, dying at her home. A most excellent woman and the daughter of the late Josiah Beard, whose life and achievements are recorded in Miss Biographical History of the County.



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At a later date, Mrs. Moss Miller  
the recluse, living at her home on  
~~and~~ heights of Leavenworth, died from effects  
of a neglected hip fracture, stubbornly  
refusing aid, and applying quantities  
of "liniment". Her sister, Rebecca  
Horn, neighbors rallied in force and  
she was summoned. She was found  
in extremis, and died before she  
could be removed to a hospital.  
Mrs. Nora Young, - always a leader  
in the Buckeye Community, was foremost  
in rescuing Mrs. Moss Miller.

Moss and ~~the~~ Miller, (the latter dying  
many years ago) single, reclusive,  
lived in the curious old house, then  
standing on the bald promontory over-  
looking Leavenworth north of Swan Creek;  
previously noted as the site of an  
"Indian Mound" explored by me, 1895.  
Their home near Prof. G.D. McKee's  
present-day mansion, whose voluminous  
historical and other writings known to  
many.

Incidentally, "G.D." broke his hip  
on the streets of Elkins some years  
before retirement as Professor of  
Historical English at D. and E. College  
His injury was treated by a "specialist"  
in Leavenworth by the "open method,"  
a modern wonder of surgery.

The Moss sisters were  
distinguished ancestry, their father



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Colonel & Captain Miller, in his day  
landowner, and before the war of 1861  
commanded the 12th Regiment of  
Militia. An aged veteran of the  
Confederacy, he died with only a  
remnant of land, and near the home  
of Captain James McNeil of the  
Nicholas Blues, C.S. Army.

The sisters had a sorry time in  
the simple rule of living; their ineffectual  
efforts to garden and provide fuel  
witnessed by worn-out hoes and  
axes I have seen at this home.

Late in life, the "old house" at  
last uninhabitable, a new cottage was  
built from proceeds of a sale of timber,  
where Mrs. Mass died.

Pride of race, fiercely independent,  
Mrs. Miller scorned aid of any sort.

To the last, dying without a cry.  
Her passion was for flowers, wild  
ones especially. At times she

appeared in Martinsburg, usually  
with bunches of flowers, usually  
stopping to see Mrs. Jean Price,  
who Mrs. Mass instinctively liked, and  
always a customer for a bunch of  
wild flowers. For the rest, Mrs.

Miller subsisted on fruits, berries and  
a rather poorly cultivated garden.  
She may have kept a few <sup>flowers</sup> ~~flowers~~  
perhaps a pig. Certainly she never



Toll or begged - would have turned  
first in near chronic food starvation,  
being chronically in lat.

During her active life, in occasional  
brief talks with Miss Mass. I have sought  
to judge her intellectual life; also  
questioned my wife, Jean, as to her observations  
of the "Recluse." The result was  
negative. Her sisters apparently not  
"Readers" - no evidence of a "Library".  
in the house ~~her breath~~. ~~Do~~ The breath of  
I can also ever attached to the lives  
of either ~~and~~ I have some time thought  
Louise McNeil's short poem applied  
to Miss Miller:

### Renunciation.

Renunciations, large and small,  
were as stones upon the wall;  
And she labored hard and long,  
To build it high and strong,  
Till at last she could see  
Nothing but Eternity!

When she stopped to catch her breath,  
There was nothing left but death.

~~Do~~ By the Covenant of grace, doubtless the  
spirit of Miss Miller is in the air together  
with her mother long dead; surrounded  
by the her loved wild flowers.

This scrap of biography is for the pleasure  
of myself and posterity; I have no thought or  
care how far I wander from the subject  
in hand.



Tuesday, 12/4/59 29329

4 am. The morning mild and overcast. Snow is reported North and South of us out here at present. Work resumed on street and walk concrete. A London dispatch in the Tribune recently announces a woman physician from Roumania with the New "Gleanings of Life" to wit: Procaine in selected cases. I have finished a three-page letter to Dr. T.R. Vancell, <sup>med</sup> Editor of Medicine, calling his attention to this unwise <sup>humor</sup> ~~to the~~ "Lay" reader of the Tribune, and allied subjects for his information, not necessarily printed.

~~Not~~ to return to Mr. George Beatty's accident, while at work moving a refractory horse - a broken hip. At the time (1905) hospitals were not in general use; the patient lay abed for a month, carefully attended for by his family and friends. I visited him once during his convalescence; noting his patience, and courage <sup>and</sup> endurance with a minimum of pain relieving medicine. An occasional shot of a Procaine solution of Pencicillin, if known, would have served. George Beatty convalesced sufficiently to go about on his feet; his death reported a year or two after, his health decline apparently due in part, to enforced inability to work.



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During the Autumn I received a letter from Mr. Beatty, thanking me for ~~services~~ treatment, and requesting a bill be sent for services. The bill, when sent, was in amount ~~20~~ twenty dollars, which could be considered nominal, and promptly paid. George Beatty was a good man; he and his family within the Covenant.

The four beautiful and cultured daughters, on marriage became Mrs. Edwin Hall, Mrs. Kenneth J. Hawridge Jr., Mrs. Sam Wood and Mrs. Pratt Marshall. All the girls "taught school" at one time and another, thus adding an invaluable experience ~~know~~ wisdom and experience of ~~each~~ "educations". The best way to learn how to do is by doing.

Biography of Captain Jacob Marshall and family will follow.

Mrs. Edwin Hall spent her useful life on the Hall Farm, Halley or Valley Mountain, Tygart's Valley.

I remember her son Edwin, Jr. - an amiable youth, who died in middle age, while residing at Elkins.

He was a player of Ducker on the Mingo team.

Mrs. Sam Wood (whose name I do not recall), who in middle age a vigorous leader in all Church and Community activities. & It was Mrs. Wood who promoted the and



largely built the <sup>33</sup> Statue of a Confederate  
Soldier on the site of Lee Army Camp  
Wm. & Flats, and the notable "Reminis"  
of Confederate Veterans, about 1928.  
Also the "Indian girl" statue at her  
residence.

Mr. Leim Wood for many years  
successful ~~merchant~~ merchant at Wm. &  
on one occasion conversing with ~~Mr.~~  
Leim Wood, it appeared to me that  
Mr. Wood had spent many  
years in a state of surprise from  
being the husband of such a beautiful  
and ~~cultured~~ <sup>intelligent</sup> woman!  
always a devoted "Daughter  
of the Confederacy" It was my  
pleasure to meet and converse with  
Mr. Wood at an assembly at  
Camp Andrew Price, Deep  
Mountain Battle Field Park, in the  
year 1933.

Vivacious, bustling and of a  
statuesque beauty in late middle  
age, it was my intention at the  
time to further cultivate Mr. Wood's  
acquaintance, but press of other  
business in "hard times" prevented.  
Within a year after the meeting  
"on Deep" I regretted to hear of the  
death of this lovely lady, which  
occurred from a sudden in church  
at Slaty Fork, while attending a  
Sunday Community Singing  
Conducted by Prof. Luther D. Sharp,



Sunday 12/6/69

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The anticipated snow of yesterday, turned into a gentle rain at day-break after late rising (9:30 am) and competitors of chess and breakfast, detained at the horse. Last evening the Cal. Princes - Michel, Florence McNeil, Jane Murphy and young John McNeil, of Charleston, called with congratulations of my Birthday, I having completed ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> eighty and one half decades - Eighty five years - I have long observed that continuous ~~or long~~ employment in literary writing, a "dog's life," time consuming, which might better be used - for example, gathering wood in the forest for the morning and evening fires!

The writing of books is sacrificial in nature, and bought at a price. The last end of many notable authors, as judged by their Biographers, is not Peace.

Wm. Reidgard Ripling, in old age, (73) remarked ~~that~~ he had heard and read of "Contented old age," but for himself, he had not seen any. (Cabringtons)

"In life's last scenes what prodigies surprise,  
Fears of the brave and follies of the wise.  
From Marlborough's eye, the streams of  
Aptage flow!"

And Swift expires, a driveller and a Thro!

The life of Mary Beatty - Marshall <sup>Johnson</sup> is memorialized in the sketch of Captain Jacob Marshall and family.

Lastley, Mrs Portia Beatty - Hamrick.  
(Known by her friends as "Porty") about my



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Age (85) and in the "new" as an active  
teacher in the public schools of Logan  
and Greenbrier Counties; until recently,  
at 82 years of age; refusing retirement  
pay, able and willing to teach. In a  
recent interview in the Raleigh County Register,  
because of the remarkable life of this lady  
of the classic name (Portia) she spoke of  
life being "Real and earnest; not making  
devoted to the pursuit of leisure and pleasure,  
upon her marriage to R. J. Hawrick, to  
whose occupation was sanctifying, together  
with many years employment as teacher  
in Randolph-Pocahontas Public Schools.  
Portia, also, taught school in early life.  
Their home was on the Point Mountain,  
Valley Branch of Elk River section. Her  
family of eight sons and daughters, all  
attained their majorities; liberally educated.  
Notable Kenneth J. Hawrick, M.D., (College  
Principal in early life), now State Surgeon  
of the Denmar State Sanatorium, and a  
Follower of the war of 1917-18, in which  
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Hawrick  
located in Marlinton, soon becoming  
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas National  
Hospital, and for many years with  
an enviable record as a successful  
surgeon and physician.  
His wife a Kentucky lady.



333  
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attained their majorities; liberally educated,  
Notable Kenneth J. Haurick, M.D. (school  
principal in early life), now Superintendent  
of the Denver State Sanitarium for the  
Incurable, and aged.  
Following the war of 1917-18, in which  
he served as enlisted man, Dr. Haurick  
located in Marlinton, soon becoming  
Chief Surgeon in the Pocahontas Memorial  
Hospital, and for many years with  
an enviable record as a successful  
surgeon and physician.

His wife a Kentucky lady. He met  
while both were employed in a New York  
City Hospital. They have a son, now



334  
A Junior Officer U.S. Army. The imposing  
Mansion with ample grounds, built by De-  
and Mrs. Hamrick of Hamiltons Field in  
the early history of that fashionable suburb  
of Marlinton. Within its grounds the  
Reserved Confederate Cemetery. Previously  
noted.

The routines use of Roentgen Ray (X-Ray)  
of course, almost daily in ~~the~~ hospital  
practice. With characteristic speed and  
energy in his work, Dr. Ferguson Hamrick  
may have exposed himself unduly to  
the deadly X-Ray, with the result,  
gradual loss of several fingers of both  
hands, greatly limiting his surgical  
skill, along with the middle years of life.

The life of my friend H. K. J. Hamrick, Jr.  
(Son of Partin Hamrick) has been highly  
tragic in some of its phases in recent  
years, involving loss of property as well;  
yet with indomitable courage.  
Mrs. Hamrick has recently died. While  
residing in Pittsburg, Penn., and  
was buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.  
Vaya Con Dios.

The early settlement of the Hamrick clan  
on the headwaters of the Elk River  
and its numerous branches in Webster,  
Randolph and Pocahontas Counties is not  
in antiquity - certainly in late times  
of "Indian Occupations". Necessarily  
frontiermen and hunters for several generations -  
illiteracy developed, but strong nature,  
good nature and better than average physical  
development in height, strength and speed.



335-  
To cut-off, by highway) and cemeteries  
during the "Civil War" - was Webster County,  
~~that~~ <sup>which</sup> ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> lost with either part of  
the divided state of Virginia, Webster  
County known for several years thereafter  
as "The Independent State of Webster."  
(P.S.) I recall a Mr. Hamrick from the Point  
Mountain, about 1889, in the autumn, stopping  
at our house for the night. Alone, he  
was driving a three-horse team, going to  
the mill at Mill Point for ~~ground~~ meal  
and flour. Of late middle age, average  
height, and athletic.

I recall vividly his appearance and story.  
He related to Uncle James and I that in  
his youth he was the "best runner" in his  
community; also his high jump equaled  
his height. Possibly seventy inches. Mr.  
Hamrick also exhibited a peculiar deformity  
of the leg that was proof of an accident  
he suffered in early life; a polished  
spur of ivory-white bone protruded from  
the tibia, about two inches in length.  
The result of an old compound fracture;  
a marvel; recovery without loss of a limb.  
His story that in some way he was  
washed over a "Water Wheel" at a grist  
mill and mangled.

Mr. Hamrick and his team were shown  
hospitality by Uncle James and our family,  
the next day going on to Mill Point,  
and heard of no more.



The Hamrick clan have responded to public education, many notable scholars and successful in business. Most are dark-skinned with very dark eyes and hair. Quite late in life Portia Beatty and R. J. Hamrick agreed to live separately, each going separately, though not divorced. Mr. Hamrick now dead. Two of the Hamrick clan, both at one time public officials, have and living in Pocatello County, have died ~~as~~ suicidal; one by shooting and one by monoxide gas poisoning, doubtless as inheritances from this remote frontiersman, bear-hunting forebears. Having long out-lived her father's family, Portia Beatty-Hamrick retains Serenity and Peace. Vaya Con Dios.

Tuesday 12/8/59 - December 7, 1959 - the first 4 AM. now (two miles) at Mendenhall. And now ferries throughout the day; most clouds indicated more snow at night, but cold fronts from the North resulted in a clear, cool day. Wearing cloth "Arctics" and my army "Truck Coat" - Convertible, walked to the office and returned. Stopped at Dilleys Clinic and was given a "Hot in the Cold" by Dr. Pitman and his nurse, Mary Vancouver-Frill. The medicine for Neuritis in the neck - Traumatic and Tangles of Arteries, left free, also traumatic - (Remedies) 300,000 units, one Celtic Centimeter. Will I have Autopore found beneficial. There is a peculiar exhilaration in the "Hot now" of winter; sends a new charm to the landscape; if oft-repeated with accompanying cold winds, may become a bit monotonous, in the struggle to survive.



Chapter "Reading": a Dogs Life

The winters plants <sup>336</sup> and obtain sufficient exercise in the open.  
It snows! cries the schoolboy, Hurrah!  
and his shout  
Is echoed through mansions and halls;  
and quick as the wing of a swallow he's  
To join his fellows at ball!  
"It snows!" cries the widow, <sup>old rhyme</sup> "Reader,"  
"God!" and  
her sigh, "To be poor when it snows!"  
It's a bitter sad lot to be poor when it snows!  
Saturday, the 6th <sup>(Christmas Eve)</sup> conversing with my  
Niece Jane Price-Thorp, who has taken over  
as owner-editor the local Times, I  
inquired if she was aware that in doing  
so she was beginning a "Dogs Life" in  
literature? ~~For~~ Jane said she was not  
so aware!

My father and Mother, Teachers and Writers  
from early youth, but with little acclaim,  
and no financial reward, from Published  
work whatsoever, escaped much of the  
daily grind. The rearing and education  
of a large family in the period following  
the war (1861) required the most strenuous  
efforts, professionally, of Pa; and ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup>  
~~but~~ the light of his strength bearing and  
sustaining the family. Under Providence  
of the most high, the end of both, in  
extreme old age, was Peace.  
Brothers Andrew and Calvin, each employed  
for many years in the daily grind of



"Copy" writing, resulting in much popular  
writing; but it neither entered the highly  
competitive field of authors and "writers".  
Financial reward was meagre, in an age when  
many authors enjoy making money -  
and by "income" taxes.

Moreover, both Brothers were popular  
readers and speakers; for the most part  
"guests" all leading to much honor, but  
little "peer and spittle".

(Note: R.W. Emerson demanded a "gate"  
when termed as a "Reader of Essays" as  
did Charles Dickens on his readers "course"  
in Europe and America.)

In the year 1929, on invitation Brother  
Andrew attended as guest speaker and  
Reader, all at his own charges, seventeen  
successive Teachers Institutes in as  
many West Virginia Counties, in  
seventeen successive weeks, all to the  
tune of "innumerable" "Contact" and  
conversations with his peers and fellow  
with, male and female, together with  
Hotel and lodgings, and a wide acquaintance  
in the state, leading a regular  
"Dog's life"!

As could have been foreseen, and at  
age 58, this was followed by a  
near "nervous break-down" and acute  
illness (Facial Herpes, or "Mingles")  
involving his left eye, for which he  
was treated in two hospitals, Richmond,  
Va, and Montgomery, W. Va, autumn  
of 1928, and from which illness he







~~339~~ 340 Rockefeller  
A considerable sum of money, then  
in her possession.

Brother James, with ample means  
and leisure, if so desired, late in life  
displayed a centricity in his reading  
and writing. I have frequently seen  
him poring over will worn volumes  
of a mythical character; the "Pyramid  
Book" among others, professing to  
explain pre-historic disasters on the earth  
and including the "Lost Continents of  
Atlantis" and its High Civilization, before  
the flood. The "Seven Pillars of  
Wisdom", probably, would have met with  
his approval ~~at this time~~. All this  
time were exposed on his shelves a  
mighty volume set of "Worlds Greatest  
Literature", which following his death  
showed little evidence of use; and  
which today is a valued set of books  
in my library. The ~~set~~ <sup>volumes</sup> containing  
essays by the best English, French  
and American authors, ancient and  
modern, and many others.

Of course Dr. James Price "searched  
the Scriptures and kept informed of  
modern events; yet I somewhat  
horrified at his interpretations thereof



340 341  
that ~~which~~ to me, appeared plain statement  
of wisdom and truth.  
Perhaps as a belated literary expression,  
which he had not ~~permitted himself~~ <sup>permitted himself</sup> in  
~~in~~ early youth. He also permitted singles  
and alliterations to run through his head,  
often of a trivial nature; some of these  
~~published~~ in the Times and certain  
publications of the period designed to  
attract and interest <sup>amateur</sup> writers.  
This was not wise; unnecessary;  
even though little harm done.  
Off-hand shooting does not serve in  
writing genuine verses. Even a  
Kipling in "resting verses in writing"  
searched for days for the fitting  
word or phrase.

Quoting, again, Taine, in the History  
of literature in Europe:  
"We cannot endure the intense  
emotion, nor repeat the marvellous  
account of the Poems."

In my mature opinion my own  
childhood was prolonged far  
beyond the period of adolescence,  
in part due to deprivations of the  
frontier first encountered at age 10.  
At least the important feature of  
education gained by helping ~~from~~ <sup>at</sup> an



early age in gaining a living for  
myself and family was not lacking.  
At ten years reading with some pleasure,  
but little understanding the works of  
Charles Dickens; himself a product of poverty,  
son of a father in debtors prison.

Whether the faults in the life and works  
of Dickens, he tells a story well!

In boyhood I acutely felt the lack  
of suitable clothing; which, well fitting  
and of good quality, ~~this made by~~  
nature retiring, ~~this alone helped make~~  
me shun the herd; perhaps better  
dressed and less sensitive than I.

I loved solitude, and spent much  
time in the forest and along the lovely  
Yelbar River. Not without ambition,  
I early realized if success was ever  
to be achieved in my life much  
time was necessary. The society  
of horses, range cattle and the wild deer  
was educational.

Apprenticed early to the printing trade -  
also highly educational. I worked  
diligently on the mechanical part of the  
business, leaving writing to my gifted  
elder brother and sister and parents.

Becoming interested in athletics,  
computative sports, and physical culture.

I also learned to labor and to wait.  
All this has been outlined in previous  
sections of this opus, but recounted as part  
of the Price Family Literary History.



Monday, 12/10/59 343  
4:30 AM.

The 9<sup>th</sup> clear - merely -  
snow melted - a frosty night.  
"Of the making of Books there is no end,  
and much study is wearisome to the flesh;  
unless I continually observe, and with pains,  
form a clear, round hand, I relapse  
into "hand writing", therefore illegible.  
Fore-arm movement not yet habitual."

I have in my library a complete file of  
The American Mercury, under the  
editorship of Henry L. Menckin, 1920-1935,  
inclusive; highly valued and frequently  
consulted. Recently, opening a "Mercury",  
it proved to be the issue of January, 1930,  
bearing Menckin's "The Library". I was  
amazed to find a mass review of  
fifteen Biographies and auto-biographies,  
all of the last Calvin Coolidge and  
Alfred E. Smith, abominably written,  
(Menckin) full of "transparent fraudulences  
and evasions" yet "Menckin's to  
make it interesting!"

"Who ever heard, indeed, of an auto-  
biography that was not? I can recall  
none in the history of the world."

And so on -

Others among the fifteen, John Brown,  
Jefferson Davis, Wm. J. Bryan, A. Lincoln,  
Leah Houston, George Harvey, Emma Willard,  
Com. Daniel Porter, Mark Hanna, Washington,  
- a rare lot. Four magazine pages  
in Mr. Menckin's style. The "discovery"  
of this review I regard as timely in



my work, and encouraging

H. L. Menckens: "Happy Days," before noted covers a period, only, of childhood and youth, but interestingly.

In a personal letter (1846) he refers to his career, to write for publication about 1843; living together with his brother, August Menckens, in the house where both were born, 1400 Hallius Street, Baltimore. "Rich men furnished with ability, living peaceably in their habitations." (Wisdom).

Twenty years before, Menckens was briefly married to a ~~beaut~~ lady, from Alabama, whose writings at times appeared in Mercury. — a literary "discovery" of Editor Menckens, always searching for talent in the young.

Mrs Menckens soon died, and doubtless her spirit sits at wine with the Muse mine. "And the gods of the older days."

Aware of the value — necessity of regular exercise, though a life-long dweller in cities, he made garden and saved wood for his open fire, referring to the shovel the hoe and saw his favorite sports — and writing of "Diabetic golf," a game of many.

In a rare interview given "Life" the writer speaks of Menckens for sitting & table leg on the fire, meanwhile concluding on a pile, with accessory food and drink and smoking a cigar.

At times, Dray-men were invited to throw discarded furniture in the Menckens yard, which reduced to kindling by Henry and August Menckens, served



as fuel for this open fire. The Menckey  
home a modest, ancient building, similar  
to others in the Black, West Baltimore.  
His father, German immigrant, also named  
August, made cigars and had a  
retail business in tobacco. as a matter  
of course, all the Menckey Men used  
tobacco and drank Beer; if Henry's  
writings on both are to be believed. He  
one was ~~author~~ of a classic essay on  
German beers, with a discriminating taste!

The Menckey fortune, which is considerably  
quietly administered by brother August,  
and at the death of Henry descended,  
doubtless, to him; with no needless  
publicity. August Menckey still lives,  
probably, but unknown to fame except  
as the brother of Henry Lewis Menckey.

H. L. Menckey despised fraudulencies  
and evasions in the so-called great, and  
with unequalled force drove his spear  
home. If his existence and writings  
were known to the "Captains and the  
Knigs" they ignored him as beneath  
their power to crush. No decorations  
or ~~decorations~~ honors bestowed by their  
governments and colleges, either foreign  
or domestic; or if tendered would have  
been instantly rejected; not even a  
Fanny ~~award~~ S.P.!

In the middle, or dark, ages Henry L.  
Menckey would have been be-headed for  
reasons, or as a Heretic suffered  
martyrdom at the stake. It was his  
misfortune to die in bed, rich and famous!



346  
In the year 1948, and about 62 years old,  
ironically Mr. Menckey suffered a slight  
stroke, (which so affected at times his  
memory he was often at a loss for  
a word in conversations; but retaining  
his interest in current affairs; disappointingly,  
for the most part.

At the last, ~~the~~ 1956, he was found  
dead in bed by Brother Bequest;  
his body to be later borne on his shield,  
to its home in the grave.

Vaya con dios!

A "Dog's Life", but compensated by  
thirteen years retirement in age, a rich man,  
coming quietly in his house.

I would quote, at length, from the  
"Review of the Fifties". Mescery, Jan. 1930,  
but refrain.

Any one interested may  
consult my files, if in existence during  
future years, or the Public Depositories  
and Libraries, <sup>and</sup> ~~archived~~ <sup>at the University of Va.</sup>

Briefly, referring to "Dr. Coolidge's

"The style of his autobiography is that of a  
somewhat backward schoolboy, yet  
manages to make it interesting," and so on

"no matter how clumsily he does his  
job, something of his own glow ~~of~~ gets  
into it. --- It is vilely written ---

full of transparent fraudulence and  
evasions. But these deficiencies

cannot conceal the man; on the contrary,  
they only serve to make him the more vivid."

"It is a shameless and amazing  
demonstration of what the public service  
has come to among us. Here is a man



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Who sat in the Chair of Washington and Jefferson, of Lincoln and Cleveland "etc." and let the contents of his cranium, revealed innocently by himself, turns out to be hardly distinguishable from what fills the brain-pan of an average garage attendant."

In the Review. Munkin sends harshly with the other aspirants and incumbents in succession, Jimmy Cox (1920)

John W. Davis (1924) Dr. Hoover (1928).

Al Smith (1928) — and Dr. Hoover — all self-deceived as to their chances of being elected, although apparent to nearly every one that each was a "gone coon", except the least the incredible fraud — Dr. Hoover — in a sloppy  
As to Al Smith: "writes sloppily and unimpressive manner," excessive, "but the extraordinary charm of his man radiates from every page" — "Al has something far less common than wisdom — — — we can make people like him." —

"Al managed to carry the affections of thousands through five terms as governor of New York, and would have carried it — if Providence had been kinder, to Washington; — and so on.

What Munkin writes of Al Smith being able to make people like him, is singularly true of our own "Jill"



348  
for seven years past chief executive,  
and with more power than five  
hundred Tsars or even a modern  
Russian Dictator. Many millions  
"like Ike". In spite of the lack of wisdom,  
nay, the incredible follies of his long  
reign; at this blessed minute on a  
"Nineteen Day" "good will" journey  
round the world, a fool's word!

Personally, I confess a liking for  
"Ike" "Ike", and voted for him both  
times, ~~though~~ (a Democrat), though  
deprecating his abilities both as an  
allied Commander in War and as President,  
an "integrationist" and "internationalist",  
it is true; but so was our old May,  
Adlai E. Stevenson; the later ~~best~~  
personally despicable? ~~best~~

I am pleased that Menefee, in 1930,  
accented the "likability" of all Smiths,  
which I vaguely felt when an alternate  
Delegate to the Forestry Convention, and  
pleased as a Smith supporter  
Franklin D. Roosevelt President Eisenhower  
my same category as a ~~likable~~ ~~man~~  
F.D. Roosevelt as a ~~likable~~ ~~man~~  
Brilliant for

He really was a ~~likable~~ ~~man~~ in  
unsuccessful President. I but  
last said ~~likable~~ ~~man~~



348  
for seven years past the executive  
and with more power than the  
American people, even at present  
"like the" state of the world  
now, the moderate forces of the  
people, at the present moment on a  
making any good will, however  
around the world, a fairer picture!  
Consequently, I consider a rising for  
the "life" and power for him to  
this, ~~through~~ (a Democrat) through  
defeating his abolitionists, as an  
allied committee in, was as President,  
an "integrationist" and "internationalist"  
if to him, but as we see now,  
after a few years, the latter better  
~~is not~~ do that! ~~is not~~  
an idea, that "Mentor", 1930  
accepted the "philosophy" of equality,  
which is equally left with an attitude  
Deputy to the British Commonwealth, ~~and~~  
Deeds and a final signature  
Hearings, O'Connor's signature is in  
My own category as a lifeable man,  
F.D. Roosevelt a ~~great~~ foreign  
Gullaway, from him President, but the  
are really liked him, as to his  
unconcerned opinions for office,  
they said they better x



Saturday 12/12/59 349  
4 A.M.

a steady rain and thaw  
throughout the night. Perhaps paving  
on road and bridge will yet be finished.  
This morning when I began to write  
for a time I am careful to form the  
letters round and clear, with sufficient  
pressure to obtain a good carbon copy of  
"forearm" and wrist actions. Then as I  
warm up to composition I fallapse into  
hand and finger "illegibility".

Last evening, at 5 pm. I stumbled  
on a loose brick, 'bail' and fell heavily  
(on back porch) with 9 pins wove in each  
hand; eat up with parts of a glass jar  
and a bottle in my hands, and severe  
cuts on fingers, bruises as well.

Bleeding stopped by applications  
of sediment from the healing  
spring; "white ointment," and business  
as usual; left well from severe  
shock until 4 am.

September 1959. The death of the  
Chairman of the Board, United States Steel  
was reported from an accidental stab  
wound, by a kitchen knife while he was  
"existing" with the supper dishes at  
his country estate.

I consider my most recent escape  
from serious injury a cause for thankfulness.  
"They shall reach thee up in their hands,  
lest thou dash thy foot against a stone."

Yesterday I visited the Circuit Clerk's  
office on business, and for nearly two  
hours had interesting conversation with  
Clerk Lady More and attorneys Curran



and Cooper on <sup>330</sup> Literary and ~~the~~ Local History. I was able to inform them why the Court House is located in its present inconvenient place three fourths mile from business center of Marlinton. In 1894 a block, or square, was donated for the building, ~~to its~~ location at the pleasure of the County Commissioners. Mr. Geo. Barker was the donating member of the Court, and insisted that it be on "high ground," hence its location above high water mark of Creek and River.

"Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud,  
a fast flying meteor, a swift passing cloud,  
a touch of the wave,  
Man passes from life to his home in the grave."

General Robert Edward Lee

Something ~~from~~ <sup>with</sup> (1861) a local historical background must be written of the military campaign intended to hold Western Virginia in Union. This mountainous section of the old Dominion being largely pro-Union and recruiting Regiments - 1. State troops and Unionists. Grafton in Taylor County was selected as the objective to be taken and held and a march begun, in two columns, one under General Garnett, ~~later over~~ by Staunton and Parkersburg turn-pike (foreman of turn-pike - 1958 style in western Virginia); the other under General Lee on the



Warm Springs - Martins Bottoms and  
 Huttonville Turnpikes. This memoir, my  
 father accompanied as Chaplain (armed  
 with a shot-gun, and aged 31 years) General  
 Garnett's forces, starting from Monterey,  
 in Highland County. His brochure of  
 about fifty pages, first printed in the  
 Times Series, in 1901, was set by myself  
 on the linotype and staple bound.  
 It is listed as a rarity and command,  
 a premium today. It is entitled "On  
 to Grafton."

The building of the magnificent  
 New Bridge, 1959, on interstate  
 Highway 39, and third ~~at~~ this  
 fording of the Greenbrier River, is  
 epochal.

It has recently come to my attention  
 that grandfather James Atlee had saved  
 the timber for the first wooden arch  
 Bridge (1853); also had a quarrying  
 contract for stone used in the pier  
 and abutments. The Saw-mill  
 site at the "Saw-mill Meadow"  
 now Riverside, adjoining Martins  
 on the North.

The second Concrete Arch Bridge  
 (1915); its large metal plate bearing the  
 names of ~~Certain~~ localities, County officials,  
 myself as President of the County  
 Commissioners, now reposes on  
 my front porch - a relic!



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An Engineer, General Lee, brought  
his heavy field artillery into the  
mountains, with its heavy munitions  
cassons and trams, as many as four  
teams of artillery horses to a gun and  
limbers. This required much "corduroying"  
of roads with timbers, remnants of which  
were still visible on the road near  
the tunnel, top of Allegheny, late as 1930.  
A useless encumbrance, except for the  
terror the "Big guns" might inspire in  
Yankee "invaders"; the artillery was  
them useless, only serving to render  
the roads nearly impassable for necessary  
supply wagons, either advancing or  
retreating.

It is not known, or remembered  
whether the bridge served for the artillery,  
or if it ~~was~~ crossed the Greenbrier at  
the Island Ford, (Tanner).

In my youth, late as 1912, artillery  
placements were clearly visible on  
"Fortification Hill," one fourth mile  
from the "Toll House." The "Hill"  
slipped into the newly located Road  
year 1912.

It is my considered opinion the War  
(1861) was largely lost to the Confederate  
Southern States because of dependence  
on the artillery and too many large  
all-out pitched, and supposed  
"desperate" battles. Of the battles of  
Manassas, ~~the~~ Chancellorsville and Gettysburg,



~~also~~

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Also Cedar Creek, Franklin and  
Atlanta, were decisive for any-body,  
it was for the invaders.

Large bodies of mounted men, freely  
mobile, especially at the in the first  
two years, could have made it very  
unhealthy for the patriots from the  
North; these hordes of Europeans  
"frontier jumpers" as well, particularly  
if as an invaded country, our armies  
got a bit careless of taking prisoners.

The Battle of King Mountain, (1781),  
was won by mounted frontiersmen, fighting  
on foot; no artillery, wiping out  
Colonel Fergusson's band of Tories, ~~the~~  
~~the worst part~~, bent on raiding the  
Carolina-Virginia border. The  
frontier men, under Colonels Cleveland,  
Melby and Campbell, had the chance  
of stopping the Tory army, or being  
plundered and killed separately.  
King Mountain, like San Jacinto,  
remarkable for the large "mortality"  
among the defeated "forces." Most  
historians treat this aspect of the battle  
tenderly; but the truth is little,  
for ~~there~~ no quarter, was given Tories  
and "Mexicans" who may have  
offered to "surrender." A little  
band of Tories in the South after  
King Mountain, or Mexicans in  
Texas following San Jacinto.



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W. W. Woodward in his excellent  
"Washington" takes the view the Revolution  
(1776) was needlessly prolonged because  
of General Washington's predilection for  
the use of "artillery"; and formal  
"Military Courtesy" and pitched battles,  
none of which is classed as "decisive";  
save "Peperatogd", alone, (1777), largely  
forgot by frontiersmen from New England  
rendered desperate, in part, because  
the British army was accompanied  
by numerous H. Francis Indians from  
Canada, who had harassed their  
frontier for generations. (Read Ken Roberts "Rogers Rangers"  
and "North-West Passage.")  
Fifty "Civil War" reading recommended  
as to "why" we lost the war, to Mrs.  
Chestnut's Diary (edited by Ben  
Ames Williams); and the latter's  
"House Divided" (Mr. Williams  
was born in the South and "raised"  
in Connecticut - therefore competent to  
judge). - Lastly, "Gone with the  
Wind" is a vivid account of General  
Sherman's carrying on while "Marching  
Through Georgia". A few good  
ambuscades, in force, and mobile troops  
could have been most unpleasant  
while Lee was keeping General Grant  
amused at Petersburg,



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It is a fact, documented, that R. E. Lee  
in person had headquarters in the "Tall  
House" (still in use as restaurant and  
felling station) as previously referred to.  
Summer and autumn of 1861, while he made  
futile "advances" far as Mingo Flats in  
Randolph County.

McClellan's staff, was young Colonel John  
Washington, nephew of the first President,  
who later was ambushed and killed  
by a sharp-shooter (named Sharp) while  
reconnoitering at New Elk-water,  
of which more anon, in a chapter of  
the Sharpshooters of Flaty Fork of Elk-  
any-way, while the considerable forces  
in West Virginia almost forgotten,  
by Richmond; President Jeff Davis  
and Secretary of War Benjamin- with  
their generals Beauregard, Bee and  
others leisurely prepared for a  
"Decisive" Battle (Bull Run, July 1861)  
and the equally "slow" McClellan  
prepared to "crush" the "rebels"  
so much so that President Abraham  
Lincoln requested the "loan" of the  
Army if General McClellan had no  
immediate use for it!

Dr. George Douglas McNeill has well  
written of Lee's 1861 Campaign in the  
Mountains that it added less than  
nothing to his fame as Commander.



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As a Commander of Armies, General Lee had the rare quality of "likeability" by his soldiers. Reasonably courageous, a fighting general, he mingled with the troops, exposed himself in battle, and shared the hardships of the camp.

In 1861, a professional soldier, inured to the Command of a "Citizens' Infantry" and no maintenance, (like "Stewards" Jackson) patience and hardship accompanied his Campaign.

"Mounted Infantry", Mobile, instead of foot soldiers and artillery, could have, with effective ambushes, made it discouraging for "invaders", especially. Such troops were

later organized (1863) by West Virginia notably the 10th W. Va. Infantry, that played a part at Droop Mountain (1863).

The war game, played without intricate ~~and~~ laws, would have suited our resolute volunteers from Georgia, Mississippi and Tennessee, making

of Lee's Command. Trees could have served as "breast works," and Mountains for Artillery "emplacements."

It is said that when a group of men from the 12th Georgia reported to their Commander "they" had not come that far from home to run from.



35  
Yankees; the Regiment was threatened  
with Mass "arrest" for insubordination!

The incident of 1st Lt. Woods Price  
~~formal~~ Call (the Captain McNeel's Company  
of Rangers - 19th Cavalry) formal Call on  
General Lee, at the Toll House Headquarters  
has been referred to. To the General  
some abrupt inquiry why he was  
not "with his regiment". Uncle Woods  
could only reply that some of the  
Company were engaged in "scouting",  
as familiar with the mountains; also  
awaiting Call to assemble and keep  
in check. Captain Walt Allen's equally  
aggressive band of Northern Rangers,  
for the most part bent on horse stealing.  
It will be recalled the three Price  
brothers were quartered at their home,  
Wm surprised, in 1863, Uncle Calvin  
wounded in the thigh and Uncle James  
taken to Camp Chase, Ohio.

"Uncle" Harry McDowell, ex-slave,  
once told me that he, personally, could  
see "no sense" in making war by  
"scouts" running horses to death" to  
inform General Lee that his "rear"  
was threatened ~~by an~~ advance in Balk  
or 9 miles per hour, or that  
McClellan was advancing up the  
Lyguts and Elk valleys, whereupon  
the General would order a new



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stand for the artillery, and cutting  
more high trees, in the road far side  
of Elk Mountain, to be laboriously  
removed when an advance or retreat  
was ordered.

It is a fact Lee got his Artillery  
out of the mountains, while foraging  
and abandoning wagons loaded  
with munitions and small arms.

With the military (1776-1861) it was  
fashionable to estimate the out-come of  
a military force by the number of  
"guns", East or West! Even "Old  
Hewell", himself an artillery man,  
insisted on "seizing the guns", also  
"a wheel-barrow" if necessary, even

Furthermore, it is clear that Lee's  
Army in Western Virginia was neglected  
in the matter of supply, in part unavoidably  
but more by criminal sloth and cupidity  
of "Contractors," and other vermin.  
Many years ago an interesting  
book ~~that~~ was published anonymously by  
a volunteer soldier in the ranks of the  
8th Tennessee Infantry. Some years  
ago this book ran serially in the  
Pocahontas Times, most interesting,  
following the Campaign through in detail  
to its debacle. Rich Mountain and  
Chant. There was no need for  
withholding his name - he told nothing



35-9  
put the truth; but published soon following  
the war, some night and many soldiers  
yet living, some might have considered  
the author too "revealing", and made  
subject to reprisals.

The book, clipped from the Times, is  
a valued feature of a voluminous  
Scrap-book which I have.

That Lee's Army used Martins Butte  
as principal "base" until late fall  
is attested by stone pile remains of  
"Chummys", Amplements and trenches  
entrenching above the Bridge far as the  
Island Ford; also two well populated  
"Centurians" before described. Forts  
were made far as Mingo Flats and  
Elkwater. Meanwhile, until Sumter's  
retreat, and death at Carrick Ford,  
while suspecting the "rear" made  
retreat in haste from the Mountains  
unavoidable.

General McClellan's success in  
clearing Western Virginia of "Rebel"  
forces a feature of his promotions  
and elevation to Supreme Command  
by President Lincoln. McClellan  
was able, and lucky. He "stopped"  
the Confederacy at Sharpsburg, and  
extracted his army from the Peninsula  
(1862) when the "Rebellers" was in flower.



Also giving summary  
to spirit and information  
"Redempt"

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Poorly supplied, with shelter and food  
bedding, medicine and clothing. The  
Army lay in leafy tents and huts  
in the mud of Marquis Battons, and  
many perished of enteric disease, typhoid  
and dysentery. Something could have  
been done by returning the useless  
"artillery" to the low-lands, making  
an occasional sanitary "change of  
base". Also giving our ~~resolute~~  
young volunteers from Georgia a chance  
"to run from Yankees" or over-running  
their encampments, giving no quarter,  
as Lousy invaders of the South-land!  
Kipling's "Mesopotamia", 1917, gives  
an exact picture ~~of~~ <sup>of the</sup> Western Vagabond  
Campaign, 1861 -

They shall not return to us, the  
Desolate, the Young;  
The eager and whole-hearted whom  
we gave;  
But the men who left them terrified  
to die in their own dung,  
Shall they come in years and hours  
To the grave?

(Twelve pages this morning, - 430-9 am -  
despite my "accident" last evening  
this morning - a genuine "draw".



Monday - 12/14/59 - 4.30 AM -  
 Clear - Cool - The nearly full moon sitting  
 over Price Hill. 5 AM: The sun rising over  
 the Eastern Mountains. 7.30 - AM - "No Heavens  
 declare the glory of God; the earth sheweth  
 his handiwork; day unto day uttereth  
 speech; night unto night sheweth knowledge."

"Imperfect sympathies":

Particularly of late, I have been impressed  
 by the fertility that shines in the faces of  
 women and men, of ~~all~~ middle age -  
 even old. You seldom see a silly  
 expression among the Jews. Gains and  
 the pursuit of gain sharpen a man's visage.  
 I never heard of an idiot born among  
 them. Some admire the Jewish physiognomy.  
 I admire it but with trembling. I all had  
 those full dark inscrutable eyes.  
 In the Negro countenance you will  
 often meet with strong traces of benignity.  
 I have felt drawn to these countenances  
 towards some of these faces - or rather  
 masks - that have looked out kindly  
 upon me in casual encounters in the  
 street and highway. - These "images of  
 God out in ebony." But I would not  
 like to associate with them, to share my  
 meals and my good nights with them +  
 because they are black.

I borrow from Charles Lamb's excellent Essay  
 of "Madness" Chapter: Casto Quakers.  
 "I love Quaker ways and Quaker worship  
 - But I cannot like the Quakers (as  
 Desdemona would say) 'to live with them'."



I should <sup>362</sup>stare at their primitive bangs.  
My appetites are too high for the salads  
which (according to Evelyn) Eve prepared  
dressed for the angel.

Though I love to behold beauty,  
benignity and intelligence in the faces  
of many aged women and men, of all  
races, I ~~would~~ should not choose to  
associate daily with them, or even  
~~live~~ in the same house with any - "To  
live with them!"  
So much for "Imperfect Sympathies".

Major General Daniel Sickles, U.S. Army  
(Volunteers - 1861)  
(1823 - 1914)

Congressman, from New York City; Ambassador  
to Spain (where he married a Spanish  
Lady); Commander of the 6th Corps, U.S. Army  
at the sorry battle of Chancellorsville, May,  
1863; hero of Gettysburg, where he  
lost his right leg at the hip, July 2, 1863,  
in the "Peach Orchard" skirmish.  
General James Longstreet, Corps in  
this drive on the Union left, at  
Little Round Top, which if taken  
by Longstreet's men would have been  
decisive.

Dan Sickles neglected to write his  
autobiography, and if a good biography  
exists I am not aware of it. Yet I  
met General Sickles, July 2, 1913, at his  
"headquarters" on the Emmitsburg Road  
(a farmhouse); shook him by the hand,



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And as a "Son of a Confederate soldier,"  
gave him the time of day! Then in his  
90th year, he sat in a porch alone,  
his empty right trouser leg trailing on  
the floor - next year (1914) was  
"poked out" in Europe. Another story.

The high ranking hero of the Yankee  
Army at the battle, his leg mangled by  
a base shot and amputated "on the  
field" without any other assistance than  
stiff shots of Brandy, ~~for the Governor~~  
not even named as an honored guest  
at the 50th anniversary of the battle, by  
a mobbish "Regular Army" in charge  
of the celebration, they marked the first  
Donut "Re-unions" of the Civil War (1861-65)  
old and imperverished, in "Disgrace";  
whereupon Dan Fickles rented the farm  
house, near the "Peach orchard" as head-  
quarters, ~~which were~~ shared by Mrs. Jeanes  
Long Street - also a voluntary "guest"  
of the "Committee" on arrangements.

For Congressman Fickles' "fall from grace"  
began, before the war, when he shot and  
killed the socially prominent son of Friend  
Deat Kay, man about town in Washington  
who had held rendezvous with Fickles  
Spanish-born wife in a <sup>little</sup> sordid house on  
K-Street. Not specially planned  
or prosecuted for killing the ~~blackguard~~ <sup>no account</sup>  
Kay, Gen. Fickles' "disgrace" ~~was in public~~  
estimation, was <sup>in</sup> forgiving his wife  
and restoring his home life. Mrs.  
Daniel Fickles died a few years thereafter.



I may add, that <sup>364</sup> as a one-legged general,  
Lyle saw no active service after  
decisive Gettysburg. A current super-  
stition in the war was that maimed  
generals were unlucky. One-legged  
Maj. Gen. Dick Cade ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> commended a  
Army Corps at Gettysburg, making a crucial  
turn on the July 3, 1861.

The destruction of the 5th Army Corps  
at Chancellerville, by Gen. St. Guenue -  
Hewell Jackson's tragic historic;  
Jackson losing his left arm in the melee,  
(and his life) in the melee. Perhaps  
if Jackson had survived amputation, &  
and resumed command, his "luck"  
might have failed ~~else~~ thereafter -  
who knows.

St. Gen. John Hood lost his leg at  
Chancellerville. He commanded at the  
Battle of Atlanta - and <sup>was</sup> defeated  
by a resolute citizenry (and the Army)  
who burned the city of Atlanta, instead  
of leaving it to the Parsonist General  
Sherman, <sup>to burn</sup> had risen en-masse, cutting  
the ~~enemy~~ <sup>Army</sup> ~~communal~~ supplies and  
ambushing the Army and its "bummers"  
on ~~at~~ every hand, a different story  
might have been told of "Marching  
through Georgia!" A second  
"Jingle Mountain," also attending to  
"Native Tories" - (Unionists) by drum-  
head court-martial, or not or right.

Gen. St. Guenue - one arm  
commended



As to 'Tories' elsewhere in the South,  
and in Western Virginia (1861) they  
also should have been exterminated  
early in the war - or driven North.

(Set the fields of rancor,  
Bleach the bones of many thousands")

My Mother's first cousin, the federal  
Congressman, Botts, of Culpeper County,  
is yet a favorite with Northern historians  
of the Civil War as a leading 'tory' of  
the South. Too old for military  
duty, yet an agent of disruption  
and should have been shot for error.  
Yet his full page picture, and his  
maison in Culpeper - spared by the  
Yankees - appears in the Photographic  
History of the Civil War. In the same  
volume (no. x) a full page picture  
of Colonel John Morby and his officers  
including my second cousin  
J. H. Norman V. Randolph appears.  
"House Divided", and Mrs. Mary  
Christman's "Civil War Diary" - indeed!  
not forgetting "Gone with the Wind".

As to General Pickens further "disgrace"  
black-balled by the Army "administration"  
vide 1913. For past the normal span,  
old and poor, denied "retirement" as  
a general not of the Regular Army,



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New York State gave in his case certain funds to be disbursed for the State Monument Commission. In the course of time, Dem. People's accounts were found short, in some degree, irretrievably lost, ~~therefore~~ ~~thereafter~~ to be provided by the Regular Army and New York Finances, (who only steal legally) as one to be shunned - for being found out.

When Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, whose principal business for ten years in Europe, was to manufacture, by treaty and diplomacy France into the war, ~~for the side~~ our side, and supplied with public funds. The outcome was excessive with France as ally on the sea and over here.

After his return home, and old, his attention was called to a shortage in book-keeping, perhaps ~~the~~ ~~ten~~ ground.

Franklin's Coal retort is classic:  
"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth  
Out the Corn."

His name Franklin revered and respected lives. His incomplete auto-biography is admirable, but did not reach the period of his life spent in Europe, during the American Revolution. If written, he probably would have dismissed



366

New York State gave in his case certain funds to be disbursed for the State Monument Commission. In the course of time, Dem. People's accounts were found 'short' in some degree, irretrievably lost, ~~therefore~~ <sup>hence</sup> therefore to be provided by the Regular Army and New York financiers (who only steal legally) as one to be shunned - for being found out.

When Ambassador Benjamin Franklin, whose principal business for ten years in Europe, was to manufacture, by treaty and diplomacy France into the war ~~for the~~ <sup>on</sup> our side, and supplied with public funds. The outcome was excessive with France as ally on the sea and over here.

After his return home, and old, his attention was called to a shortage in book-keeping, perhaps ~~ten~~ <sup>ten</sup> ground. Franklin's cool retort is classic:  
"Muzzle not the ox that treadeth  
out the corn."

His name Franklin revered and respected lives. His incomplete auto-biography is admirable, but did not reach the period of his life spent in Europe during the American Revolution. If written he probably would have dismissed certain incidents then, as previously in his life, as "errors".



367  
Thursday 12/17/59 - 3.30 AM -

I sent my soul through the invincible  
Long letter of the after life to Spell;  
And by and by my soul returned to me  
And whispered "They thyself art Heavely  
and Well!" - Ruben at.

Reported  
In my entry of Saturday, Dec. 12, I noted  
the day before conversing with Attorney  
R. F. Currence, in the Clerk's Office at the  
Courthouse, he appeared in unusually  
good health and cheer. For some years  
past I had noted - with disapproval - in  
his demeanor a certain impatience, even  
rudeness, at times, which I chose to think  
because of "incompetence" in me. This I  
resented, to the extent of writing him  
to employ any attorney he chose, though  
in "instructions" filed with Currence I had  
named him as preferred attorney. As a  
long-time paying client I did not under-  
stand such rudeness.

December 15, 2 pm he ~~was~~ seized (became  
ill on the golf course, and returning to his  
home, died on his own door-step age 49.

An expert "land lawyer," and Bank  
Attorney, noted for well prepared briefs  
in Chancery, and other legal papers, he  
unquestionably led a "Dignified" for many  
years in research and legal "Literature."  
Matters will be made later of the celebrated  
and important suit of Fitch Brothers of New  
York, dealers in metals, ~~ag~~ Versus Jander and  
Murray Price, et al., for recovery of twenty-  
three thousand Dollars (Vocalities Iron Company)  
Another story.



368  
Last evening at 4 PM. I cremated Dick  
Currence's body at the Mortuary and signed  
the Registrar's Ceremonially. The burial  
today at 2 PM. in the McNeil Plot at  
Cypress Hill, Price lot on Century Ridge.  
He resided in the Hamrick Mausoleum  
Hamilton Field. Industrious, he cultivated  
a large and excellent garden, as one of  
his exercise hobbies; also for beauty  
and utility. That his garden, even his  
house, encroached on the Confederate  
Cemetery reservation - was unfortunate.  
This error committed by the builders  
of the Hamrick Mausoleum and attached houses  
many years ago, but in my recollection,  
there were stones marking goldens graves  
on both sides of the old ~~terrace~~  
wall ~~spring~~ and Marlin Bottoms terrace.  
about one acre of second growth white  
fak - now well grown - had been  
allowed to spring up in the "Cemetery".

In 1943, at age 35, Dick Currence  
"joined the War" (Navy) as a Lt. Junior grade.  
That his action was voluntary, being at the  
time ~~an~~ an elected County official (attorney)  
and following "school" in navigation and  
seamanship put in command of a small  
freighter, or "beach boat" operating among  
the Islands of the Pacific Ocean.  
The usual "disturbances" of modern  
war in far places resulted. The  
service was honorable, in the highest



369  
degree, but ~~ordained~~ <sup>in a degree</sup>, as I  
can well understand from personal  
experience in the army of 1917. Military  
life is ~~boresome~~, at times dull, and may  
be tragic - even comic. - ~~St~~ Currence told  
me that at one time his ~~Be~~ beach boat  
was engaged in carrying bananas!  
- through in stormy and Japanese  
infested seas!

The navy, as well as the army, moves  
on its belly; so it is necessary to get  
there first with the most - bananas -  
or other foods.

Richard Forrest Currence, age 49 years,  
gentleman, soldier and scholar, his  
early death lamented -

We shall grieve, and, faith, we  
~~shall~~ <sup>will</sup> need it; -

Lie down for an hour or two,  
Till the Master of all Good Workmen  
shall put us to work anew  
- Kipling

Captain Jacob Marshall, -  
1<sup>st</sup> Cavalry, U.S. Army

Jacob Marshall and his brother Ezekiel  
at an early day came from Eastern  
Virginia and spent the remainder of  
their days at Mingo and Mingo Falls  
Randolph County.



Later, both were soldiers in the Southern Army, Jacob commanding a Company of Rangers, their efforts directed to holding Western Virginia against the Dominion of Kansas. Captain Marshall's Company of the 19th Cavalry. Captain Marshall was present with his command at Droop Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863; later in the Valley at Cedar Creek, receiving a chest wound from which he suffered all the remainder of his life, dying in 1896.

He married Elizabeth, daughter of Attorney Adam See, who in turn was son-in-law of Jacob Warwick. Price's Biography of Giles that Adam See was the largest land-owner that ever resided in Randolph County, much of it derived from Jacob's Warwick land.

Isaiah Marshall also owned a land on the Middle Mountain, Dry Branch road, where his son Clyde Marshall lately resided.

The sons of Mrs. Elizabeth Marshall died in early middle age, the Captain remaining a single until his death.

Their sons were Peyatt, Cecil, Ligon and Adam Marshall; daughters Mary and Elizabeth Nina, who married the brothers Ed Lam and Ed Holt.

Merchants late 19th Century at Marlinton and Hellsboro. Older citizens remember the beautiful and cultured Mary and Nina Marshall - Holt.



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All six children of Captain Marshall were schooled in Lewisburg, Hillsboro and Marlinton.

Lamuel and Edward Halt, brothers born in Putnam County, Kanawha Valley, well educated and merchants, having married the Marshall sisters, built department stores in Marlinton and Hillsboro about 1892. Both are remembered as gentlemen-merchants, prominent in Presbyterian Church work. Due to reverses in business in the fall of 1893, they and their families removed elsewhere. The store built in Marlinton only this year (1899) removed removed to make room for the new "Golden" Building, owned by Mrs Fannie Golden-Oberholt.

Cecil Marshall, epileptic from birth, nonetheless a student in Prof. Mark Byrds Academy, Marlinton, in 1894, with his brothers Ligon and Adam.

Cecil Marshall later married Miss Gay; lived and died on his ~~large~~ portion of land ~~at~~ Valley Mountain. Despite his affliction always a gentleman. Country landed gentleman, as befitted his ancestry. His death occurred about 1910.



342  
At this time (1905) Dr. was T. Cameron  
who lived on his ranch nearby on the  
Valley Mountain, had removed for  
the winter to Beechamway to school  
his two daughters.

Adam Marshall, youngest of the  
brothers, died of malignant typhoid  
fever, at his home, about 1899.  
He was a promising lad, well  
educated, who would have acquitted  
himself well as a Country gentleman,  
in business and politics.

Ligon Marshall graduated in  
Medicine in Baltimore, Maryland, in  
1896, and for a year or two set up  
practice in Marlinton. Not very successful  
in gaining practice, ~~as~~ being young and  
inexperienced and among "home folks"  
and relatives, he removed to the Valley  
at Dayton and Broadway, where he  
married and practiced rural medicine  
until his death in an automobile  
about 1930. A daughter survives.

Dr. Ligon Marshall is remembered  
as a handsome young man, and  
always a gentleman. Perhaps the life  
traditional life as a Country <sup>former</sup> gentleman  
and rancher would have better suited  
him as a life vacation, rather than  
the Practice of Rural Medicine.



372 373

I knew Cecil Marshall well, and as a relative of the Jacob ~~at~~ Warwick line sympathized with him. His Malady, at times, took the form of a "fixation" when numerous seizures continued for days, threatening death - from exhaustion. I recall a visit, horse-back, in the winter of 1905 to his home to attend him. Night approaching when I arrived at the Dry Branch of Elk, Harvey Doyle, (1872-1959) agreed to pilot me a "near way" or short-cut over the Mountains by the James Hedden ranch. In the forest and at night, even Harvey Doyle found difficulty on the trail, but we finally arrived late at night at the Marshall Home. The prolonged seizure of ~~42~~ <sup>41</sup> the Grand Mal had about worn away, and I returned to Martinsburg the next day. Cecil recovered, ~~at the time~~, living for several years thereafter.

I mention this as an incident of early ~~medical~~ practice of medicine, a ~~single horse~~ <sup>visit</sup>, more than fifty miles on horse, ~~328~~ <sup>328</sup> hours of a pro time - fee fifteen Dollars.



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Peyatt Marshall, the dominant brother, after the preliminary schooling and the death of Captain Marshall, married Mary Beatty, one of four beautiful and cultured sisters, and lived at the Marshall home. He Peyatt soon became Sheriff of Randolph County, early 20th Century, and the leading citizen of the Mingo Flats, in the heart of the English Colony, whose member of the best English life he had observed since his boyhood.

Sheriff Marshall developed fine executive ability, and added to the extensive Marshall lands. He was of fine appearance and personality, a leader in the community. I have been his guest, on one occasion called in professionally in some minor ailment of the children. When I, of course had occasion to observe and admire Mrs. Mary Marshall, for beauty and fine house-keeping and table service, as the happy mother of several children.

I will add that Peyatt and Mrs. Marshall were tenaciously loyal to their family physicians, Painsman as well, Dr. W. T. Camron. Long as he was available and able to treat them



374 375  
Aunt, Sheriff Marshall assisted me  
when called to attend an injured  
Man, Charles Beale, Moritts of Dry Brand,  
requiring amputation of the left thumb  
from an axe wound.

Sheriff Peyatt Marshalls ~~last~~  
death occurred, aged not ~~past~~ more  
than fifty years, recollecting the death of  
yester night R. F. Currance. Peyatt  
had sons who have become prominent  
in Professional Teaching careers, and  
his wife Arthur Lawsons estate  
"Duffys" added to the <sup>rapidly</sup> family lands.

~~Mrs~~ Mrs Mary Marshall lived  
intensely at the Marshall Place  
for more than thirty years following  
Peyatts death, dying in 1958.

The ancient homestead a ruin,  
a new house was built near by  
where she lived, with retainers, until  
the end; all her children removed  
elsewhere, but supplying her with  
every need; besides her own  
right of tenure in extensive lands.  
Only her sister, the remarkable Parthy  
Howard, survives of the George Beale  
family.

In ~~the~~ the Autumn of 1945, while  
returning from a call to the Moritts of



375 376  
Dry Branch (old Road) I chanced  
to meet Mrs Marshall, who was on  
foot returning from a visit to neighbors  
or tenants, perhaps. I ~~paused~~ I  
stopped my auto for a brief salutation,  
and regret I did not accept her  
polite invitation to enter her home,  
Near by - in my ~~hurry~~ <sup>hurry</sup> to  
"return to base" from a "long call"  
which formerly and on a horse would  
have required ~~forty~~ two days.

Mrs Marshall was correctly dressed,  
in some dark material, and of good  
appearance, but in my brief pause, I  
~~felt~~ thought the old ~~swatch~~ gone.

Thinking this over, as I journeyed  
home I wondered if ~~at~~ an almost  
monastic life for thirty years, where  
"only" picture and book remained,  
together with age, could have caused  
deterioration. (I then had not learned  
to observe beauty in the faces of  
the middle-aged and old.)

Later, I did intend to call on Mrs. Marshall  
at some time, and talk about the Beauty  
Sisters and her parents, but never did.

This I regret. Long after, within the  
past three years, I learned from Leg or Louie  
tenant on Marshall land, that "Mrs Marshall's  
mind was unbalanced" ~~but she died~~  
eventually at home, attended by her sons.



Friday - 12/18/89 377

3.30 A.M. - A gentle rain (winter)  
yesterday and this morning. Bridge and  
8th Street (2d and 3d Avenues) open for traffic  
if necessary -

It is but a tent where takes his morning Rest  
A Sultan to the Realm of Death addressed;  
The Sultan rises and the Dark Ferrash  
strikes, and prepares it for another guest.  
Visited the open grave in forenoon; no one  
in the Cemetery; T. Sumner McNeil sat.  
The tent of the Dark Ferrash over the grave -  
an excellent modern custom

"When walking among the graves of your  
fellows step carefully - Your own grave  
lies open at your feet"

— Arthur Birce

I noted, with concern, no vault had been  
provided - an oversight - as in Brother  
Calvin's grave - prevents unsightly rising of earth.

Returned to the office, the day spent  
pleasantly - ~~at~~ The new pavements opened  
for the funeral cortege - the first dead  
man to pass over -

Promptly at 2 p.m. I put on my "Trunk  
Coat" with insignia the 14th Divisions (1918)  
and repaired on foot to the Church. The  
house was filled but got my preferred  
seat, rear row.

A fine display of funeral exotic flowers,  
which I approve at funerals - and hang the  
expense - although the family had requested  
that "Flowers be omitted".  
When I entered the preacher ~~was~~  
(either Pierce or Pines) was intoning through his



378

Rose and without expression from the Word, followed by lengthy prayers — also without much grace. Educated, though young, Rev. Pierce (or Pinch) may learn if granted length of days. The music (no voices) low on the new <sup>pipe</sup> Krammer-Jackson Organ, excellent.

I admired the exterior, interior and location of the Presbyterian Church, on the site of the old building, near the bridge and on Main Street of Marlinton. I was a member of the Building Committee in 1915 — and contributed Five Hundred

Dollars — well spent. Elder Edward David King, (a veteran and a good man) the Contractor-builder — at a record low price Ten Thousand Dollars — Complete. (1915).

The Benediction pronounced — lifelessly — ~~and~~ the large assembly arose as if by one impulse and hurried from ~~the~~ the room, as though pursued by the very Demons of unrest. The Portege and Mourners also left with needless haste, entered Autos and took off at speed.

I also arose from my rear seat, on the left of entrance, but stood my ground, — among the last to leave.

"Come one, Come all, this rock shall fly  
From its firm base as soon as I."

— Rodent Dhu.

"Vaya Con Dios."



Wed - 11/18/99 256

Clear - 3 PM - Below freezing, end result of a  
"Montana" Blizzard. As usual,  
left in a fireless room, windows open to  
the north a bit cool for age. Road  
and bridge building being hampered  
by the freeze; delay in finishing due to  
unwise, ~~delay~~ faulty engineering.  
Mrs. Mary Vance McClutic -  
(1830-1910)

Named for her great-grandmother Mary  
Vance Warwick; Mary Vance McClutic,  
devout, a Presbyterian from a girl. Those  
hard to by example and discipline  
to train and educate a turbulent  
husband and five sons, all born  
in the period of the Great War (1861)  
all ~~are among~~ <sup>have joined</sup> the "innumerable host,"  
and within the Covenant of grace.  
In a quiet way, she was dominant in  
the family; a landed proprietor in her  
own right. One of the family enterprises  
the McClutic "grist" mill, processing  
wheat, corn and buck-wheat, powered  
by a "race" and "flume" turbine from  
Leavada Creek. The mill a successor  
of the Mrs. Phoebe McNeil Mills, written  
of by my father, and where he as a  
young boy carried "grists," horseback  
also, as a boy toted horseback, ~~or~~ <sup>on</sup>  
as a mule, many grists to the McClutic  
mill, and awaited my turn for service.



257  
Mr. Bell Hunt McClutchie, 1st husband of  
Crisin Mary, of the Bell County family,  
and veteran of the "Ball Spreaders", was  
Virginia Cavalry - a man of violent  
temper, on occasion he was subject  
to rages, approaching insanity in this  
violence; possibly a ~~retracting~~ <sup>retracting</sup> from  
~~the war~~ active service in war; a  
divergence from that of many Confederate  
Veterans, and all this remaining  
life were noted for piety.

It has been told that at times, Mr.  
Bell Hunt ~~had~~ had an aura of a  
temperamental "fit" or explosion,  
when he would warn his beloved  
wife to "go in the house" so that she  
would not be grieved by his violent  
language and actions. At such  
times he has been known to shoot  
down refractory horses, or cattle,  
and abandon their carcasses to the  
fox and the raven.

I believe such behavior was rare,  
and repented of and apologized for.  
As the Manager of a large landed  
estate, respected, even feared, by the  
Neighbors, as a man not to be  
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutchie is  
when on occasional visits to the  
farm to gather cherries, at Crisin  
Mary's invitations, and mindful



267  
Mr. Bell Hunt McClutchie, Jr. husband of  
Cousin Mary, of the Barry County family  
and veteran of the "Ball Spreaders", of the  
Virginia Cavalry. A man of violent  
temper, on occasion he was subject  
to rages, approaching insanity in this  
violence; possibly a ~~propagator~~ <sup>propagator</sup> from  
~~the war~~ active service in war; a  
divergence from that of many Confederate  
Veterans, also all their remaining  
life were noted for piety.

I have been told that, at times, Mr.  
Bell Hunt ~~had~~ had an aura of a  
temperamental "fit" or explosions,  
when he would warn his beloved  
wife to "go in the house" so that she  
would not be grieved by his violent  
language and actions. At such  
times he has been known to shoot  
down refractory horses, or cattle,  
and abandon his carcasses to the  
fox and the crows.

I believe such violence was rare,  
and regretted of and apologized for.  
As the Manager of a large landed  
estate, respected, even feared, by the  
neighbors, as a man not to be  
tampered with.

My recollection of Mr. McClutchie is  
when on occasional visits to the  
farm to gather cherries, at Cousin  
Mary's invitations, and mindful



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of our families needs. I stood in  
awe of my cousin's husband, because of  
his reputed violence; and on one  
occasion meeting him, horseback, on  
my farm, I thought he rather disapproved  
of an agile youth over-running his  
cherry trees. Derisively, his square  
expression was habitual, misinterpreted.  
At that time the region abounded  
~~both in sweet, cherry and black~~  
cherry trees, usually growing from  
seedlings in fence rows. This fine  
fruit tree, like the chestnut, almost  
extinct because of parasitic infections.

"We shall not admit that old stars  
and brighter planets arise;  
That the cere burs buds, and the  
desert blooms  
and the ancient well-head dries;  
Or ~~and~~ with newer compass, newer  
men adventure 'neath new skies'."

The Matthews family cemetery is on  
the hill at Mill Pond, where  
Cousin Mary Vane McClintic and her  
husband William Henry McClintic are  
buried.

Lockhart Matthews McClintic was  
educated as a Lawyer; spent his entire  
life in Pocahontas County; served as  
County attorney and member of the State



289  
Legislature, and successful as a  
practicing Attorney. By circumstances  
he was denied his Principal Political  
ambition to become Judge of the  
Circuit, mainly because the office was  
usually won by residents of the  
more populous Counties, Greenbrier  
and Monroe. My friend Frank  
B. Hill was defeated for Circuit Judge  
at a time when his election appeared  
to be assured, as has been related in  
his memoir. Only once has this  
well paid and honorable office been  
filled by a Pocahontas County native.  
Judge Sumner H. May, who yet lives  
a citizen of Marlinton, No. Meade City.  
Mrs "Jack" McClintic, Alice (or  
Ollie) one of seven beautiful Slaves  
sisters, notable in their day, head  
of Greenbrier at Bartow. She has  
recently died at the great age 94  
years, competent to the last.  
Mr. McClintic died in 1928, and is  
buried in the Marlinton Cemetery.  
Surviving children; John Hunter  
McClintic is a lawyer of Charleston and  
partner in the Lewis & Beaver Dam  
family estate together with Mrs Bettie  
McClintic.  
Captain John S. McClintic, a Comrade  
at the First Officers Training Camp, Fort  
Harris, May, 1914

It is recalled the beautiful Hallie Catterall - / Lincum  
is a niece of Mrs. Alice McClintic. She yet lives, married  
her second time, in North Carolina.



260  
Mrs J. H. McClintic the daughter of the late  
C. A. Dunsin, who came from Hagerstown  
Maryland, as is remembered as McKeyes  
of the Dunsin family. Her mother, the  
name a combination of Dunsin and  
Maryland. Mrs. McClintic, however, was  
crippled in ~~her~~ early middle life from  
the effects of anti-rabies vaccine  
administered. A house dog was  
pronounced rabid. For a time  
her life was despaired of, and she  
also became nearly blind. The  
danger of the vaccine is admitted,  
even in its present form, especially  
if given in the absence of wound  
or dog-bite. Rabies, usually  
in human life, occurs from the bite  
of animals, is a terrible and  
incalculably fatal infection; so the  
~~an~~ occasional risk of anaphylaxis  
must be endured.

Personally, I do not like house  
dogs; in this I agree with Bernard  
Shaw, who recommended a tiger,  
or especially a cheetah, to his friend  
Mrs. Patrick Campbell, as a companion  
in age. Bernard said he had  
tried the last - a cheetah.

The tragic death of young George  
McClintic, aged 8 years, commented -  
this occurred from falling from a horse  
and trampling while returning with



with companions from bathing in Knappa  
Creek, year ~~1898~~ 1896-  
Mrs. Mary McClintic - Hendy, twice  
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton  
for a good many years she was  
deputy-clerk of the County Court,  
and widely known to County people  
and in Clarksburg. Over a period of years, she has  
been collecting stamps, and has an  
extensive and valuable collection.

A strange mortality has prevailed  
in the Mattheos-McClintic family;  
now in the sixth generations of the  
Jacob Warwick line.

Miss Lockhart McClintic, only  
daughter and child of Mr. John Ware,  
and Mrs. Alice McClintic Moore  
who live on a portion of the Levay's  
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second  
year student at Wellesley College and  
is the only survivor in her  
generation of the McClintic  
family in Pocahontas County -  
elsewhere, as far as is known to me.  
Laura Lock McClintic, my relative  
and much older than I, sometimes



261  
with companions from Battling in Knapps  
Creek, year ~~1898~~ 1896-

Mrs. Mary McClintic - Hendy, twice  
married, and childless, lives in Marlinton  
for a good many years she was  
deputy-clerk of the County Court,  
and widely known to County people  
and in Charleston. Over a period of years, she has  
been collecting stamps, and has an  
extensive and valuable collection.

A strange mortality has ~~prevailed~~  
in the Mattheos-McClintic family,  
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who live on a portion of the Levayo  
estate. Miss Lockhart is a second  
year student at Wellesley College, and  
is the only survivor in her  
generations of the McClintic  
family in Pocahontas County -  
~~elsewhere, far as is known to me.~~  
Langer Lock McClintic, my relative  
and much older than I, sometimes  
differs violently on matters of public  
policy, after I gained a seat on the  
County Court but always courteous.



In his last years we were sympathetic  
relatives and friends.

Both Cousins "Lock" and "Wiz"  
were social drinkers, in their youth  
and manhood on occasion. Once  
I attended, by invitation, a banquet  
~~put forth~~ and drinking party  
given by the contractor Mr. Griffin  
for the stone work on the new Court  
house then in course of building,  
the year 1894.

Griffin and his nephew, the King  
brothers and Larry May, married  
for the winter in Marlinton because  
of Pocahontas County was in financial  
trouble, due to Sheriff Mayor  
Crump's arrogant shortage in the  
cash - and the depression of 1893 -

Brother Sam and Andrew were  
among the guests; also the Bar  
Associations of the County; Perhaps  
other of the "Court House Ring."

The meeting place Mr. C. A. Yeager  
Hotel, Mrs. Alice (Allie) Yeager  
Hostess. I was strangely out

of place, a youth of twenty years, who  
totally abstained from drinking  
and the mild gambling following.

I enjoyed the banquet, marvelled  
at the antics of some of the  
exhilarated guests, and left early!  
But that is another story.



I have referred <sup>263</sup> to differences of Public Policy with Cousin "W.B.". In the year 1916 I was a candidate for re-election to the County Court. The previous year had witnessed the gigantic effort to complete the concrete-steel bridge, replacing the wooden arch structure, one of the State of Virginia "internal improvements" - bonded - at the strategic fording junction of three Turnpike Roads - also bonded internal improvements.

I may her state, forcibly, that a healthy remembrance of "The Internal Improvement Bonds", antedating the Civil war of 1860, largely kept the Mother State of Virginia on a "pay-as-you-go" Policy to this day, an example that could well have been followed in the year 1920, and for the forty years just past, in the matter of building roads, bridges and public co-educational schools and colleges, - especially "Turnpike".

W 1916, ~~Woodrow~~ Wilson



Thursday 11/19/59 264

3:30 am - a record record-breaking freeze (Nov. 13, 1911-16+) Last night reported in Charleston, 10+. The year 1911 remembered as a "Dry year." Pouring Cement stopped, for a time, the W. & A. Clear, no snow, as yet.

In 1916 a beginning had been made hard surface, the <sup>road</sup> ~~road~~ south of town, far as the Kee Flats; where the road to Swago leaves the Pike, to again join at Buckeye, the distance being about equal. It was known that I favored the old route, Mr. Withrow McClutic strongly in favor of the new. He argued for the new location; also discussed the matter, with some heat, with me personally. (In Parenthesis, I will add, in 1926 the Swago road prevailed, at present part of 219. I still think its status should be that of a secondary road.)

Because of this, and other matters, "W" opposed me actively, both for re-nominations and in the primary, and general election, heretofore mentioned; going so far as to have a pamphlet printed (signed); among other crimes, stating I had written against President Wilson's famous "preparedness" address of the previous year, therefore high treason. A vulnerable point in my record on the commission, and its claimant, was



265  
we had, illegally, run the Bridge  
Livy ~~into~~ in advance one year, 1915,  
in order to raise the gigantic sum  
of \$17,500 to complete the Greubier  
River Bridge, at Martinsburg, a project  
especially promoted by me. Had the  
question been raised at that time, the  
entire Board could, probably, have  
removed from office, as exceeding its  
authority in its ambitious attempts  
to build Bridges.

Mr. Jacob Carey, of Huntersville, was  
my opponent in the Primary election.  
Jake Carey had come to Pocahontas  
from Hagerstown, therefore an outlander.  
His upbringing as a Catholic not  
favored by some, at that time "day  
and time", as the saying goes. But  
I won the nomination in the May primary, 1916.  
Jacob Carey was an able woods  
foreman, who about the year 1924  
met death by violence, while foreman  
for the Wilson Lumber Company, in Letcher  
County, Kentucky; it is supposed  
in some labor trouble, his death  
being made to appear an "accident"  
on a logging railway. He was  
a good man.

In the general election (Presidential  
and hotly contested) the County cast  
a total of 3255 votes; my total  
1655. Mr. ~~Carey~~ 1600, my luck holding  
as I still commanded a good part of



266  
the "Northern" vote. The mill men  
bucking to some extent my ambitious  
Road and Bridge Building.  
Like Cresser, I was said to be "ambitious",  
dominating the Commission, in one  
particular retaining the Chairmanship,  
or "President of the Board" the entire  
term of six years, 1910-1916 inclusive.  
As stated, at length, heretofore I  
had discovered the rare faculty of  
concentrating on a subject for hours  
without fatigue; also, in developing  
well laid plans - knowing your own  
mind -; refusing to wander "on the  
plains of indecision," and thus prevail.  
Such political Philosophy, when put  
in effect, necessarily is not popular  
in public life.  
President Woodrow Wilson nearly  
beaten for re-election; so close, in fact,  
Charles Evans Hughes was declared the  
winner on early returns; to be  
upset by the California vote, when  
officially counted; that state supposed  
to be Republican in sentiment.  
The leading Republican at the time  
in California a "son of the wild  
beast" named Hiram Johnson,  
live unto today, Judge Earl Warren.  
Senator Hiram Johnson was aggrieved by  
your forced sight but on him



267  
by an admirable Hughes in the  
Campaign, and retaliated; and  
Wilson was re-elected by the skin  
of his teeth!

By 1916, the World War in Europe had  
settled down to High explosives, trenches,  
Poison gas, & Cilia. America was  
prospering, lending money and selling  
"Munitions of War" to the "Allies",  
with Wilson's secret approval.  
Nevertheless, his Slogan, "He kept  
us out of war," and "Preparedness"  
was popular with the ignorant, the  
and the thoughtless, to some extent.

A somnolent War Department  
awoke and began recruiting, especially  
the Medical Reserve Corps; & and  
many others being invited to join up  
by a form letter from the Surgeon  
General. Never a "Pacifist," and  
open to reason on President Wilson's  
"Preparedness" platform, I journeyed  
to Washington, was examined by Lt. Col.  
McIntosh, M.C., in the Medical  
Library, and duly recommended for  
a Commission as 1<sup>st</sup> Lt. Med. R. M. R. C.  
~~Being duly~~ signed by the Commander  
in Chief of the Army, <sup>following date</sup> Aug. 22, 1916.

This Commission carried me, along



268  
with Woodrow W. Wilson, into active  
duty, when war was declared  
by the Congress, April 6, 1914. being  
called "to the colors" the following  
~~May~~ by telegram, the May 25, 1914.

Woodrow William Wilson

To his intimates, "Bill" Wilson, a life-  
long Ivy League Man, a civilian,  
called from his Ivory tower to be  
Governor of New Jersey, going on to  
be President of the United States.  
A student of history, unable to  
learn from the past, through the  
author of books, entranced by  
ideals of "a League of Nations",  
and confronted with a disagreeable  
"war to end wars"! By virtue of  
his high office, Commander in  
Chief of the "forces"!

His equally naive Secretary of war  
General Newton David Baker, "Newt" to  
his intimates and the Army and Navy;  
in no degree measuring up to his  
~~the~~ responsibilities, fulfilling in  
his high office the description of  
in "the Book of Job" of  
"a servant whom the Lord requited with  
confusion to the end."



269  
A "Good Man" educated, Literate,  
Bill Wilson did not measure up to  
the new the Greek, of being a "great"  
President. His long, rainy death,  
caused by "paralysis", in late middle  
age, that of a man "Cursed ~~by~~  
his Maker" obstinately holding on  
from a sick bed to his high office.  
He did much that was well in  
his reign, - lacked understanding.

A Wilsonian cult of Politicians,  
and others, at one time attempted  
to build him up as a mythological  
strong man, describing his manner  
of death as being a "War Casualty".  
If true, it was because of inability  
to meet, and enjoy, responsibility,  
and "rejoice as a strong man to run  
a race;" and under the blessing of  
the almighty granted long life.  
Wilson had no luck.

In the Book of Kings, Israel had far  
more rulers that "Did evil" than the  
few recorded as "wise and did  
good" during this period. ~~Did~~ That  
which was right in the sight of the  
almighty. We all are taught to seek  
after wisdom, and meditate upon it,  
both day and night.



270  
The excellent Mrs. W. W. Wilson, dying  
in the White House; she was sincerely  
mourned by her husband. She left  
in his care three marriageable daughters,  
highly "educated" and "uncertain" age.  
All three soon married, usually as  
"plural wives," ~~as to eligible~~ "contracts"  
while residing in the "White House".

Mr. Wilson, still President and in  
his second term, highly "eligible"  
a frequenter of State Society and the  
Presbyterian Church, had time to cast  
an appraising eye on the ladies.

If time permits, at age 85, I shall  
write a book - at the least a chapter  
on the implications of spiritually of  
true "Marriage"; the true union  
of souls - as well as bodies.  
Pure and faithful, enduring "in  
the air", not "until death does us  
part," - as falsely incorporated in  
the usual "religious ceremony" is  
favored by Hollywood ~~characters~~  
and ~~also~~ the pampered "Rich".

The subject is intriguing, and of  
endless imaginings and intuitions.

There is no record that King  
David or even his son King Solomon  
had more than one true, virginial wife.



27  
Although the strange customs of the  
East permitted these wise Rulers to  
have many Morganatic wives and  
Concubines; and many sons and  
daughters born in their palaces; all  
"Vandy and vexations of spirit," as  
the poet truly wrote.

As Trader Horn remarked to his  
guest writer, or apothecary, a bit of humor  
must be added to any memory:

I quote:  
Solomon and David led merry,  
Merry lives;  
Had many Concubines and many  
Many wives; (Morganatic?)  
But when old age came creeping on  
With its many, many grinders,  
Solomon wrote the Proverbs,  
And David wrote the Psalms."

On the other hand President Wilson  
had no "wisdom, or knowledge," of  
the demands on a legally "Married"  
Husband by a Modern American  
wife. In addition to being chinically  
over-fed at home and in hotels,  
he is carried to "dinners," Church  
or state; forced to wear "store  
teeth," a long, uncomfortable clothes,  
and endless, increasing "nagging"  
as the helpless "subject" grows older.



272

Denied the repose of a "Nursing home" or "Poor House" because of his "Position in Society," and freedom from nagging, there is nothing left but death!

Enough. The subject will be expanded in a forth-coming book, unique in its field.

Briefly, President Bill Wilson was caught almost at the first cast of the hook, by the attractive, ~~childless~~ widow Edith Ballenger, thus securing for a time, her name in history, of the distinguished Princess Pocahontas descent, a talisman of oodles! Besides, she had wealth, her deceased former husband a predatory Washington Jeweler! She never bore children, therefore unfortunate; though "armed and equipped for the same."

She "went along" to the Versailles Peace Conference. There is documented evidence she had ~~her husband~~ at no end of club dinners, as well as state functions, while Wilson's associates Clemenceau and Lloyd George "Marked the Cards" and formed an unholy alliance to double cross and have ~~Bill~~ Bill Wilson lose our Collection National Trust at the sessions that followed.



Friday 11/20/59 273

<sup>4 AM</sup>  
a frosty night, rising temperatures. Concrete  
work resumed on street, bedded with straw-  
coats? The late "frost" favorable for the  
Persimmon - a fine fruit - if eaten ripe,  
and judiciously. I esteem it a special  
"Providence" to have grown a fine tree  
in Preakness County, where it is rare.  
Eaten as food, slightly laxative and  
diuretic.

~~Drunk with light~~  
"If ~~we~~ <sup>we</sup> ~~lose~~ <sup>lose</sup> of Power we loose  
vain ~~things~~ <sup>things</sup> that have not been in awe;  
such boasts as the Gentile use,  
or ~~and~~ lesser Breeds, without the Law -  
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet  
Lest we forget. Lest we forget.

In Europe, President Wilson, flattered  
~~Crowned~~ <sup>Crowned</sup> with "World Leadership";  
His notions and utterances hailed as  
little more of inspiration; befuddled  
with an impractical "League of  
Nations"; forerunner of "United Nations";  
Also unworkable - as yet - in an  
Earth planet whose peoples and  
races are, for the most part, "Ruled  
by Servants."

Returning, with Mrs. Edith Bolling  
Wilson, the President disconcerted by  
finding the Nation largely not  
interested in his Messianic Motions;  
and the Senate refusing to ratify  
his top-heavy Peace Treaty, along  
with the League of Nations; a  
leading opponent Senator (War of Missaduth).



274  
Followed Dr. Woodrow William Wilson  
"Sales talk" for a League of Nations,  
a dismal failure; his stroke, Paralysis,  
ruined as a "war casualty" by the Wilson cult,  
and early death; but plainly due to bad  
diet, and ~~lack~~ proper exercise with the ax, the  
shovel and the hoe, "in the sweat of his  
brow"; his only known "exercise" and  
occasional round of "Diabetic" Golf, as  
stated ~~diagnosed~~ by Henry L. Manker  
in Mercury Magazine.

Unless the Lord keep the house, they  
Labor in vain that build it; Unless  
My Lord keep the City, the Watchman  
watcheth in vain - (Isaiah)

It is not my purpose to write of Recent  
American History, notably the reigns  
of the False Prophets Harding,  
Coolidge and Lord Robert Hoover,  
in the Roaring Twenties and  
early Thirties of the Century.  
Fare! and Farewell!

Dr Frank I. McClintic -  
Year 1884, a recent graduate in Medicine  
Dr McClintic came, from Bath County,  
Virginia, locating at Edray. Of  
excellent training and habits; Personable.  
The young doctor ambitious and  
eager that the young Doctor was  
successful. A fine horseman,



And always well mounted, he used riding horses exclusively in his for-pleasing practice. ~~The Doctor~~

Doctor McClinton, and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Warwick Fegor were married, ~~and soon thereafter~~ second daughters of Cousin Lallie Fegor, at Clover Lick, were married; soon thereafter moving to Hillsboro, where a fine ~~residence~~ house was built about 1891; this house a frame structure, <sup>still</sup> excellent repair, owned and occupied (1959) by Mr. Fenton Chapman, retired R.R. Engineer aged 84 years. ~~for~~ The three Chapman brothers, <sup>Frank, Fenton and George</sup> ~~came from Ireland~~, when about grown, locating in Marlinton year 1888; and for ~~at~~ time the three young bachelors winter of that year the three young bachelors occupied the "Tall House" as quarters.

Here I will write something of the brothers, Frank, Fenton and George. I have a vivid remembrance when they wintered "at the Tall House"; I, at least of ~~former~~ thirteen years, at times visited them and sat before the fireplace, indifferently "stoked" with green wood; recalling the efforts of the Irish boys, and their



present conversations with Mr. Fentons. We did not appear  
to have remembered of the "hard winter" at all. These  
1888-89. I knew of his youth in Ireland prepared.

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unaccustomed to Frontier life, even in  
the matter of open wood fires. Of  
the higher class "Irish immigrants",  
educated; it was evident they were  
not well supplied with money; had  
come a considerable way to better their  
~~fortune~~ as a youth with about three  
years experience on the "Frontier";  
I could appreciate the Irishman's  
predicament, and a sympathetic  
of service of their early struggle to  
"Survive". They were "Norths of  
Ireland" folk, therefore Protestants.  
Their presence on our frontier,  
rather than in ~~the~~ large centres,  
they have been due to the English-  
Irish settlement of "Penitence Men",  
but not of the colony, being "landless".  
Following their "hard winter" in  
the tall house, the Chapmans got  
employment in the Levels as farm  
workers, at the prevailing wage  
fifteen Dollars a month (or less)  
and board. For a time Fentons  
worked for Mr. W. J. McNeil.  
All three survive, at a great age,  
Frank and George in Missouri;  
have kept in touch, and successful.  
Vaya Con Dios. Friends of my youth.



Sat-11/21/59

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3.30 AM - 7 PM - 3 AM - Before an  
a mild night, though frosty. Left  
Rested well - 7 PM - 3 AM - Before an  
Open Window. An item in the "Journal"  
(local paper) says "Dr. Norman Price  
because of legionary, and connections of  
the Rich family in the history of three  
bridges, invited to drive his car, the first  
over the bridge, when opened for use.  
"one more River to Cross; "Roll, Jordan, Roll;"

Of late, I have been impressed with  
the possibility of sentient life of the  
spirit and reunion of souls, "in the  
air". Not a nebulous and far-off  
"Heaven or Hell". A reading of  
Hans Anderson story, "The Little  
Mermaid," inspirational. It may  
be "Guardian Angels, yet that excede  
in strength; that do His Commandments".  
Explanatory of John Burroughs  
Verses: "What

Lerene, I fold my hands and wait;  
What is my own will come to me."

And again - <sup>could</sup>  
What if the soul ~~could~~ cast the dust aside,  
and naked on the air of Heaven, Ride;  
were it not a Name <sup>to</sup> abide!  
In this clay carcass <sup>to</sup> abide!

My first meeting Dr. Frank T. McMillan,  
whom he was called to attend Brother  
James, Autumn 1885, shortly after we  
reached this frontier, he having been



278  
been kicked in the face by Uncle  
Andrew McFarlane's favorite Riding  
Mule, ~~Don~~ Mule, named "John";  
knocked out, his nose broken.

This occurred a Sunday evening,  
visiting, and driving in the stock ~~from~~  
~~the range~~. Fortunately, he was  
struck at extreme <sup>kicking</sup> range, while erect;  
otherwise the "John's" accurate ~~blow~~ kick  
may well have been fatal.

Dr. McClintic was James was brought  
home, and Dr. McClintic summoned,  
from Edray, by messenger, who rode  
the mule ~~to~~ John at top speed.

I have a vivid remembrance of ~~at~~ all  
it squarely between the eyes, his nose  
broken, the victim carried a noticeable  
depression and slight deformity of the  
nose through life.

Dr. McClintic had a wide practice  
in the Little Belts District, until he  
abruptly quit medical and surgical  
work to go into real estate and  
lumber, in which he was highly successful  
removing to Marlinton and building a fine  
brick mansion, about the year 1907.  
The largest stockholder and President  
the First National Bank until his death  
which occurred in 1930, due to a  
"Coronary occlusion," at age seventy.  
Early interested in the new autos,



The Doctor operated one of the first cars in Marlinton, and also invested in a large ~~gas~~ Public garage business. Twice this car mixed up in accidents with resulting injuries; first to a "Jay-Walker" named ~~Buck~~ Jesse Buckshannon, the ~~which~~ I witnessed on the street in Marlinton that I witnessed from my office windows. The car moving slowly, the aged Mr. B. heedlessly crossing the street, the victim touched the left front fender with his right hand, then gently fell down, or was pushed down, the front wheel ~~etc~~ of the light car rolled slowly over his prostrate body, and came to rest.

Buckshannon ~~ruined~~ "complained", was taken to the hospital; an inguinal hernia found, (which probably existed before the accident) and the wealthy Buckshannon sued for damages - auto insurance not yet evolved.

The aging Attorney Charles Curry, former "strong man" of Rockinghams County, was employed by the Buckshannons, and came from Stanzas to prosecute with his famed oratory, somewhat creaked by age. Lawyer Curry proclaimed in his address to the jury Dr. McClintock had heedlessly and recklessly charged down the street - thus a ~~lost~~ Madam Highway, at speed of twenty-five miles or more, which was



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refuted by eye-witnesses — myself and  
others — Mr. Buckham, after all  
the fuss and hurry of a circuit court trial  
was settled with a payment of a  
few hundred; and no more than offered  
up for trial to cover expenses.

On another ~~the~~ other ~~the~~ week, the  
collision with a car driven by Miss  
Anna Wallace at the Lehigh Road  
junction with No. 219, and in which  
Miss Cora Cloonan suffered a compound  
fracture of ~~the~~ leg. This appeared to  
be a case of negligence, and unavowedly  
by all involved. Miss Cloonan  
a passenger in the Wallace Ford car.  
a "Convertible" Model 7.

Cousin Lizzie McClintic's four  
beautiful daughters, Genevieve,  
Lucille, Merle and Elise, all  
born while the family lived in  
Hillsboro. All four were sent to  
finishing schools for young ladies.  
In later life, only Miss Merle chose  
not to marry; and the four sisters —  
Genevieve and Lucille widowed —  
live in Savannah, Georgia.

As stated heretofore, the notable  
Mrs. Janice Baldwin - Skyles ~~is~~  
resided in Savannah at her death,  
and was a friend of Mrs. Lucille  
McClintic while.

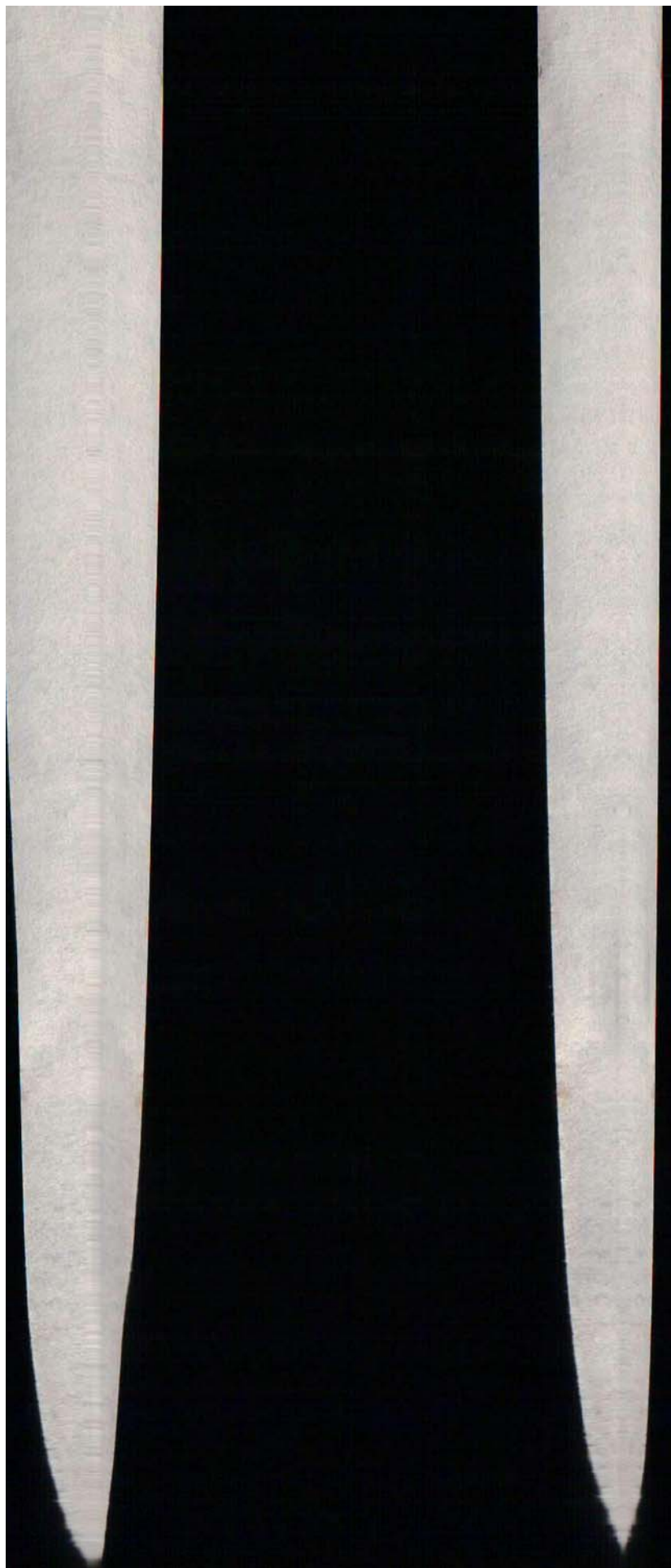


281  
Dr. McIntire once told me that the  
only "Real money" he had ever  
made as a Rural Physician in our  
County, about the year 1896, when  
an epidemic of smallpox occurred  
in the Logging Camp of Captain  
Daniel O. Cornell, then cutting  
the virgin white pine timber in the  
Burr Valley and adjacent Beaver  
Lick Mountain, and "splashed"  
down Laurel Route & Greendrier River.  
At that time smallpox was greatly  
feared, and when cases appeared  
a general quarantine was proclaimed  
by the County Court, as late as  
~~1914~~ 1914, all three Commissioners  
drove a livery rig to Slate Fork  
on Elk River to "quarantine" small-  
pox cases in a Logging Camp.

The disease in a modified form,  
then referred to as "Varioloid" and  
not "Confluent Variola".

In the year 1896, universal vaccination  
was in order, and, although I personally  
vaccinated ~~in~~ at one year I  
suffered a thorough inoculation.  
An athletic youth, I was surprised  
by the febrile symptoms, "night  
sweats" and malaise I suffered  
as a result of a simple sore on my back!







282  
The results ~~was~~ was thorough,  
because when routinely vaccinated  
on entering the Army, in 1917, it did  
not "take".

In 1896 the County Court proclaimed  
an embargo, stationed & guarded on Drop  
Mountain prohibiting travel, cases  
of smallpox <sup>measles</sup> discovered in Greenbrier  
County. But cases broke out in  
Den. O. Cermels Camp on Laurel Run.

About fifty in number; the ~~cases~~  
were forbidden to leave Camp, and  
work largely suspended. The  
job was prosperous, and the  
Doctor riding perhaps ten miles  
or even spending days in Camp,  
together in Camp.

Every general practitioner of  
medicine is familiar with general  
alarm in the presence of epidemic  
disease and the "cold Plague" of  
the pioneers, as builders of practice.

Smallpox at the Camp was not  
universal, and no deaths occurred  
far as is known.

Thirty years after the White pine  
was logged, the hard woods were  
cut by Mr. Dennis's Mill at  
Dennis.

This interesting region of Laurel



283  
Run and Beaver Fork Mountain,  
is, in part, abounding in Deer, ~~hated~~  
wild turkey, and lesser fauna,  
including the Poisonous ~~adder~~ timber  
rattlesnake; it, in part, comprises  
the "Carl Price State Park," of about  
ten thousand acres; a reflected  
honor to the Price family, of the Jacob  
Warwick Line.

Mrs. Elizabeth Legon - McClutic  
death occurred in 1912, after following  
a lingering heart failure; quietly  
at her home in Marlinton  
patiently and quietly borne. She  
was buried in the Warwick family  
Cemetery on the elevated plateau  
or terru-plain, at Clover Lick,  
where her grandmother, twice  
removed, Mary Vance Warwick  
lies in ~~her~~ grave, yet unmarked.

The McClutic family are  
Episcopalians; the Chapel in Marlinton  
of that denomination the work  
of their hands.

Dr. Frank J. McClutic, real estate  
Dealer, Bank President, Capitalist,  
suffered severe financial loss in the  
"Debacle of 1929, and after, when  
the first National Bank in Marlinton  
along with the other County banks,  
Five in Number also were "Re-organized."



Lindsey - 11/22/59 284  
Lay abed Ten hours,  
died and forty. The previous day,  
rising at 5 a.m. "Alert" 16 hours of 24. November 21, 1959  
Brother James' day of birth (1868) - his  
age 91 years; died May 7, 1946 - Kaya  
Cora Dies. Brother Calvin born Nov. 28,  
1880; died June 15, 1957. Jean Kinsey Price  
November 23, 1880; died March 10, 1928. all  
"Purged of Pride", ~~have~~ their spirits,  
have joined other elect spirits, "in  
the air" - Kaya Cora Dies.

As a result of the Bank "shake-down",  
the Banks of Durbin and Hillsboro,  
were with their remaining assets, were  
absorbed by Brother James' Prices Bank  
of Marlinton; and the Farmers and  
Merchants, Judge S. H. Sharp, President  
removed to Frenchlin, Pendleton County,  
where a local Bank had also "folded".  
The words "Bank Holiday", then  
coined - of bitter memory - financially  
speaking.

Dr. McClutic continued as President  
of the First National Bank in Marlinton  
until his death, which followed a  
short illness (Coronary occlusion)  
in the year 1933 aged seventy.  
Frank McClutic won his "Bachelor's  
Night Cup" ~~thirty~~ years following the  
death of his beloved wife Lizzy  
W. Lyon. His body buried in the Warrier  
Cemetery at Clover Lick. Kaya Cora Dies.



Monday - 11/23/59 285

4 AM

Sam Kinsey's Birth-day, Nov. 23, 1880 - 89  
(79). Rectory, Faglar County, Virginia.  
Yesterday, climbed Persimmon tree, and  
gathered a large quantity, frozen fruit, -  
Nature's own "Deep Freeze". In the  
afternoon walked in the forest and  
meadow. Found all in excellent  
shape for winter; the meadow sod  
heavy; the forest, "as an oak tree, whose  
substance is within them when they  
have shed their leaves." - Locally, in  
Sunday morning frosty; the day  
mild, sunny.

There is virtue in retaining ancestral  
Land - and luck. "Grow trees  
and live long," a true adage.

Happy the man whose thought and  
a few ancestral acres bound;  
Content to breathe his native air  
On his own ground.

His trees in summer give him shade;  
In winter, fire. - Alexander Pope.

The Burgess Family in Pocahontas.  
Dr. W. T. Price's County History has an account  
of the Burgess clan in New York,  
Virginia, and our County, Pocahontas.  
John Burgess, Sr., veteran of the  
Revolution, and an artilleryman at  
the decisive battle, Saratogo, 1777,  
removing from York State after the



was.  
286  
Revolution, settled near Harrisonburg.  
His son John Burgess, Jr. came  
to the Levels and founded the local  
branch of the family. <sup>Supplementary</sup>  
Additional members of this interesting  
group were set down.  
John Burgess, Jr. was a skillful  
builder and worker in wood and iron.  
Some specimens of his work remain;  
notably the Sherman Clark House and  
the Jordan barn, near Hillsboro.  
In later life he removed to the Grace  
flat, head of Levago, where he lived  
and lies buried, atop a high  
knoll, viewed from the head of  
Beaver Dam Creek vicinity. A  
love of ancestral land is marked  
in his descendants, though never  
large land holders, or wealthy.  
Their habitations on the high ranges  
of the Williams River and on Laurel  
Creek.

The name Burgess is Irish.  
~~of Irish descent.~~ Far removed from  
educational advantages, their families  
usually large, the descendants of John  
Burgess sometimes lived in huts and  
hives with near "earthly" floors,  
such as are described in Carlyle's  
"Latter Descendants" as typical of bog-  
dwelling Irish families, or Thomas  
Irish Immigrant near Concord, Mass.  
once, when visiting the family of Mrs.



Hammah ~~Daley~~ Burgess - Daley, near  
 in the Maroon Chapel vicinity, I approached  
 the house walking on planks laid on  
 muddy ground, and continued in the  
 house on planks on the bare ground  
 as a "fleeing". The time of the year  
 was late ~~spring~~, the family however  
 spent the winter under such conditions.  
 Nevertheless, the average intelligence  
 of the Burgess's was high; some of its  
 members thinkers and researchers after  
 truth. In recent years with  
 economic and educational opportunity  
 remarkable progress has been made  
 by some, particularly in the Kines  
 branch of the family.

Of an ancient heritage, if not  
 "born on Irish soil," most have been  
 dependable citizens; hard workers,  
 honest; ~~warriors~~ ~~men of war~~; The women  
 pure, the men faithful.

James Burgess, who has recently  
 died aged 84 at his home at Laurel  
 Creek, head of Stony Creek, all his long  
 life a reader and thinker, but not  
 content with his lot. His wife ~~the~~  
 Mattie Barlow, only child of John Wesley  
 Barlow, ~~the~~ Veteran Civil War, 1861, and  
 Mattie Barlow - Burgess a strong minded  
 woman in her own right and a hard  
 worker, who reared a family of twelve

Mother Margaret Moore - Barlow



"on her own ground." and still lives  
 past eighty years. Her life has, at  
 times, been stormy, but marked by a  
 spirit of independence and courage,  
 truly admirable. ~~Not very~~ Quite  
 recently on a casual meeting in the  
 street, Mrs. Burgess remarked, ~~that~~ in  
 April, she had no patience with Dolores,  
 and enjoined me not to become "Doty" -!  
 In Church "Class", James Burgess has  
 been known to arise and with eloquence  
 and at length declaim, gathering from  
 memory the Psalms, and Isaiah.

A year or two before his death, Jim  
 Burgess called at my office for treatment  
 of a face wound. The day before  
 he was struck on the cheek by a rock,  
 accurately thrown, and with malice,  
 by a daughter-in-law. Mr. Burgess  
 told me he had come, also, to "swear  
 out a Warrant" for the woman.

After dressing his wound, which I did  
 complimentary as a service to an old  
 friend. We discussed the emergency,  
 and kindred topics. I reminded  
 Brother Burgess, that as an aged  
 believer and in charity when "struck on  
 one cheek, turn the other also," to which  
 he assented.

~~After~~ In conversation I quoted the  
 opening line of Cowper's Hymn,



"God moves in a mysterious way his  
Wonders to perform."  
To my surprise, James Burgess took  
up the verse and repeated the whole  
poem.

I also reminded friend James that  
"the female of the species ~~was~~ more  
deadly than the male," and should  
be down with to the death, if necessary.

No "warrant" was applied for, and  
James Burgess returned to his home.  
He made excellent recovery from his  
facial wound.

Following his death, which occurred in  
1948, his step-son Clarence Barlow,  
remarked to me he "Reckoned James  
Burgess was at East Content" "  
He had a good heart, and is of the  
Covenant of grace. ~~Vaya Cor Dios~~

Clarence Barlow, "natural" son of Mrs.  
Matthe Burgess, born before her marriage  
to friend James Burgess, is a skilled  
and useful blacksmith, his shop near  
my residence Junction 219 and Old  
Jericho Road. A Veteran of 1914  
Veterinary Corps, whose principal ~~area~~  
duty during his Army "Witch" was  
shoeing Army mules - sufficiently  
hazardous. Now in his 64th  
year he enjoys a pension awarded  
by a grateful Country's Government.



Mention must be made of the remarkable  
 Hannah Burgess-Dolan-Coleyne,  
 younger sister of James, and who has also  
 recently died aged 77 years.  
 In her blooming youth well remembered  
 by me as a vigorous, hustling,  
 talkative Irish-American lass, resident  
 of the Beaver Dam, head of Williams  
 River.

Growing up <sup>under</sup> true pioneering  
 conditions in the then "Wilderness"  
 of the Williams River, Hannah Burgess  
 had many adventures, and I have  
 heard, in my youth, stories repeated  
 of her boldness and courage  
 in repelling successfully, unscrupulous  
 males whose intentions may have  
 been something less than honorable  
 as regards the female.

However <sup>she</sup> fell in love, fate being  
 unkind, she bore a "natural" son,  
 christened with his father's name,  
 and who ~~was~~ was when a young man enlisted  
 in the army, and slain in the war.  
 His G.I. insurance named Hannah his  
 mother Beneficiary; Hannah at ~~the~~ the  
 time the wife of George Dolan and  
 the mother of a family of ~~eight~~ nine  
<sup>sons</sup> ~~and daughters~~. Needless to say the monthly  
 payments over a period of twenty years  
 appreciated.



291

George Dolan, Irish, woodsman and  
logger on River Drives, a powerful  
man, who worked, when work was  
available in the Camps; a dutiful family  
man, turning over his earnings to Mrs  
Burgess regularly; usually in a good  
humor, faithful and no drinkard.  
George came to Rochester in the early & late  
19th Century from Pennsylvania older  
than his wife; passing his days for all  
most part in the lumber Camps. His life  
was obscure, dying in 1920, he has  
passed from history.

Mr. Burgess once exhibited to  
me "two lovely black eyes," which she  
explained had been given her by  
George Dolan as discipline during  
an argument or difference of opinion.  
She did not appear resentful;  
only slightly grieved about the  
occurrence; reared in a parson  
school.

I was quite frequently called to her home  
to attend the children in minor sickness,  
but rarely, if ever, to prescribe for their  
mother, apparently never ill. All her  
children born without attendance, other  
than the "old women."

Always valuable, Hannah loved to  
talk, but never vulgar or profane,  
and usually with a solemn face.  
Particularly when advanced in years.



a skilled horse-woman from youth. She  
~~left~~ always riding astride. She knew  
horse flesh and appeared well in the saddle,  
erect and apt at speed. Mrs. Dolan  
once confided to me she "had no patience"  
with complaining women; for herself  
never a pain in the side, back, or even  
headache; a truly remarkable record.  
Horse-riding, child bearing and hard  
work had done her no injury, she claimed.  
Her new wealth, formerly money, from  
her first-born son, slain in the war, made  
no difference in Mrs. Dolan's manner of life,  
except that she bought a small farm  
and log cabin on a side road in the  
woods near Marion Chapel, and ceased  
to live a nomadic life as a tenant on  
leased ground. A "high standard" of  
living, in tenement and dress, did not  
appeal to Mrs. Dolan. Her spent her  
money for that which is breed. True,  
she opened a bank account, and though  
not literate, invariably tendered a  
check for goods and services. Not  
skilled in book-keeping, her account  
was usually over-drawn at the Bank,  
the book-keeper good-naturedly  
keeping a special file and paying Mr. Clark,  
in order, for as her monthly deposit would  
go, in order of issuing. No recipient was  
ever known to protest Mrs. Hannah Dolan,  
Clark, a gold-star Mother! Unlike  
"Ben Burden's Note," not "good as gold."



The Reference is to 293 ancient Land Grant  
of Benjamin Burden, and comes down from  
an early day in the Valley of Virginia.  
On my occasional Professional Visits  
Hannah's Check was invariably accepted with  
thanks. Mr. Dolan's account was never  
unreasonably over-drawn, and I think all  
checks eventually paid, without protest.  
I was satisfied with a check, heartless  
breeders, storekeepers, had the privilege  
of demanding Cash and Carry.

Mr. Dolan once remarked to me that  
Frank Hunter (my brother in law) always  
treated her courteously, as he could  
well do, as she "gave all her business"  
to the Bank of Marlinton!

Following the death of George Dolan  
and in late Middle Age, Mrs. Dolan  
married ~~the~~ Adeline Celogue, an  
outlander unknown to me personally,  
advanced in years, and in her last days,  
her children far away, Hannah had  
some one to talk to. Both are now  
numbered with the Spirits in the air.  
From youth to age, a "charismatic" in local  
annals, remembered with affection  
by her family and friends. She  
had a good heart.

Her body rests, near the scene of  
her youth on the lofty height ~~and~~  
the Spruce Flat. in the Burgess  
Cemetery.



Tuesday 11 (24) 59 294

Constant rain (fog) for 24 hours - If there should follow a "November" Rise in the River, such as the historical flood Nov. 1885, following our families' arrival on this frontier, the new Bridge is available. If washed down, the "temporary" structure could hit with a heavy impact, as a starter. Second Avenue (Camden) now open as a detour.

Mr. Arthur Lawson  
(of "Duppy II")

Hear me, Mother Earth, behold it Heaven;  
Hast I not had to wrestle with my lot?  
Have I not had my soul-torn, my heart

River,  
and only not to desperation driven,

Because not ~~unhappy~~ of such clay

As suits the souls of those whom Hurvey

The quotation is from Lord Byron's  
writing, who like our own Native genius  
John Randolph of Roanoke, sought  
escape from realities in alcohol  
and ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~dope~~ <sup>dope</sup> drugs.

Arthur Lawson a prototype either, though  
in his unhappy life in America he sought  
no "escape" in drink or drugs.



295  
a younger son of Sir Wilfrid Lawson,  
Member of Parliament for many years;  
wealthy and ~~widely~~ notorious as an  
enemy of the British ruling class,  
a Professional "Dry" - a prohibitionist  
of ~~the~~ England.

A younger son, considered eccentric,  
a divergent and a misfit, Young Lawson  
was given his portion of inheritance and  
joined the English Colony in Poughkeepsie  
and Randolph Counties, about the year  
1891, its sole representative of nobility.  
It is true the Brucks, Archie and Reginald,  
were of an ancient Scottish house, and  
successful in America. Mr. Archie Bruce  
on his return to England, many years  
ago, sent his friend Uncle Andrew  
McLaughlin a thousand pounds (in  
Dollars) as a contribution to the  
Maxwellton Presbyterian Church and  
male was promoting, and in the shadow  
of which he lies buried, in Greenbrier County.  
Viscount Lawson, of uncertain age -  
not old - but quite bald; the crown  
of his head of a ~~fine~~ noticeable  
conical shape, probably from a birth  
injury. A bachelor, he wore his  
"Night-Cap" through life, as did his  
prototypes, Byron and Randolph,  
~~as did they~~ probably realizing  
his temperament not adaptable to



the "Terrible Thurn-bit of marriage.  
 Unlike the "Prodigal Son" of the  
 Parable, Lord Lawson was fortunate  
 in buying land in the "Far Country";  
 purchasing a noble estate of about  
 one thousand acres, belonging to the  
 Lee family, and anciently Jaet  
Warwick Land. There was much  
 grazing land on Mill Run and  
 the slopes of Valley mountains, extending  
 into Pocahontas County, and the  
 timbered slopes of Wheat Mountain  
 crowned with Black Spruce forests.  
 A substantial tenant house, with  
 outbuildings; even an ancient grist  
 Mill; with grind-stones, on Mill  
 Run; the purchase price twenty-  
 five thousand dollars, cash.

Lawson promptly moved in  
 naming his Castle "Duffryn".

A noble spring, supplying a  
 large horse trough near from a  
 Poplar log was at the door, in  
 which trough I have taken my  
 morning dip in cold spring water  
 "When visiting Lord Lawson's  
 Castle Duffryn".



294

Mr. Lawson, also, probably had his  
 "Mummy bath", although at the time the  
 "Cattle" not supplied with water,  
 either hot or cold. It is not known  
 that he ever used the "Horse trough"  
 for his bath. Of slight build and  
 height, not particularly athletic,  
 although always playing the  
 position of goal-keeper in soccer.  
 He led his "international" team  
 to Marlinton, late as November, 1905,  
 where was played the last game  
 with the English Colony in which  
 I participated.

Living alone, but not a "solitary"  
 and accustomed from youth to English  
 "servants," he was at times unsuccessful  
 in keeping "tenants" in the house;  
 his unconcealed mannerisms and  
 eccentricities distasteful to the "fre-  
 dom" natives of the tenant class.  
~~Of which, more will be written.~~  
 Hospitable, even generous; at  
 other times "sparing."

When the spirit moved, he would  
 make long journeys, horse-back,



298  
it might be cleaning the stack, and  
dogs, even wild animals, in this  
"Zoo" to fend for themselves, which  
they could well do in the Natural  
Paradise that was "Duffryn"-estate.  
A large flock of half-wild turkeys  
usually ran at large; shot down  
as "wild" when needed for food  
or the "market" or as gifts to the  
neighbors.

Mr. ~~Lord~~ Lawson, loved to write;  
kept voluminous "Diaries" and "scrap-  
books"; all of which, unfortunately,  
were ~~destroyed~~ <sup>burned</sup> in the fire that  
destroyed the castle in 1903. He  
also contributed articles to the  
Times; numerous letters of local  
events, accounts of athletic meetings,  
even poems. He dubbed the  
late James Gibson "King of Elk",  
as acknowledged strong man  
and ~~the~~ leader of his clan.  
I have a postal card written in in  
perse, inviting me to his castle on  
an outing, - but I anticipate.  
(year 1898)

The English Colony had a strong  
impact on the social life of the  
Community the end of the 19th Century.



299  
I know that at <sup>299</sup> was an important  
factor in my "education" ~~over~~  
at a formative time of life, for  
which I am grateful. When  
"accepted" the Englishman's hospitality  
is admirable.

~~At the Boston~~ Englishman is a  
"brute"; he is a "Just Brute."

There lived at White Sulphur Spring,  
the Montague family. Miss Margaret  
~~Mont~~ and brother Percival. Miss  
Montague was literary, and has  
published books. Young Percy  
scholarly and extremely near-  
sighted; destined for the Church.  
At times he made journeys to the  
~~Engl~~ Colony, as a kindred spirit,  
although American by birth. On at  
least one occasion he stopped at  
our house for the night. At one  
family morning devotions and  
recognizing his youthful piety,  
Pa requested him to lead, which he  
did reading a chapter of the  
word and kneeling in impromptu  
prayer, - rather haltingly -  
~~being~~ and in deference to the



"Low Church" (Presbyterian) of the family, <sup>and</sup> being accustomed to the magnificent accent of the Book of Common Prayer. — In due time the Right Reverend Bishop Percival Montague presided over the Diocese of Richmond, Virginia.

Sir Wilfred Lawson has been cited as a "Professional Prohibitionist" in the English Parliament; but none has ever doubted his sincerity as an enemy of the traffic in alcohol as a Beverage. In his day, the United States of America was building up the sentiment which culminated, in 1920, by the enactment of the 18th Constitutional amendment; the incredible Volstead enforcement bill; and the collapse of the movement in a matter of corruption, graft and legal tyranny in 1932; heretofore rated by minders in my life period the 19th and 20th Century.

The son of Sir Wilfred Lawson, Arthur, was subject to "moods" varying from high vivacity to "lows", during which his actions



201  
might appear a bit "Mad", and  
so regarded by friends and neighbors.  
Hence his difficulty in Receiving  
tenants, or "servants," on the estate  
"Duffryn." Once when I was  
his guest as a member of the Loocher  
visiting team, <sup>Mr.</sup> Ford Lawson proceeded  
to shoot and hastily dress a turkey  
hooking the half-pickled carcass in a  
wash-boiler, in the yard, skimming  
off the feathers and other debris;  
the result a broth and "water turkey"  
served up as food, Indian fashion,  
which revolted most of his guests.

His ample fire-place he at times  
filled with sections of logs, tended  
and watched as ~~the wood~~ was  
consumed, ~~an~~ <sup>an</sup> ancient Pioneer  
Custom to save chopping and  
splitting bulky sections of ~~fuel~~ <sup>wood</sup>.

It is reported that a long  
"stake pole" was introduced by  
Lawson through a window and  
fed in the fire place. Later, the  
fire supposed to be out, ~~the~~ Mr.  
Lawson thoughtlessly left the house,  
the stake pole, with the "Perversity"  
of the inert, flamed and the house



Burned to the <sup>302</sup>ground; his library,  
Diaries, scrap-books, all lost.

Mr. Lawson never rebuilt Duffryn;  
took up his residence with Mr.  
Seymour Mace, an old friend,  
and several years later returned  
to England. The house burned  
in the ~~fall~~ <sup>Spring</sup> of ~~1906~~ 1903

Lawson made a heroic effort  
to replace his scrap-books, even  
calling on me from my collections  
and Pocatello's files for  
his articles and accounts of  
Sporting events.

I have in my "scrapbook" an  
ornate post-card in colored inks  
and in verse, dated ~~Sept~~ <sup>Oct</sup> 1898,  
an invitation to visit him at his  
Castle, beginning:

"Dear Norman Boed,  
So far from "Cold"  
And ending <sup>your note I got.</sup> "Gosh! Aint it Hot!"  
"Be sure to Come  
And Rest up home!"

Naturally arising Marney quotes  
of English & divous, and exclamation  
Marney &

The last line referring to the receipt  
Marathon Race, Sept. 24, 1898.



3:30 AM.  
Wednesday 11/26/99 303  
a restorer of a "round water" under  
the mercy of God. "The whole earth is  
full of his glory" work suspended on  
the street for two days - "Farm Census"  
for 1960, begun.

Responding to Sir Arthur Lawson's  
pressing invitation to visit him, in  
September, 1898, I journey, riding  
the grey gelding, to Duffryn.

Previously, in May, 1896, a mass  
group, men and women, from Marlinton  
were the guests of Sir Arthur, going  
in chaises, carts, buggies and horse-  
back for the May Day festivities.

Comprising Soccer, Polo and track.  
Duffryn was filled to overflowing;  
the rest housed by friends and relatives,  
and at Wm. Marshall's Wingo Inn.

Among the girls remembered Misses  
Fannie and Edith McLaughlin, Emma  
and Anna King, Gertrude and Elva  
Byrd, a lady guest of Mrs. Brattens,  
from Virginia, escorted by Sam Leatt,  
and a few others - Our Soccer and  
Polo team and track runners. I rode  
the grey gelding.

Sam B. Leatt and Walter Yeager  
had thoughtfully provided a few  
flasks of Bootleg liquor, stored in



livery "Rags" in which they each  
carried their lady friends, Sam escorting  
the Virginia Visiter. Within a mile  
from the start, at the Meadows, the  
ladies discovered the liquor, which  
they confiscated, hurling the bottles  
in the "Slough" after which said  
the journey resumed in the enjoyment  
and innocence of youth.

Later Sam Scott told me he had  
returned and searched diligently  
for the treasure, found nothing. But  
a prospector had preceded him,  
or the ~~leg~~ whiskey bottles had  
 sunk in the mire of the "Slough" and  
truly a "Slough of Despond."

On May 1, 1896, our Palo Verde  
J. H. Wilson, Sam B. Scott, Walter  
Yeager and I played our first  
and only game of polo, on the  
Mingo Football field, Mingo Flats.  
Opposing Sir Arthur Lawson's team,  
on which besides Lawson, were  
Arny Hedden, Jack Forster and  
Latimer Rice.

I rode the grey gelding, aged;  
who responded remarkably well in  
the rushes, I thought. Personally,  
I have thought that I took instinctively  
to the game, and might have become  
a better than average player. Of Polo.  
Kicking the ball accurately with the long



305  
Mullet and made a goal or two.  
The rules of the game are simple,  
relating to off-side play and interference.  
Our mounts, livery stable stock,  
responded nobly, as horses, even  
"Cocks," do when charging by squadrons  
and "mell[ing] the Battle from afar."

I do not recall the score, but Mingo  
probably won, as the more experienced  
I many years after, August, 1925, team  
I observed a polo game in Fairfax  
London County, Virginia, played by  
gentlemen farmers. A game for rich  
(men) dwelling quietly in their houses -  
"endowed with wisdom."

Following polo, a soccer game  
(international) was played; strangely  
I do not recall which team won.  
In the strength and joy of our youth  
we played games for fun - not  
side bets, or even glory.

On the third <sup>day</sup>, all our party  
returned to Marlinton. So far as I  
observed, the utmost decorum marked  
the three-day outing; the early May  
weather ideal. Of all that youthful  
~~party~~ <sup>party</sup>, our hosts and apponents as  
well, I can recall only one beside  
myself now living - Mrs Emma  
Kerry - Anderson, of Marlinton. Her  
spirit is in the air - Vaya Con Dios



In September, 1899, arriving at Duffryn, I found my host, Sir Arthur, in one of his "depressive" moods; his tenant family, the Sharps, keeping their distance. The weather hot and "dusty," following drought.

Perhaps stimulated by the arrival of a guest, Sir Arthur bravely shook off his lethargy and loquacity of spirit. Was most hospitable & with ability for self-entertainment, Sir Arthur's library, and voluminous "snap-books" filled with memories of the best English Society afforded pleasure. On separate days we rode to the homes of Mrs. James Webber and Mrs. Lathams, where ~~had~~ he played tennis and had "tea". Returning to Duffryn by the light of a full moon.

Rifle practice on Sir Arthur's private range was a feature, worth mentioning. Some years before a saw-mill boiler had exploded, on the Point Mermaid, killing three men; a large section of boiler iron flattened out, resembling armor plate. With great labor, Lauson had erected this metal as a target, and during firing, a man or boy crouched behind armor plate, of doubtful safety at best! One of the Sharp sons acted as scorer, signifying the result of



384  
luck round of firing, but did not seem  
to enjoy his point of danger, well  
knowing our hosts' exuberance and  
reckless shooting.

On walks about the castle-estate,  
I observed the ruins of the old grist  
mill, on Mill Run, extreme source  
of the Tygart River Valley; also a  
young deer which Sir Lawson's  
thoughtlessly kept penned in a small  
corral near the barn, a part of his  
animal zoo. Not well fed or cared  
for the deer had a "mad" look  
in the eye, its hide mangy. Well  
versed in the lives of the deer family  
of mammals, I was sorry for the  
poor animal, which should have been  
released, or mercifully destroyed.

The whole of the visit the  
weather continued hot, as described  
by Lawson in his "hot and muggy".  
When I took departure, my host  
had ~~recovered~~ <sup>recovered</sup> in some measure,  
his buoyancy, giving me "hail  
and farewell." He also shot  
a turkey running wild, and must  
carry with me. I started with the  
curious in a sack slung at my  
saddle; but after a few miles the  
turkey already "high" I discarded  
it ~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> the food for the Raven!  
In the wood.



308

Reference has been made to the fire  
in which Mr. Lawson's Churchward diaries  
and scrap-books, together with his library,  
were lost.

I have before me the original sheet  
of paper, dated Dec. 3, 1903; "~~An Ode~~"

THANKS !

(in return for file of "Pacemaker Times"  
back numbers duly received!)

Respectfully dedicated to Dr. Norman  
Price! THANKS!

(With A. Lawson's Compliments!

(The "letter head" which I had printed for  
Mr. Lawson some years before, in three  
colors, Black, red, and blue, is  
characteristic. Embazoned;

"Mountains are always free"

A left arm  
antiquarian of  
Bees and fine  
forest (picture).

"THE SHACK"

A LAWSON

("Boss of the Shack")

Symbolic of industry  
and legal authority) (and so forth)

It was evident Mr. Lawson's "Ode"  
was submitted for publication in the Times,  
but I believe was ruled out by our  
senior editor, Andrew Price as being  
too eulogistic and flowery!



Copied Verbatim, 309

"An ~~ODE~~ ode  
THANKS!"

(In return for file of the Pocatonto Times  
back number duly received!)

"Ho! hand me down my 'Pakey!'"

'Tis always good to read,  
Crisp, up-to-date, and jockey  
(Say! that is what we need!)

So, when the Blues steal over us,  
We quicly don our "Specs"! -

Without a pret or fuss,

We wear "The Times" gay "Breeks!" -

"Awaunt dull care!" ~~dull care~~ out-witted!

Forever you shall be, -

When "gaunt" "The Pakey" fitted!

(That paper full of glee!) -

Now! "Here's to Pries and Brothers  
Who've stemmed the storm and stress

(Which optimes smothers others?)

May Joys of life you bless!"

Put up the shot-gun, hang the hatch  
The festing-pale's a-swinging!

We care not how the critics cusp!

As together we "Reef Singing!!" -

(Squency) "Mountaineer"

(Respectfully dedicated to Dr. Norman Price!)  
THANKS  
(with a Lawrence's Compliments)



at the get-together and banquet of the  
teams following our international  
soccer games, when each was called  
on for a speech, recitation or song,  
though no singer, Lawson would respond  
with his favorite: "A Beeyle Beault  
for Two," or perhaps "Two Lovely  
Black Eyes", accompanied by  
exaggerated contortions and caperings -  
but quite amusing.

On urgent request by English  
friends James  
Hebden and others at least on one  
occasion I attempted a faltering  
"National Anthem". The English, of  
course, singing lustily: "Britons  
Never shall be Slaves!"

The Irishman with the golden Beard,  
(Vandyke) is remembered (Tim O'Heard)

"Remember, boy, you're Irish,  
You're born on Irish soil;  
Your father was a Kinnear,  
Your mother was a Doyle;  
Be an honest good Country -

'Tis the land of the free and the brave -  
'Tis the land where the Shamrock grows!"  
at parting, all joined hands and sang  
in chorus, Bonus "For the sake of  
Auld Lang Syne!"



3/4  
Mr. Lawson felt the loss of by fire,  
of his beloved collections of books and  
papers, which he attempted to restore  
during at the time in "The Shark"  
and other temporary matters; his lands  
neglected. The Colony began to  
disintegrate prior to the war in Europe,  
and during that conflict disappeared.  
The Soccer game (international) of  
May, 1905, has been mentioned, when  
Lawson led his cohort to Marlinton.  
at some time prior to the war, Sir  
Arthur Lawson returned to England  
aged, and ~~eccentric~~ of frail physique  
though "Wry", unfitted for the "forces",  
he lived in retirement, his death  
reported about 1936 aged 75 years.  
a gentleman of England, stately  
bred and most machinely crammed;  
~~at times~~ almost mis-shapen in his  
physical appearance; a "mis-fit" in his  
family, and in exile; Personal  
eccentricities did not adapt him  
to lasting friendships with any-  
male or female. Native energy  
and genius, though obscure, contributed  
to the "gait of Nations," and remembered.  
Peace to his ashes.  
His lands, later immensely valuable in  
gum and timber, now returned to the  
extensive Lee-Marshall ownership.



3/2

Thruway-11/27/5-

2215. 26. 1955

Peatlands & climate

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the way of

~~Leeward~~

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#1. Moulded

My love to

15th Dec, 1911

18 May 1961

[illegible]

...the time of the ...

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is with the

Rechtschreibung und

Abstract

My dear

Max Stern and his  
Wife - Revue

Now on the day

the Church of the

10/18/12 91 11/11/12 11/11/12 11/11/12

John C. Johnson



not in prayer

My Mother once remarked to me, with a smile, whimsically, that she "might some day, be a 'guardian angel'"; doubtless, she is - "in the air"! Throughout her long life she regarded ~~her~~ "roughing it" Philosophically; including the vagaries and sins of her husband and seven children; to ~~what~~ yet using a rule it was yet right to provide food and raiment for all, and continuing "instant in prayer". My father, too; - wise, devout, learned; Patriarchal, more anxiously regarded the "erratum" of his sons and daughters, <> the "blessings" that I claim he bestowed on me I have always regarded as a especially valuable "gift", though in no sense seeking "to reign over my brethren"! ("The young men shall see visions, and the old men dream dreams.")

The Biblical literature of the Jewish Civilization, miraculously preserved in Jewish writings; the Maccabean region of the Middle East and Mediterranean, an "inland sea"; Surely they were a "chosen people", and salvation is of the Jews."



Saturday, 11/28/59 314

Rain in the night. "a cold November rain that wakes not out the sleepy earth the lovely ones again." - Nevertheless, I have observed the humble yellow *Laraxacum* blooming late as Nov. 27th. As to the "blessing" bestowed on Jacob by his aged father, Isaac. Though obtained through the artifice of his mother, Rachel, operated as a gift binding on the giver, and once uttered could not be taken back.

Esau, the eldest, twin brother of Jacob, a weakling, though a mighty hunter, previously had sold his birth-right, when a-hungred, to Jacob for a mess of pottage. or stew.

Threatened with reprisals by Esau, at his mother's orders, Jacob fled to the frontier, where he had his "dreams" and met his future wife Rebecca, at the well. The pleasant story of his adventures and romance of Jacob also sets forth the future Patriarchs; his ~~native~~ wisely, had early learned to "Labor and to Wait."

"Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have, the words of eternal life."



3/5-

## BEARS.

I have long intended ~~and~~ writing something of the Life History and habits of this most interesting of Mammals in lives around us. In this I have been aided and interested by the stories of Fred Galford, of the Williams River Country, a mighty Hunter of the bear, who at last account had killed ninety bear.

Fred has brought up a family of ten sons and daughters, at the foot of Black Mountain in the "Wilderness". His wife a Miss Cogar, of the well known, and numerous Welsh County family of that name.

Because of his knowledge of the Williams River, Gauley River, and the Cranberry regions, Fred has for many years acted as professional guide for Coal prospectors, the forestry service and Hunters.

Approaching seventy years, Fred Galford yet a mighty Hunter before the Lord. He recently remarked to me that "us Galfords do not show their age," which is literally true. But that is another story.

I once saw the carcass of a skinned 200-pound <sup>male</sup> bear, brought to Martins



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fardisposal, and was struck by the  
similarity ~~to~~ of the carcass to that of  
a Naked Man; the thigh and legs  
notably so. As the animal frequently  
rises on its ~~hind~~ legs, its muscular  
structure is alike to man. Those of us  
who have observed the "Hupplings" of  
trained European Brown Bears, back  
a familiar sight, will appreciate this.  
"The bear that walks like a Man"

—Kipling—  
Mr. Galford has even observed the  
bear in other than the hunting season;  
a mother bear with playful young  
cubs; or in the sitting time, in  
quiet, when the animal is specially  
dangerous if ~~it~~ suddenly encountered.  
Once he saw a large bear on  
approaching a high rail fence, rise  
and with his paws on the top rail  
appeared to "roll over" the fence in  
an instant.

If "tired" in a high tree, and  
descending in a hurry, the bear may  
let all holds go and fall considerable  
distances - twenty feet or more - to  
lose no time; ~~and~~ his furry hide,  
underlying fat and springy muscles  
a protection - breaking no bones.  
Omnivorous, with mighty animal  
teeth, upper and lower, the bear



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The bear, like man, is fond of nuts,  
fruits, berries, - even "Browse" or  
succulent roots and plants, all eaten  
raw, of course, without benefit of "cooking".  
The strong teeth and jaws equal to  
any "chewing" necessary.

The bear ~~masticates~~ ~~chews~~ usually  
~~eats~~ slowly, enjoying his food,  
not swallowing in lumps as do many  
other beasts and birds of prey, notably  
the Horned Owl; the Tiger of the Air.

A chapter could be written about  
the interesting hibernating practices  
of the bears, new to me from the  
literature; observed and told by Fred  
Galford. As is well known, the  
bear may "lay up" in a Rock Cavern,  
a large hollow tree; or even under  
a fallen tree stump and log.

Once ~~the~~ <sup>Fred</sup> followed the tracks in snow  
of a large bear belated in going  
to bed for the winter. This bear,  
apparently not gifted with foresight,  
had not searched out a suitable  
spot to winter, attempted to "hole  
up" in a Laurel thicket; breaking  
down and piling a considerable heap of  
brush. This "denning" Fred  
approached and reconnoitered  
cautiously, as the bear was  
presumably under the snow-  
covered hill, possibly asleep.



Perhaps fully awake, as there was "sign" beside recent tracks in the snow. I have never before heard, or read, of a bear hibernating in such shelter.

It is well known that the before entering sleep his winter sleep the bear "purges" himself thoroughly, either by "nature," or a purgative, <sup>medicine</sup> snow, through "instinct," as it is called. The bear of the Laurel Midget had bedded in the snow for a time and thoroughly purged, until nothing was voided except a mucoid bile - the intestines emptied.

Individual bears, entering the winter "lean," from whatever cause, are restless in their sleep, usually emerging earlier than is judicious. These are the dreaded ~~the~~ killers, dreaded by the shepherds, in early spring, and nearly always for males; the females normally occupied in spring with their young, born during hibernation.

Still cautious, Fred cut a long pole or sapling, and with his gun handy, attempted to upset the Laurel Osage pile, down hill, or probe for the bear. Getting no response from the bear, or even "feeling" it, he ventured to remove some of the brush, at last



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finding the empty "bed", with some  
black bear hairs - its occupant having  
abandoned his "house" as unusable  
and uncomfortable. This instance  
is notable as unusual in bear life.  
Fred once explored a rock den,  
head of Cranberry, where a bear had  
bedded, possibly for more than one  
winter. Dry and lined with leaves,  
it appeared its inmate had at times  
lain on its back and restlessly  
rubbed and scratched the rock wall  
at a height ~~of two~~ feet with its hind  
feet and claws.  
Once, in the hunting season, a party  
of hunters killed two yearling cubs  
in beech trees on the once celebrated  
"Beech ~~Baths~~ <sup>beds</sup>", that in the absence  
of their mothers, possibly also  
killed, or fled, seemed to accept  
their fate, made no attempt to  
escape, and "took the bullet in  
the ~~their~~ brain" as true infant <sup>bear</sup> warriors  
of the wild.

As an appreciative observer of  
Nature Fred Galford has my thanks  
for his interesting story of the habits  
of the Native Black Bear. I may  
~~not~~ set down more about the Galford  
family, whose ~~members~~, men and women,  
"do not" appear to grow old." (over)

\* The Beech Trees of the "Hut" Lodge  
made into clothing for a Richmond factory.







319-~~B~~ (Bears)

That the adult Bear frequently "rests" on its broad back, man-like, is attested by Hunters. The turnings and "stretching" of the Hibernating bear, while lying on its back has been proven by the observations of a bear dead in a Rock Cavern, rubbing and scratching on the wall with ~~the~~ hind feet thus maintaining muscle tone during the long period of inactivity. I have not read of this in Devoe's "The Animals Sleep," or other Nature writing. Claim it as original observation by Mr. Fred Galford.

With no intake of fluid or food, digestive and excretory functions are necessarily in abeyance during the "Long Sleep" of Indian Lake.

"As a teal tree and ~~as an~~ oak when they have ~~the~~ cast their leaves, whose substance is ~~in~~ them, and shall return and shall be eaten

"As a teal tree, and as an oak, whose substance is in them, when they cast their leaves," - ~~Leviticus~~ ~~vt.~~ and if they shall return, and shall be eaten, - I ~~shall~~ ~~return~~.

Personally, I have for many years, on waking, employed a few minutes in deep breathing, and while still in bed, "stretching" arms and legs, and opposing muscular "exercise" of great value to otherwise "sedentary" People.



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to turn a fast buck. Leagraves a  
grandson of Walter Yeager, and  
son of Mildred Yeager-Leagraves,  
who, encumbered with an alcoholic  
husband, teaches music in the  
Marion, school.

Two other recent "graduates" of the  
"forces" ~~the~~ young Walder and  
Simmons, detected "breaking  
and entering," now in jail. The  
recent "homing" of the Post office  
safe not yet solved. County,  
state and federal agents now at  
work on this "crime."

Will mail today about twenty-five  
pages to Jean, for typing

An English "Brain," (Huxley)  
interview us, ~~at~~ Chicago Meeting of  
"Science," 100th anniversary of Mr. Dar-  
win; abuses hospitality  
(and publicity) proclaiming his  
"doubts and fears," lacking faith  
and intuition of "things unseen."  
I speak the things I do know; and  
have "sought the secret way, the  
unfrequented path of life that steals  
away unknown."

"He that doth not receive the Kingdom  
of Heaven as a little child, shall by  
no means enter therein."

New Testament



Thursday 10/29/59 181  
3<sup>rd</sup> day - Clear and frosty -  
not cold. The heavy leaves of the  
Walnut and Gumac still cling to the  
boughs. Good progress made on the  
road and bridge, yesterday. If the  
"temporary" crossing should go out on  
an early "rise" in late autumn, the  
new bridge could be put in use.  
Almost immediately, though incomplete.

Early Practice of Medicine.  
Some ~~early~~ incidents of the practice, year  
1904, and after should be recorded.

The winter of 1904 is recalled as a  
"hard winter" with much snow and ice.  
With one and a half years active practice,  
under the tutelage of Dr. James Price,  
began to get the "hang" of it, together with  
familiarity the roads, trails and residency  
of my new clientele.

Though native to the county and district,  
I at first found it surprisingly difficult,  
as an example, to find the residence of  
William Gay, head of the Indian Dept.  
The trail with many gates, almost  
obliterated with deep snow, when called  
late at a winter night to a case of "Labor".  
Neighbor John Waugh, who lived at "the  
forks", called from bed the second time,  
for directions, having lost myself in  
the woods and retracing my steps.



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On another trip, in summer time and at  
night, summoned to the Adkinson home  
head of swags, took the wrong turn  
at the forks, and was guided, on  
foot, by the late ~~old~~ Veterans, @.S.A.  
~~John~~ Hepler across the intervening ridge &  
young Clifford Adkinson having  
fallen ~~more than~~ twenty-five feet from  
a cherry tree, late of a Sunday, with  
resulting fractures of both arms and  
Deep head wound of the scalp, he  
being about twelve years old.

Late at night, and with Comrade  
Hepler's assistance, the patient was  
anesthetized (chloroform), and extensive  
Surgical Repairs made.

By good chance, and the luck that  
attends young physicians and surgeons,  
the patient made surprising good recovery.  
(He had fallen, as he stated, among swags  
a distance of twenty-five feet, measured),  
and in a few days came to my office, on  
foot, to ~~have~~ a distance of ~~four~~ miles) to  
have his wounds attended.

As a climax, a few months later,  
Clifford appeared, in person, and paid me  
the sum of fifteen dollars, about the  
largest single fee I had earned at  
the time; his family having raised  
the money; being poor, and honest.

Clifford Adkinson is living today,  
an over seas Veteran of the War 1914,  
and a pensioner. He never married.



Quite recently, <sup>183</sup> Mr. Sergeant Dickinson  
visited me. (He lives at Riverside near  
Napleton, with his sister Mrs. Elsie Dickinson,  
retired teacher of schools) of the cherry  
tree accident, exhibiting two arms  
without deformity from fracture when  
a boy, and extensive scars on his  
forehead, as a result of injury ~~1901~~ 1903.

Veteran Alex Hefner, CSA, a notable  
man in his day; he reared a large  
family, head of Swago; industrious  
and honest, ~~as it~~ was true of nearly  
all Northern Veterans of 1861. His son  
George and grand-son Henry, built the  
large stone chimney of my residence,  
in 1928. It was on a trip by auto,  
to his home to visit Mrs. Alex Hefner,  
aged widow. The providential (miraculous)  
escape from disaster occurred, related  
in a previous chapter.

Alex Hefner was Irish, descended,  
with much native humor. While not a  
drunkard, he would, occasionally, get  
a bit tipsy. I recall a foray  
of July, 1892, on the "Island" above  
the bridge, Mr. Hefner being present,  
his business selling ripe cherries by  
the half pint, and at intervals doing  
a mac-doon, or a clog, on the  
same platform, or taking a side



[illegible]



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\* and Tuesday

Once, Mr. Refner and his son William, or "Bill," a mild alcoholic, ~~the~~ were arrested by the town cop for noisiness on the street and placed in the jail-house. a brick Bastille, recently built. "Bill" Refner announced that he was going to tear the house down - reduce it to rubble, etc. His father restrained him, arguing the building was new, had cost the tax-payers a great deal of money, and should not be destroyed. ~~the~~

The next day, sober and Penitent, Father and son appeared before the first Mayor of Marlinton, Andrew Price, who gave a kindly reprimand and dismissed the case.

The veteran once gave me a humorous account of the retreat from the Battle of Proof Mountain; later from the fight at Lewisburg, himself jumping Greenbrier River at the "Coldwell" fording - in proof of which assertions he found himself, with the rest of the retreating troops, on the east side of the River, and his feet were dry.

Devout, though tipsy, at a "Revival" Church meeting on Swago, along with the singing and the shouting, the usual request by the Chairman for those who wished Salvation, etc, to arise.



20085-  
Hand of hearing, the Veteran was caught  
"off base" and, alone, arose to his feet  
as one who wished to be "lost" & on the  
preachers shocked inquiry: "Brother  
Hefner, do you wish to go to ~~Heaven~~?"  
The Veteran replied, stoutly, that he  
"wanted to go some-where" when he died!

It was Alex Hefner who came home-  
back, to summon me to the advisors  
room, a neighbor, when Clifford was  
badly injured, leaving me to follow  
the ~~latter~~ guided me to the house and  
assisted in the anesthesia, etc. ~~He was~~  
~~an aged man, but active.~~

at the Lewisburg fight, Nov. 1863,  
his kinsmen Captain William Hefner  
and his son both killed, father dead  
and buried in the same grave as told  
in Price's Biographical History of  
Pocahontas County.

"On flames eternal camping ground  
Thin silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn sound  
The Bivouac of the dead."

Early in the twentieth century getting to  
to the homes of the sick and injured was  
by foot, horse-back, carriage, train,  
even freight train ~~car~~ and hand  
lever car by ruffance of the train  
and track crews; on occasion I have



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used ice-spates, in winter, and Canvas  
Canoe in spring on the River in making  
Dick ~~Cutler~~ <sup>20</sup> volumes.

~~He~~ Called to the bedside of a hopelessly  
ill and dying man, winter 1903. I got  
off the "Evening train" at Harter,  
A. Cornwall's town; and started walking  
up track, through the "tunnel" about  
two miles to the deserted old log  
home of the Pioneer Jacob Waugh, in  
snow and overcut twilight of a "Full"  
Moon; then up the River Ridge to the  
home of Jacob Waugh (a descendent)  
whose death occurred soon after from  
Pulmonary tuberculosis. The visit  
was routine, as little could be done  
for the dying.

Late at night, I returned to Harter  
hore-back, over the "Tunnel Ridge";  
getting a few hours sleep in the  
bunk-house and breakfast at the  
mess hall, returning to Marlinton  
on the "Morning train."

Dying in early middle age, and  
insolvent, no effort was ever made  
to collect a fee for this and other  
services. By a wide family connection,  
my efforts in Jacob's behalf were appreciated,  
notably by his older sister, Aunt Jane  
Waugh-Tharp, a famous nurse and  
midwife, who remained my friend  
and supporter for nearly fifty years  
thereafter.



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Young Jacob was <sup>189</sup> had led a <sup>189</sup> might  
be described as a "hard life," among his  
accomplishments, or bad luck, having  
been married three times. Because of  
his "unbelief," it was feared that  
he might die "unwed."

He left a posthumous daughter,  
20 light in weight as to fit snugly in  
a quart cup. She was christened  
"Tina" or Tiny, as befitted her size.  
That "Tiny" survived was considered a  
marvel of nursing skill by Aunt Jane,  
and medical knowledge on my part,  
which helped getting more profitable  
practice in the Waugh clan and among  
the neighbors.

Tina lived to grow up - always  
small in stature, but married and had  
children. Her mother was of the  
Wilfong family.

The "Hard" winter of 1904 has  
been referred to, with much snow  
and frequent sub-zero cold waves.

The River and Creek remained  
solidly frozen for months; even  
used as highways and skidding  
logs on sleds and otherwise. In  
February following a thick block of  
ice twenty inches in thickness were  
measured on Wrapps Creek.  
Early roads remained a solid sheet



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of ice. Horses needs be ~~rough~~ Mod  
with ice Corks, and Nails, Kept sharp,  
Following a "January" thaw and a freeze  
with ~~most of the~~ <sup>most of the</sup> smooth ground bare  
of snow, in fact, roads remained  
coated with mid. ice. Once I rode  
to the Burr Valley, twenty miles, my  
horse not once alighting on bare ground -  
solid ice.

at least once, I skated on the River ice  
to Hartis, eight miles, answering, as  
my aunt call - between "trains". I was  
especially skilled in ice skating,  
and with some "rough" snow ice,  
a bit arduous, but I reached my  
goal, returning on the "evening"  
train.

Another time I rode the Breton  
mare down river four miles on ice  
and up Cooks Draft, to the home of  
Robert Rose, where Aunt Margaret  
Thomas had been in attendance  
twenty-four hours, a difficult  
case of "labor". The first born in the  
Rose family; - unusual physician  
not available. The birth was  
accomplished, ~~by~~ the patient nearly  
exhausted, by an "easy" or "low" <sup>low</sup>  
forceps, and quick recovery, all  
to Aunt Margarets relief and  
approval; she also remained my  
friend and supporter ~~there~~ for many



(An old medical opinion is that the physician is fortunate who / 89 sees the patient last.)

The same ~~canoe~~ light canvas ~~can~~ folding canoe - over steel ribs - I had cruised the Green River, Jul. 1898, was serviceable, and sometimes, in flood, I took the canoe up stream far as Stony Battons, twenty miles, floating down stream with stops at Clover Lick, or points below. These cruises I enjoyed as a touch of pioneering along with the prosaic labor of the day.

Calls by rail sometimes involved ~~the~~ long delay, missing trains, or a walk back, either "up river" or "Down River".

Once on a canoe trip from Clover Lick, I stopped at the home of the late J. Moffett Waugh and negotiated the purchase of a roan cow, on a medical account of about thirty dollars. This "Pulled" cow, of native stock had a notable history, and with her offspring - the notable "Holstein" sold by Jean in 1917, kept the family in milk and butter over a period of twelve years.

J. Moffett Waugh, also married three times, the father of a generation. Among his sons McFarland Waugh, business man of Marlinton, Mr. Waugh,



has recently died, aged more than  
ninety years. His son McKimley  
Waight, successful dealer in real  
estate in Marlinton, also has son Ben.  
It is true that Mr. McKimley Waight  
in the Prohibition era, sentenced by  
the late Federal Judge George  
W. McClintic did time at Atlanta  
Federal Prison for boot-legging  
moonshine and country liquors,  
all in the way of Business.

Here, something of the long life  
of the Palled Roan Cow purchased  
in 1904 from Mr. Waight, at the  
time believed to be "aged". Twice  
"freshened", she supplied the family  
with milk over a period of ten  
years, until 1914. Her cross-bred  
Holstein calf (1910) now an excellent  
milker. The aged Roan was callously  
sold, presumably for "her hide  
and tallow," to Mr. Withrow McClintic,  
a stock dealer. I believe, for  
three dollars, the deal made by  
our assistant herdsman Harvey  
McDowell.

It appears that Mr. McClintic sold  
her to a ~~small farmer~~ <sup>Ed. Kane</sup> near Mill  
Point. On a foggy ~~autumn~~ morning



Friday 10/30/59 - 4 Nov. 191

First "Killing" Frost - Walnut and Pines  
leaves falling. Read Isaiah 1st Chapter  
A solemn warning to Jew and Gentile.

Early, what did I behold, in the Autumn of  
the year 1924. The very mouth of the  
gray old waxy cow, at the bars in  
the River-lot. An intelligent look of  
Recognition in the eye, and begging to  
be let in, as of old!

Verily, the apparition appeared to me,  
as a "Lower Animal" - a mammal -  
Therefore a Biological Kinship - as  
one rose from the dead! (Aged in 1904)  
not less than twenty-seven years in age.  
"Mooley" was kindly treated, - she appeared  
to be "Dry" for a week, when her  
owner appeared, and we heard of her  
No More.

Endowed with Superior Intelligence  
and years of "experience"; "instinct" - as  
we call it - she had returned to her  
old home to die.

### On Diet -

The mammal - man - is vegetarian  
by nature. Adam and Eve were given a  
garden "to dress and to keep it; and eat  
the fruits thereof;" nothing said about  
eating the flesh of animals. "Created  
upright, he has sought out many  
inventions," as recorded in Holy Writ.  
The organic chemical "Cholesterol,"



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debated in the news of the day, a product  
of animal fat in the eating habit, and a  
principal cause of "Heart attack", or  
coronary thrombosis.

In Ancient Valley of the Nile, human  
food was principally grains, nuts, berries,  
and vegetables. In time of famine  
the patriarch Jacob sent his sons into  
Egypt to buy grain, - not jerked beef  
ham and bacon -

At the time of Moses - "Exodus" 1400  
B.C., decline had set in, along with  
eating animal ~~fat~~. "The Flesh pots  
of Egypt" a ~~Mosaic~~ warning. Moses  
the Leader, was "Learned in the  
knowledge of the Egyptians;" formulated  
institutions and rules governing eating  
of animals, when necessary because of  
~~necessity~~; necessity knows no law.  
Quoting the Bard, in Julius Caesar:

"Who on the higher seats,  
ate of such flesh as others  
died to look upon."

And again:

"Upon what flesh does this  
our Caesar feed  
That he has grown so great!"

As directed by the Law Giver Moses, orthodox  
Jews abstain from meats other than  
"kosher" - a compromise in modern  
diet. Barbarous races, especially, the



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American "Indians," before corrupted by  
the "Whites," though mainly carnivorous  
in diet, had their doubts as to the  
propriety of killing their "brother"  
animals, especially the bear, whom  
they considered almost human in  
intelligence, frequently offering prayer,  
or an apology, before attempting to  
slay the bear for food. Moreover, the  
Indians was the first "Conservationist,"  
killing no more than was absolutely  
necessary for food.

The first to use tobacco, but as a  
ceremonial, in Council, or a sacred  
rite when visiting the burial mounds  
of his ancestors, or a healing  
spring. A melancholy contrast to  
the present world-wide addiction  
of men - and women too - to the drug!  
In the course of centuries an "age of  
reason" may decay; even threatening  
present day "leading industries," the meat-  
packing and tobacco productions and  
processes.

The ~~words~~ <sup>tales</sup> of wise men, the devout  
and learned,  
who rose before us, and as prophets  
burned, stories that awoke  
are but the tales of ~~consales~~ <sup>consoles</sup>, who  
they ~~awoke~~ <sup>arose</sup> from sleep,  
have told their comrades, and  
to sleep returned!  
— Rubenyat



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Our fellow "Mammals" - (I will not  
refer to fowls and birds, that are not  
Mammals, but have remarkable reasoning  
powers; which ~~are~~ proper to call "instinct";) &  
as individuals they have their joys and  
sorrows, loves and hates, and vary very  
widely in ~~the~~ intelligence; recognized  
by the "trainers" of birds and beasts.

"Behemoth" - largest of the Mammals -  
and intelligent far beyond other "Fishes";  
Witness: "Moby Dick," of the story by  
that name.

As for the Mammal, Man, as an  
individual, of all races, he may be  
"Created equal"; but does not remain  
so, for long, in the struggle for  
existence, education, attainment and  
Morality.

Human beings, in the mass, appear  
to be "raw material" from which there  
occasionally emerges a "Divergent,"  
or superior being; ably enunciated  
in Ralph Adams Cressie's "Law."

"Why we do not believe like Human Beings"

Finally, my brethren, "Whatsoever  
things are true, what is good, lovely  
and of good report; - think of these  
things!" (I Saint Paul's Letter  
to the Corinthians.)



Saturday - 10/31/39/1935 -  
4 A.M.

Fairlight of all Antennas night. The  
peculiar light, at night, of the Antennas  
distances; often mistaken as light of Day.  
A gentle rain, fine for ground  
moisture and pastures; also fire  
prevention in the forests. I have added  
as routine, a banana a day to my Diet;  
and find the food beneficial. For two  
months I have not touched eaten flesh  
for years, occasionally only, in winter,  
as a seasoning. Mainly created  
a Vegetarian, and should return to  
such diet, if possible.

### Lorenza Waugh

Of Scotch descent, the ancestor of the  
Waugh family settled near Mt. Zion, in  
the "Hills" in middle of the 18th  
Century. The family story has been well  
told in Price's History of Pocatello County.  
Pages

The life of Lorenzo Waugh (18-  
19-) was of more than ordinary  
length of Days and interest. The son  
of Jacob Waugh, whose Pioneer home  
was on Greenbrier River, above the  
Tunnel and six Seven Miles from  
Martinsburg. The two-story large  
Log House still standing in 1930,  
but unoccupied. At a later day  
the Waugh family removing to "New  
Ground" below the Tunnel, at  
this place the residence of the late  
Moffett Waugh stands.



The eleven sons of the Pioneer Samuel  
Wauugh were stewards, warriors in word  
and Builders; also pillars of the early  
Methodism of Mt Zion Church, later  
on the Greenbrier. — the second  
of the third generations in Pocahontas  
County, Lorenzo Wauugh, an ambitious  
athletic youth; a reader and self-  
taught, aspired to the ministry. It  
is told that at a public gathering,  
home of Jacob Warwick, Clover Lick,  
Lorenzo was entered in a mile  
race, by Mr. Warwick, against an  
older champion, whose name is not  
remembered. Young Wauugh won  
the ~~the~~ foot race; and, later, Mr.  
Warwick presented him with a colt  
— a mare — ~~that~~ which with its  
descendants, accompanied ~~Lorenzo~~  
the Circuit Rider and ~~Indian~~ Missionary  
to the Shawnee Indians across the  
plains to the Pacific Coast.  
Early in the 19th Century Lorenzo  
Wauugh became a Methodist Minister  
in Missouri; later a Missionary  
to the Indians, region of Kansas;  
and finally reached California.  
Here his merits were noted by a  
Spanish land owner, or Don, who  
supplied land for his use. This  
land claim was lost to Mr. Wauugh,



Because of some <sup>197</sup> defect in title, but he  
acquired an excellent ranch in the  
Pinaluma Valley, where ~~his~~ <sup>he</sup> ~~as the~~ last  
years - he was past ninety - were spent  
in peace, surrounded by numerous  
dependents.

Late in life he prepared a published  
memoir (which I have) that he modestly  
wrote in the form of a narrative,  
or story, for his young grand-children.  
An attractive group picture appears in  
the book. The noble countenance of the  
patriarch, surrounded by a half dozen  
grand-children, boys and girls.

As befits a life story, written for his  
grand-children, little of a militant  
nature appears of his adventurous  
life. Residing among barbarians  
of the plains, he could have told  
much of a savage mode of life,  
as did Francis Parkman in his  
"Oregon Trail."

"Mark the perfect man, and behold  
the upright; for the end of that man  
is Peace."

James Bridger, the Mountain Man,  
whose birth place was in the Greenbrier  
~~Adopt~~ "The Bridger Place, adjoining the  
David Waugh Lands. At a period  
slightly before Foreman Waugh, Jim  
Bridger had a fort and lived with  
his harem of ~~Indian~~ <sup>Indian</sup> squaws on the



Platte, Kansas 198 He is said to have  
guided Brigham Young's band of  
the Mormon sect on their exodus  
from Illinois to the Salt Lake Valley  
the "Brigade Hatch" on the Stamping  
Creek Mountains commemorates the  
slaying of two Bridger Young men  
in an Indian foray, about 1784.  
John Bridger, Mountain Man, may  
have been a younger brother, or  
a nephew of the two Bridgers slain  
in 1784.

Allen Carter and William Carter  
these brothers, veterans of the Confederate  
armies, came from Eastern Virginia  
after the war and settled in the Burr  
Valley, head of Laurel Run, now  
comprised in the Cal Price State  
Forest of ten thousand acres. A  
substantial new white pine log  
house was constructed, where  
near which was at a later date  
constructed a "splash dam" to  
float timber down Laurel Run  
to the Greenbrier River. The  
"Run" so named, though draining a  
large territory, because of "Big"  
and "Little" Laurel Creeks, tributary  
to the head of Williams River.  
Following the war, both brothers



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 married and raised families and prospered. In the course of the years the brothers sold much white pine timber; at a very low "stumpage" price it is true, but aggregating a considerable sum of money.

His wife having died, Allan Carter married for his second wife the much younger young widow Belle Rider (nee Smith) herself the mother of seven children. Allan Carter was sixty when he married Belle, who was still young and remarkably attractive and beautiful, although mother of seven.

By his first wife Mr. Carter had a daughter, named "Pressie" or Priscilla, who was mentally "retarded," and the unmarried mother of a gigantic lot of a son named Ed. Carter, who was reared by his grand-father.

The Carter Brothers had each a considerable sum of money from the sale of timber, and the proceeds of their industrious lives; it being known that Allen had a good board which the fierce old Veterans was fully able to guard, unless taken at disadvantage.

However, in the year 1899, Veterans Allan Carter was shot from ambush, ~~falling~~ and instantly killed, by falling



At the corner of his log barn while  
going about his work in early morning.  
Unquestionably, illicit love and robbery  
played a part, and to protect Belle  
was necessary, before and after the  
fact. The grand-son Ed was suspected;  
tried for murder, and acquitted for  
lack of "evidence". Defended in  
Court by Cady. H. Feltt Rucker.  
I recall an unverified, or documented,  
rumor at the time, that Mr. Rucker  
was paid his fee in gold coin.  
If Mr. Carter had been hanged  
or shot or "suspicious", Justice would  
have been better served. He continued  
to live at the twice-widowed Belle's  
house and the family until his  
death in the influenza epidemic  
of 1918. of Pneumonia. I recorded



20  
Dearest, ardent conclusions were  
might be. Then in middle age,  
Belle painted and over-dressed.  
Mrs Bell - Ryder - Cutters death in  
1920 at the County Hospital, of a  
profound affection, the hospital  
~~then~~ known, colloquially, as the  
"Poor House"; then conducted by the  
late Dr. Harry L. Salter, who had  
promoted the sale of the County "Poor  
Farm," the proceeds used to purchase  
the Hospital, from Dr. J. W. Price,  
he having acquired the building  
on a protested bank debt from  
the late Brown M. Yeager.

I have learned a deep bond of  
affection existed through life between  
the brothers, Allen and William Cutters.  
After the death of his brother, and  
about 1920, Mr. Wm Cutters sold  
his lands and came to live with  
his daughter, the late Mrs. Blanche  
Meadows, previously married to  
a Mr. Halley, whose two sons  
Wm and Russell still live. Their mother  
Blanche dying in 1952.  
The Cutters-Meadows family then  
lived at the foot of Price Hill, near



Monday - 10/2/59  
3:30 AM

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Windy weather began with ~~the weather~~ mild & forebodes of "Indian Summer".  
The day, for the most part, spent at office  
and in the open air -  
"Mrs. Mary McClellan" (Viceintee) visiting her in-law & Pittsburg  
and Charlottesville, Va. her relatives, also  
(Washington), after her mistreatment, (and  
improvement) of her husband, Sam Bench.  
All duly reported among the "Personals"  
of that Beacon of Light and Leading -  
The Pocahontas Times.

Gangsters appear to be moving in at  
the "Toll House". McCloud drinking taxi,  
neglecting the gas station; the Restaurant;  
a hangout for Italians and Negroes;  
- Bootlegging - etc.

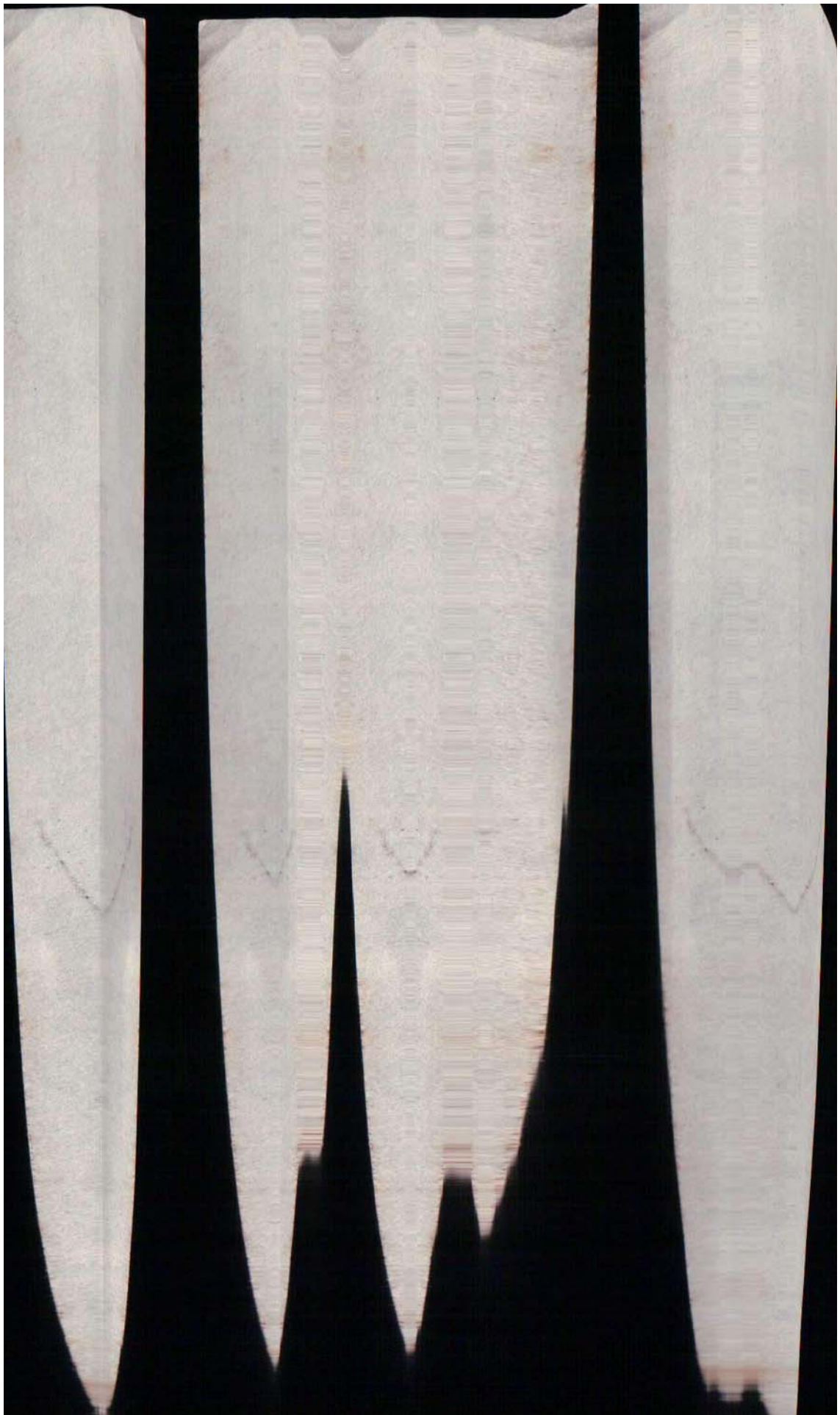
Kelley's Hotel and the Carter House  
despect! Evil Present with us.

(201)  
my residence, in 1923-24. Veterans Bill  
Culter after had me in to see Mrs. Culter,  
being solicitous about her minor  
ailments and illnesses. A beautiful  
harmony apparent between this aged  
couple, a true union of souls. William  
Culter was married but once.

"We have but one virginity to lose,  
And where we lost it, there our hearts  
will be" - "Lipstick & the Virginity".

Indefatigable in means, Mr. Culter invariably tendered  
my fee at each visit. Both were of  
a mild, affable, and courteous. The  
"home" Culter of good Anglo-Irish origin.







Monday - 10/2/56  
3:30 AM

202

Went to the meeting with the committee first.  
The committee will be discussing "Public Finance"  
and not the other French appears to be  
"Min. Mary-McClintock" in fact, also  
and (McClintock), also her ministrations, (and  
her husband from "The French"  
see also French fight and reading."  
of the President's terms.  
have then appear to be moving up at  
the "The French" (McClintock's)  
regarding the gas station, the restaurant  
a hanging the the station and the  
- both the young - the  
"The French" and the French (the  
see first! The President with us.

(201)  
My audience, in 1929-34, William B. Rye  
after has me in to see Mrs. Rye,  
being speaking about her mother  
and the other. A beautiful  
harmony appears between the two  
people, a true union of souls. William  
Calkins was present last time.  
"We have but one language to lose,  
and when we lost it, there are hearts  
will be - (The language)  
Indignant in means, Mr. Calkins mentioned finding  
my list of each visit. Both work of  
a much effort, and conversation. The  
a name back of good people - for on any m-



At times I drew him out to fight his battles  
again, when his eye would light up  
with the true fire, and vocal accent.  
He did not approve the loss of the war;  
hated Yankees, and had killed as many  
as possible in 1861.

Mr. Colter did not approve of his  
daughter's second marriage with one  
Meadows, who had come with a Road  
Construction firm from North Carolina,  
of unknown family, and rather much  
expressing with some asperity his  
opinions of certain male and female  
visitors at the house, following the  
engagement by marriage of Mr. Meadows.  
I believe this was a cause of the Colters,  
later, going to the home of another  
daughter, who lived in Kansas, where  
both died and were buried.

William and Allan Colter served  
throughout the war in the 22d Reg. Va.  
Infantry, reduced by losses to the 22d  
Battalion. In the same Company, and  
left under the same blanket the entire  
four years; a remarkable thing. This  
was told me by William Bill Colter in 1923.  
They about 80 years of age.

The 22d Reg. was engaged the first day  
at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, when the Yankees  
were driven with heavy losses in killed  
and prisoners.

Mr. Bill Colter recalled  
slaking his battle thirst at "Spranglers  
Sprink", Culp's Hill; as did Veterans  
Hugh A. McLaughlin, formerly with me.



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A member of Company I, 25th Va. Infantry.  
(\*) Gettysburg is rated one of the wars  
"Decisive Battles." I esteem it a privilege  
to have talked to many who were ~~at the battle~~  
at the 80th anniversary ~~anniversary~~ of  
Gettysburg in the field of Gettysburg, July  
1913, and elsewhere; notably ~~at the battle~~  
cells, "Gettysburg" (Hugh P. McGunagle),  
the Rev. J. C. Beverage and Charles K. Moore.

In writing this "Memoir" I have been  
impressed ~~by~~ the pleasure to be de-  
rived ~~by~~ <sup>from</sup> ~~being~~ recording and re-  
reading the chronicles of childhood  
and youth. It has been said: "The  
old days are better than the ~~modern~~  
because the pain has gone out of  
them." Certainly, the tale is  
engraved on the tablets of memory  
more clearly than are ~~modern~~  
events.

"Time but the impression deeper  
makes,  
As streams their channels  
Deeper wear."

However, ~~much~~ for the record, much  
demands to be recorded of the  
"Impatient Years" comprised in the  
magnificent ~~historical~~ third, fourth, and  
fifth decades of the twentieth Century, A.D.



Thursday - 11/3/59 205-  
4 PM

Good weather, windy. November a "White" Month.  
A trace of ice. Road traffic slowing down.  
The leaf-raking nearly finished. Now  
to "get set" for winter.  
President Eisenhower, dimly aware  
of the folly of unlimited debt, inflation,  
"relief" and "wared leadership" being  
criticized as to his "Leadership" in the arc  
of 1944. Internationalists and Democrats  
"dusting off" Adlai Stevenson, the man  
of "good sense" (and liberality) to run  
for President in 1960. Money is to be made  
in the fall, as well as the rise of Empire."

Alfred Berkeley McComb.

The saga of the Widow Wiley, of Wiley Manor  
has been written, in part. The life of a notable  
man, A. B. McComb, also of Hendersonville, who  
lived to the great age. Ninety-eight years,  
dying in 1958, is interesting in that he  
retained good health and mentality, able  
to do considerable work with the shovel  
and the hoe in his garden in his ~~98~~ ninety-  
eight year.

Born — 1860, son of Price McComb  
extensive owner of White Pine Lands on  
Cummings Creek. His mansion with large  
brick chimneys still stands a half mile  
from Hendersonville. He was probably  
a namesake of James Arley Price, my  
grandfather. The first of the name of  
record in Rockingham County, a child  
of the middle age of his Parents. He  
was named for "General" Alfred Berkeley,  
Pioneer developer of Coal mining in



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Raleigh County, Virginia, after whom the  
nearest city of Beckley is named.  
At the time of 1861 ~~under the~~ General  
was prospecting for iron ore in Pocahontas  
and Greenbrier; visited the McCoub family,  
and employed Price McCoub as guide.  
Beckley McCoub's early life boyhood  
and youth that of an ambitious back-  
woods youth with ambition and of  
regular habits: getting such schooling  
as the near-by County Seat afforded;  
(which my father W. T. Price (1838-1921)  
also attended in Dec ~~1846~~ 1846;)  
roaming the forests and working diligently  
clearing his father's lands.

Early marrying a Miss McFarland,  
they built their house ~~with their~~  
own hands, in the village, as they  
contemplated going into the store  
business. Mrs. McCoub bore ten  
children, her death due to some  
complications of child-birth, the child  
surviving; Mr. McCoub lamenting  
her death for more than forty years.

In an interview some years before his  
death, he told of his young wife holding  
a lantern and otherwise assisting as he  
worked, at night, building his house  
and, later, his store. Substantially  
built of white pine, the house still  
stands, restored, a handsome  
dwelling. He also praised the



wife of his youth as "The best of women".  
In preparing to build the house, Mr.  
McCormick, with his father's permission, felled  
~~down~~ Pine trees, peeled and had sawn  
sufficient lumber; later building  
the house; ~~all this~~ single-handed for  
the most part.

During this time he kept so busy  
he ate only twice daily, not stopping  
for a mid-day meal, or lunch.  
Needless to say, he had no time to  
develop "alcoholism", being busy  
night and day, except for a few  
hours sleep.

From an early day, Whitesville  
was a trading post. Beginning in a  
small way, Beckley opened a ~~store~~  
a general store, or shop, and in the course  
of years, with stiff competition, was  
successful; rearing a large family  
respectably settled in life and  
gaining a competence.

The death of his ~~young~~ wife  
aged about 48, the tragedy of his life,  
but he never faltered, continuing diligent  
in business, and assisting as best he  
could certain members of his family.  
I talked with him about a year before  
his death in 1958, and was impressed  
by his apparent good health, age 97,  
intelligence and good sense. He



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had, ~~mental in error~~, some years before  
designed his store business to his  
youngest son, Robert, and become  
short of money, though not dependent,  
owing his home and garden. This was  
due, largely, to his having assisted  
members of his family, and others, for  
the many years he lived past the  
four score and three.

All of which is another story.  
During the "Depression" years, 1832  
and after, Mr. McComb accepted "Dolls"  
in the amount about one thousand dollars,  
though the owner of Real estate, etc., under  
the mistaken impression that it was an  
"old age pension." This was an error.

At a later day payment was demanded  
by D.P.A., with intent to - not without  
Malice - to eject this aged man from his  
home. In assistance forth-coming from  
his numerous children, who should  
appear but his grown, married, "Natural"  
daughter, ~~with~~ <sup>help</sup> paid the debt, and  
cared for him the few remaining years of  
his life; more than decently burying and  
erecting a monument to mark his resting  
place in the McComb Cemetery.

For several years before his death,  
Mr. Peckley McComb's once profitable  
store business had become a liability  
because of changing conditions in  
the wholesale and retail general



Store Business. Also the competitors  
of Shopping Centers and Chain Groceries,  
and so forth.

Financial help and supplies given  
certain members of his family (unpaid  
for) a drain on his resources; and  
in extreme age he had the modifications  
of being "nearly broke". Accepting  
the situation, without complaint, and,  
though not formally "Religious",  
thoroughly reviewed his life, was  
satisfied; realized the whole earth  
was full of the glory of the Almighty;  
and was instant in Prayer. And  
upheld the Covenant of Grace, as I  
firmly believe.

The remarkable woman Laura  
Jane Smith, ~~was~~ one of seven  
beautiful daughters of John Wesley  
Smith and Mary Elizabeth Burr-  
Smith, was born Feb. 27, 1888, in  
the Burr Valley, and reared from  
an early age by her widowed  
grandmother, Burr, who resided  
until her death in the old two-  
story Burr log house at the  
entrance to Burr Valley, head of  
Laurel Run.

An attractive child, with fine  
dark blue eyes, she profited by early  
schooling in Rural Schools; good



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up under Pioneer conditions, trained  
in the labors of the house and farm  
and the care of cattle <sup>as</sup> many as  
thirteen cows. She, like others, had  
gathered berries, barefoot, in "rattleske-  
Copperhead" bush country.

Precocious; married at fifteen,  
and a mother at sixteen years, to an  
immigrant from the Middle East, either  
Lebanon or Syria who rejoiced in  
the "Christian" name "Harrison"  
Abdella, bestowed by authority of  
law at the New York Port of entrance.

Shortly after the marriage, Grand-  
mother Burr died, intestate; Lawrence,  
Jane receiving no share of the extensive  
Burr lands. Building a small  
house on leased land, she and  
"Harrison" began a brave twenty-year  
period ~~struggle for~~ <sup>struggle for</sup> survival. ~~Three~~ <sup>Three</sup>  
"worthy" infants (Boys) were born  
in <sup>quick</sup> succession; Lawrence Jane not yet  
twenty-one; and began the struggle  
to ~~avoid~~ rear the sons, - and avoid  
bearing numerous other worthy  
Abdellas <sup>to America</sup>

~~Immigrants~~ <sup>Immigrants</sup> from the Middle and  
far East, decadent descendants of  
Empire builders, unless specially  
employed in commercial or food  
trading, are not usually successful  
in agriculture in a colder climate  
and in a strange land.



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Far removed from association  
with his own race, Harrison Abdella  
~~remained~~ remained ignorant of a new  
Culture. An honest, religious, and temperate  
man, he yet lives, past eighty, in the  
house he and Laura built. In his middle  
years, Harrison was befriended by the  
late Henry Burr, uncle of Laura, who  
lived on a large section of Burr Land.  
Harrison Abdella never successfully  
"integrated" with "Native" Americans.

At thirty-five years of age, her three  
sons grown, Laura Jane rebelled,  
and left her husband. All her life  
accustomed to fend for herself; of  
remarkable beauty, magnetic and  
attractive and "Magnetic," religious  
and a Methodist from early childhood;  
no breath of scandal attached to her  
at first. She sought refuge with her uncle  
Henry Burr; not eating the bread  
of idleness. Still in touch with  
her young sons, she for a time  
"pradled" household goods in the  
neighborhood, to a small degree,  
and successfully.

In the course of her "Cauvassing" she  
had been supplied with merchandise  
to some extent, by Reckley McCorn,  
merchant, the tragic death of whose  
wife has been told, ten years before.  
A candy and "notions" shop was  
opened by Laura, in Huntersville.



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Where she resided with her sons, who  
also kept in touch with their father in  
the Burr Valley - Her names, Delbert,  
Dale and Theodore Abdella.

Being mutually attracted, and by  
"Natural Selection" a son was born to  
Buckley McCool and Laura Jane Smith,  
(in 1925) named James (or Jimmie)  
"Abdella" in deference to legal custom.  
Jimmie was "blonde", and grew up to be  
a soldier in Korea - another story.

Even the village gossips, later, admitted  
the ~~mutual~~ <sup>mutual</sup> ~~respect~~ <sup>congeniality</sup> and ~~respect~~ <sup>mutual</sup> ~~life~~ <sup>life</sup>.  
Mutual respect of ~~each other~~ <sup>each other and Laura</sup> through life.  
(Furthermore, it is "a wise son (or  
daughter) who knows his own father,"  
as the proverb says).

All the while Laura Jane was  
diligent in business, keeping her shop,  
canvassing and selling goods  
on the road; expert in handling  
farm animals, and a judge of  
live stock. She kept a good cow,  
sold milk and butter, and raised  
pigs, and a garden with many  
flowers.

From the first year of my Practice  
(1903) I knew the Smith family;  
had visited their home, and  
attended Laura Jane at the birth  
of her first child, in 1904.

Smith



Something of the <sup>213</sup> lives of the Fitzsimmons  
beautiful Smith sisters will follow  
in this narrative.

Throughout the years I had observed  
Laura and her family, contacted nearly  
all in my practice of medicine,  
making long journeys to their home,  
widely scattered over the mountains  
and valleys in Pocahontas, even in  
Greenbrier County, North Fork of  
Antietam Creek.

On a Sunday, Summer or fall autumn  
1930, Mrs. Laura Jane Abdellah appeared  
at my office, accompanied by Beckley  
McCorm, and requested, insisted, ~~but~~  
~~exam~~ physical "examination" be  
made to determine suspected pregnancy,  
early pregnancy! Surprisingly,  
Mr. McCorm sat in my surgery  
during the "examination," and paid  
my fee of two dollars, all without  
comment by any.

I will state that it has never  
been my custom to encourage  
such "examinations" in pregnancy,  
lawful or otherwise. "Natural,"  
suggesting that time will tell.

Early in 1931, a daughter, Hallie,  
also a blonde, was born to Laura,  
I attending the birth at her home  
in Huntersville. The father aged 70 years



Aged, though with many years to live, his savings depleted, Buckley McCoub. ran his store through the Depression years, but unprofitably - having no other resources than his "Savings".

Laura Jane, age 41, and blonde, worked hard ~~raising~~ <sup>rearing</sup> her second family, raising a good garden (with flowers) and keeping a cow. She also ranged the hills and fields for berries in season, at times "hitch-hiking" to Marlinton to sell butter and berries, finding a customer, thirty cents the pound being top price for good country butter, Year 1932.

Though "Separated" from her husband, Laura Jane was not "divorced" until legally, until 1956, about thirty years after. ~~When~~ On my asking her why she had gotten a divorce (uncontested) she replied, truthfully, that she "Did not know why".

She and Buckley McCoub had "lived on the square, like a true married pair," and two children born to them meanwhile.

That there was a strong physical attraction between me and Laura Jane Smith is freely admitted. Once as a beginning when she delivered



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two pounds of good butter, ~~at~~ to me  
at my office, I impulsively kissed her,  
to which she responded with interest.  
Other intimacies followed, as all in the  
course of "natural selection" on my  
part, and Laura continued to hitch-  
hike to Marlinton with Betty and  
Produce.

Impressed by the beautiful and graceful  
Miss Alice, I certainly was not regarded  
as "rich" and a good "Catch," though  
a hard worker, and still vigorous,  
even youthful, at ~~seventy~~ 58 years.  
Laura was appreciative, at this crucial  
time, for small favors.

Beechley McCorn, must have known  
I was "contributing" to the support of  
Laura and her young family, but  
he gave no sign; the outward  
decencies of all of us preserved;  
no "jealousies." I firmly  
believe the "Rage of Jealousy" is  
solely a passion connected with  
true marriage in youth and the  
middle years.

A man turns back to what he  
used to use  
to make his living, even though  
he be free;



And so comes back upon the least  
 same as the sailor settled by the sea.  
 He knows he's never going on no

Cruise;  
 He knows he's done and finished  
 with the sea;

But will he like to think she's there  
 to use,  
 same as the sailor settled by the sea.  
 If he should ask her as she used to be -

the dignity (sphinx)  
 Marriage I deemed impractical, in  
 part due to complications and  
 numerous ~~for~~ children in all our  
 families. With the many "needs" of  
 the rising generations. Being  
 congenial with Laura, and by nature  
 "faithful," kept my foot from  
 wandering in the paths of dalliance  
 for many years.

Largely because of Laura's  
 religious scruples, we decided  
 to refrain from intimacies, and  
 did so ~~remained~~ for a time. When  
 being called to her home because  
 of real or fancied illness, I  
 found her lying on a couch,  
 in a rather cheap, and worn  
 kitchen ~~house~~ dress, but looking so



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attractive, and beautiful, that I  
leaned over and kissed her  
warmly, she responding as of  
old. Soon our intimacies were  
resumed, and continued for a long  
time. Surely & for many years  
contributed substantially to the support  
of her family. My fortunes seemed  
to grow, and not diminish during  
the 3d and 4th decades, 20th Century.  
She did me good, and not with-  
brought me "luck."

I write of "falling" for Laura the second  
time, after a brief separation. When she was  
attired in a dilled, torn house dress, as  
a warning to all women not to put their  
trust wholly in fine sammet, "tired" hair  
and cosmetics, as did Dowager Queen  
Jezebel of old, as attractive to the male.  
Ed. Howe, the Sage of Kansas, once  
wrote the men of small towns are better  
judges of women than city men. He cited  
a certain woman who had gone "all  
out" to catch a certain man, and made  
a humiliating failure. The same woman  
went to a large city, and almost at the  
first cast "hooked" an eligible man,  
made a good "catch," marriage.  
It is true that Laura Jane in this middle  
years, and later "tired" and "tired" her hair  
and "painted" her face, in a tasteful manner, all



To good effect. <sup>218</sup> and like the classical Loral  
Bernard, the actress, attractive and beautiful when  
past seventy. Three sons of Mrs. Abdulla  
served successively in the Army, and thus  
allotments aided their mother through some  
difficult years.

Delbert, after Army service, married a divorcee  
with children, in Charleston; accumulated some  
valuable property. His sudden, unexpected  
death from "heart failure" several years  
followed, the widow getting all, including  
life insurance, the insurance, until shortly  
before ~~his~~ Delbert's death named his mother  
as beneficiary - possibly one of the "Dangers"  
of Matrimony in a Military Age.

Jimmy Abdulla, in due time, was caught  
up in the "Peace-time Draft," and sent by  
a Presidential Government, at his impressionable  
age to Korea, as a replacement.

Returning, after two years, it was evident  
a good job of "integrating" racially, had  
been done; Jimmy's hair-do, head gear,  
and gaudy sports shirts so strikingly  
Korean that at first sight he appeared to  
be a blonde Oriental; also his face  
was changed. As a child a pleasant-  
faced, handsome boy. After service in  
Korea a taste for petty Country liquors.

~~But~~ not ~~so~~ especially vicious, he had  
driven trucks in Korea, and sometimes worked  
and associated with undesirable male and  
female devilkins.

Married and divorced, and re-married  
before 25 years of age, (also an Oriental Custom?)



And in between, failed in the State of Ohio, where his half brother, Dallas, was employed, in default of payment of a judgment or settlement demanded by an authoress, his female, on a conviction for Bastardy. "Jimmie Lister, Hallie, also in Ohio at the time wrote her mother Jimmie would 'go crazy' unless money was sent to bail him out. Laura James felt able to print for Four Hundred Dollars, as neither will do. Jimmy was released, and within a year again married with the aid of his wife's father, a house has been built, and the family settled down, with two nice children & girls. My contribution to the cause, payment of the Bank Loan! which I do not regret!"

Mough not an ender

It is needless to write this incident, and much in this narrative not written to as an institutionalism, but a true record of life as it was lived, the past half of the twentieth Century: and not for publication in this generation, unless edited, in part.

The ancient writings are full of charming revealing stories of the Patriarchs and Prophets, the wise and learned "the long, long dead, and those of yesterday" — "who each has back what one he passed to weep — Homer his sight; and David his little lad." — Elizabeth Wintons Reese.



Madison, 10/11/59 220

~~Cherry~~ ~~Freezing~~ Heavy Frost. November a  
Winter - North. My persimmon tree, near  
the bridge, loaded. The recent frost brings  
down the tree last morning, picked a bag  
wholesome fruit, not appreciated by mountaineers,  
because unaccustomed. The persimmon tree,  
strange to say, horticulturally belongs to the  
Ebenaceae family - a sub-tropical wood,  
valued for its luster, density, and  
rich, palish. Not native to this region.  
My specimen was brought thirty years ago  
from the Virginia Peninsula. Thrives best  
in marshy ground. The tree planted  
near a "Deep".

Mr. Lacy Byrd.

In 1955, Laura Jane Pruitt obtained an  
uncontested divorce from her husband, Harrison  
Abdella, the Lebanese immigrant, they having  
lived separate thirty years; but retained  
her married name.

About this time, or shortly after, I learned  
she and Mr. Lacy Byrd were frequently attended  
the Huntersville Methodist Church, together;  
in local opinion thought to be equivalent  
to publishing "banns" for legal marriage.  
Both devout, I believe they in this year of grace  
1959 ~~they~~ together at Church, though not married  
that I am aware. Mr. Byrd has an auto,  
always at Laura's disposal, therefore no longer  
hitch-hiking ~~on her~~ to Marlinton; frequently  
calling on me at my office, our friendship  
cordial ~~and~~, but Platonic.



The two of us, <sup>22</sup> "Faithful" by nature, and  
denied by unkind Fate ~~an eternal~~ union  
of spirit in the air!

Try as he will, no man breaks wholly  
from his <sup>Love</sup> first love, no matter who  
shall be,  
Or was there ever sailor free to choose  
Who did not settle somewhere near  
the sea?

Myself it does not interest or amuse,  
To see a flock of shipping on the ~~sea~~,  
But I can understand my neighbors  
Views  
By certain things which have occurred  
to me. — The Virginity, Kipling

Of a landed family in Highland County, Va.,  
later head Mechanic in the Machine  
Shop at Cass, Occoquan County, Fa.,  
Byrd was his "Bachelors Night Cap" until  
late middle life; ~~well~~ <sup>well</sup> read, industrious  
and reputed well-to-do = "strong  
on the goose"! The dominant  
member of the Byrd clan, settled near  
Hendersonville, on Browns Creek; where  
his ~~aged~~ mother and sister-in-law  
Mrs Clyde Byrd have recently died.  
He was, perhaps, in error financing his  
brother Clyde in the well patronized beer  
tavern at the "Forks" on Byrd Land.  
Clydes and his late wife, a Miss Hamrick,  
the parents of Major Jack Byrd, <sup>19</sup> a young,  
~~celebrated~~ athletic coach and teacher at



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Rillsboro High School; (Chinese wife) the  
beautiful Miss Gay, of Indian Draft, grand-  
daughter of "Draft" Sam Gay, artilleryman  
U.S. Army, has born the Major's several fine  
sons and daughters. The family lives  
in California, where Major Byrd is stationed  
Commissioned from the Caucasus, War of 1941,  
when he saw fighting on both "fronts".  
During ~~the~~ Mr. Byrd's absence in the  
war, Mrs Byrd ran the Tall House  
Restaurant, West end of the Bridge, ~~and~~  
Marlinton, subsisting her family, ~~and~~  
by a meagre allotment of, at first, ~~and~~  
soldier's pay.

To resume: For myself, I may say,  
that I have rarely seen much good  
come of second marriages, for men.  
There maybe - are - exceptions of course;  
but oftener one or the other aged partners is  
~~one~~ put away in a Nursing Home, or  
State "Poor Houses"; or Poverty may come  
in the door, and resulting unhappiness,  
even the Sage of Kansas, ~~the~~ Howe, put  
away the old wife of his youth - an error -  
and once wrote: with his usual candor,  
that in his youth he was accused of  
"Running after" women! Continually, he  
says that in later life some of those  
women had to run from him!  
It may be that Laura and Lucy  
being seen together, ~~and~~ frequently, at  
the Methodist Church, had something to  
do with Laura's divorce. I do not know.



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The Truth is stranger than Victorian  
fiction; why lie? or at the very least,  
fiction based on truth, as is the admirable  
"House Divided," by Benjamin Williams;  
or "Gone with the Wind," by a young woman  
genius, of Georgian ancestry, whose recent  
accidental death is ~~now~~ regretted.

Mrs. Mary Chisholm's "Diary" of the Civil  
War period, is ~~valuable~~ and interesting  
and valuable; describing life as it was  
lived during the War - 1861. So much so,  
the Maidens, and beautiful, Miss Myrtle  
Avery, whom I met in Baltimore in 1902  
delicately "edited" the first edition,  
(previously referred to in this narrative),  
the Diary, of course, refers to very many  
distinguished persons by name, with  
incident and gossip, at a stirring and  
tragic period; of an invaded country;  
of a war-like people, and at war!

Two things greater than all things are;  
Women and Horses, Power and War!

Laura's ~~the~~ only daughter, Hallie May, (1931)  
from childhood I shared a spirit of ~~disorder~~  
frustration and discontent with her lot.  
Intelligent and beautiful, but lacking ~~the~~  
~~the~~ the aura of the spirit, she finished ~~the~~  
co-educational high school, at eighteen,  
but not qualifying in typing, Practical  
Commercial ~~courses~~ <sup>studies</sup> that enables many  
young women to hold positions with  
Government at Washington, or in stores  
and banks. Hallie found, somewhat



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To her surprise, the only employment at the  
minut work in factories, in Ohio, or in  
local restaurants and taverns, with their  
undesirable contacts and atmosphere,  
far too many ~~women~~ becoming "suspect"  
as to chastity.

A strong and active girl, soon adept  
at driving autos, even on occasion trucks  
and tractors, like the Russian women  
are said to do. She also went for the  
mannish clothing, or lack of clothing, of the  
age; unlike her mother, who was always  
clothed modestly and in a womanly  
manner, and by nature charmingly  
modest and quiet; besides possessing  
"Personal Magnetism" in a high degree -  
a rare gift in women.

In due time Hallie May married,  
her husband, once divorced, Leonard Corbush,  
from a Logan County family whose members  
are successful as Merchants, plumbers, etc.  
Leonard in youth appeared somewhat of  
a misfit, therefore a family problem -  
as a man after his second marriage  
his conduct good, employed regularly  
as a painter in the local Tannery,

Being ambitious, desiring a high  
standard of living, Mrs. Corbush has  
elegantly fitted up the old McComb  
house, with furnace heat, water  
from deep wells, sanitary plumbing, etc;  
even with occasional aid from Leonard's  
people, but always in debt. They have  
(but no more ~~and~~ than others better situated)







Wed- 11/11/59  
3 A.M.

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Clear, frosty, but warmer. - a few Perseus  
a day I find a delicious food - one of the  
"Fruit of the Garden" (Eden) mankind was  
directed to eat of -

Since retiring, in part, from the <sup>active</sup> practice of  
Medicine, several years since, "It has been  
my habit to "retire" at about seven, less  
twilight at this season. I usually  
awake after sound sleep of eleven hours,  
when I may lie for an hour or two, with  
a devil-may-care as to wakefulness;  
reflect on the recent events or future  
activities; then return to sleep, or  
it may be, arise, build a griddle wood  
fire in my bath-room, and turn off  
up to one half dozen pages.

Not inhibited by a space writing,  
but "for the record" only; or to gratify  
an inward urge, and as a mental exercise  
Ecclesiastes xiv. 8. "Rich men living in  
their houses, furnished with ability, living  
peaceably in their houses, habitations, and  
generations, and the glory of their times."

Others there be, ~~who are merciful men~~,  
and their children after them, who are as if  
they had never been; but these were  
merciful men, who have not been forgotten  
I find myself, unconsciously, recording  
something of these obscure "merciful"  
men - and women too!

No sleeping pills!



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Having written something of each of the  
"Three Musketeers", McKomb, Price and  
Byrd, each and successively the Cavalier  
escort of the woman Laura Jane Abdella;—  
I continue:

Laura Jane certainly was happy in her  
inner life; though valiantly meeting obstacles.  
She rarely showed emotion, though I think  
she had periods of religious ecstasy. Only  
once did I ever see her fine eyes fill  
with tears when telling me of the recent  
sudden death of her son Delbert, a war  
veteran. In conversation she <sup>never</sup> always  
appeared quietly happy; with poise  
and good sense. Personally "modest"  
never considered sexually promiscuous;  
a fine housekeeper, and tireless in providing  
for her household, her small house of  
recent years elegantly finished and  
spotless. For long periods she <sup>sheltered</sup>  
sheltered Jimmie and his most recent  
"family" out of scanty means, until he  
settled down in a house of his own.

Through all her face expressed the  
content of "a meek and lowly spirit,"  
— believe it or not!

I recall a long Autumn day ride (October  
1904) to the home of John Wesley Smith in the  
Burr Valley, Nebraska. One of the  
daughters, <sup>the youngest</sup> the young girl (not Laura) also  
resided with her grandparents Burr.  
This adolescent young lady had lain  
in an hysterical trance for several days,  
alarming even her mother, well aware



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of the vagaries of her large family of girls. It so happened that by the time I was summoned, the day before, and I had leisurely ridden twenty miles, the patient was recovered, sitting up happily, and feeling improved by her recent "illness." Making only a casual examination, or "inspection," I had the sense to know there was nothing the matter - ~~by intuition~~ <sup>by intuition</sup> I suppose being young and inexperienced in the ~~psychology~~ <sup>psychology</sup> of the young females of the species. I recall, vividly, the cordiality and interest of the family circle then almost unbroken; but the amiable parents, Mary Elizabeth and John Wesley Smith. I probably ~~prescribed~~ dispensed a popular "nerve" pill of the Period-Valerian and Camphor, or other placebo; all of us rejoiced at the happy outcome of the "illness" my fee of ten dollars. A dinner - was paid on the spot, and I started my return ride of twenty miles - I will here state "mileage" was calculated at 50 cents per mile - one way - total \$10.00. The Smith family had probably sold a cow, or other live stock recently. The day was a Sunday, and the autumn coloring of the forest at its best. On the journey I by chance observed a romantic incident that impressed me, perhaps unduly, as I at age thirty years, single, and a physician,



Supposedly ~~well~~ sophisticated and worldly wise. It so happened a young couple were "Pick-nicking" that fine day, on Beaver Creek, somewhat after the manner of the young Otto Valentini & in the story by Kantos entitled "Andersonville" and his girl, before starting to join the war (1861). In the present instance a young son of the late Arch George, who was a timber man, and a "wolf", had hired a livery "rig" in Muskegon and with the young lady, who lived on Cassin's Creek, a misa, known to me, very beautiful, a rose-cheeked Brunette with strikingly black hair and eyes. I met the couple in the one-horse "livery" rig, on Beaver Creek; I recall that Arch George, defiantly, discarded a large whirlybatter as I rode past; also the high color and vivid gleam from coal black eyes of Miss A. On my return, I observed the horse hitched to a road-side tree, and the young couple apparently still Pick-nicking up a piney hollow. Human affairs, and urges, much the same, whether in the horse and buggy days or the auto age, only its range much expanded and complicated by co-educational high schools and colleges. (John) Grand-daughter, to sprightly old lady: "were you ever in service paper (1918)" "were you ever bel-ridden?" Grand-mother: "A thousand times, dearie; and once in a buggy."



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I may add, Miss A. later married, that  
to young Mr. George; Bore eight children.  
The family valued patients for many years,  
during all which time her "reputation" was  
spotless. In later years, mildly insane,  
her death soon followed, in her home,  
that ~~was~~ in a state hospital, sincerely  
mourned by family and friends.

Cambre Pierce, once wrote: "Whisky  
Battles have a poor opinion of women!"  
Himself separated from his wife, because  
of indiscreet letter correspondence  
with a Danish Nobleman while residing  
in Europe, according to Pierce's Biography,  
Williams, who also relates that when  
Mr. Pierce later offered to divorce him,  
Miss Pierce wished to marry again.  
Major Pierce declined, remarking  
decidedly, "Did not wish to join  
any more competitors."

A veteran officer of the 9th Indiana  
Volunteers, Major Pierce was in the  
Campaign in West Virginia, 1861.  
Acquainted with scenery upper Green River  
River, referred to "the enchanted  
Mountains," and retraced the  
old trails of the armies on Cheat  
Mountain many years later.

Her one hundred and forty-four  
thousand redeemed before the "Mere of  
Heaven," because they were virgins,  
according to Commentator Arthur



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not ~~that~~ Stenley, does not, profanely, ~~mean~~  
~~not~~ celebrates, but ~~to~~ men who ~~have~~  
kept the marriage ~~bond~~ inviolate.  
— (Revelation).

John Wesley Smith, and his sister Belle  
(Cutter) came from the Eastern Virginia  
thirty after the War (1861), settled in the  
Burr Valley, married and reared large  
families. Mr. Smith appears to have been  
"easy going," not in good health and  
died many years ago. He was a  
veteran of the Confederacy. His wife  
was left the care of a large family,  
long before the period of Public  
Assistance to Infants. Mrs. Mary  
Elizabeth Smith labored valiantly  
to support the family. When her only  
young son, died of Pneumonia <sup>in the</sup> in 1918,  
she was the beneficiary of insurance and  
a pension. All her children now  
grown and with families, she spent  
her life, dying about 1945, being  
stricken with Paralysis, with her  
daughter Mrs. William Rogers, on  
Bever Creek. Not changing her  
way of life in the least particular,  
dressing plainly and living simply,  
she spent her wealth judiciously in  
aiding her family in emergencies,  
illnesses and deaths. Kindly and  
charitable to the last, and in good health



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until her last illness, Paralysis, of a few days, she spent all her homelife wealth in aid to relatives, leaving no estate. She rests in the Beaver Creek Cemetery, a well cared for burying place, her grave unmarked, as yet, by a stone. A member of the Pioneer Burr family, her father Frederick Burr a German immigrant, and reputed to be a veteran of ~~Waterloo~~ the decisive Battle of Waterloo. She had a good heart.

The surviving son of the Smith family, William ("Willie") Smith, lives at the homestead, aged 83 years. He has a foster son, and 9 grand children. The women of the family, all amiable, and as stated before, widely scattered. Most have endured poverty, not being well endowed with lands, and usually with large families.

Clementine (Clement) Smith-Cole  
This attractive young girl was blinded at the age of 12 years, Presumably by a brain tumor, as diagnosed by Baltimore Physicians. Married to a woodsman Frederick Cole, their home was on the desolate trail leading from Watoga by the Railway to across the Bucking and Pyles Mountains to Beaver Creek. Her life, necessarily one of ~~poor~~ poverty & neglect. She had no



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Children. Her husband was kind.  
She lived and died long before there  
was public assistance for the Blind, or  
assistance of any kind.

I make special mention of the life  
of Cleomantine because of ~~her~~ remarkable  
cheerfulness. Many times she appeared  
to be happy. Her death occurred  
at age thirty, and sudden, probably  
due to the Brain tumor, a cause of  
blindness. Doubtless she <sup>and</sup> back was  
right, and with her spirits in the  
air in the land of the best.

### Arch George Family

Noted for the statuesque beauty of the women  
and handsome sons, the George family,  
has earned mention in these chronicles.  
Late in the 19<sup>th</sup> Century there arrived from  
Eastern Kentucky Arch George and his  
young family. They had their dwelling  
in the remote fastnesses of Buckley  
Mountains, at the "Messer Place".  
Rather of uncouth appearance, and down  
crutched, Arch George was reputed  
skilled in fencing and Moor-  
shining; and was always armed  
with rifle or small Pistol. The  
children got their good looks from  
their mother! All were unusually



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intelligent, their meagre schooling  
supplemented by reading and wild  
travel. In later life all the girls  
shuttled between the Atlantic and the  
Pacific Coast, in Montana and Oregon,  
self-reliant, true pioneer stock - and  
retaining much self-respect, though  
frequently married and divorced, or  
separated. At no time did any  
seem to fail in acquiring mates  
as required.

Gun-play not unknown in this  
family. Once I was called to  
the home of one, near Edray, and  
found the lady with a gun-shot  
wound of the knee, particulars  
not known, which resulted in  
a stiff knee - fortunately the  
leg was saved. No arrests  
followed, every body satisfied.  
At the time our people looked with  
some concern on this Ky. "Feuding,"  
although we had our own Hatfield-  
McCoy feuding still going strong  
in Wingo County. It will be recalled  
my wife Jean, was teaching school in  
the heart of the Hatfield Clay (1905)  
on Pigeon Creek, Gilbert, in that  
County, her rural school numbered  
14 Hatfields of a total 21 students



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I have a group picture of the school,  
Jenny loafing particularly cheerful  
and attractive, among the young  
Boy feudists and somewhat dork-  
looking young females - (all  
barefoot, a "Summit" school), as is the  
work, even when young, of females  
in a "Feuding" Community.

Mr. Arch George had no conflict  
with the Law that I remember, in his  
~~fast, mountain~~ fastness in the mountains.  
He was regarded, some-how, as a  
dangerous man, if crowded, and  
has disappeared from History.

A good many years ago one of  
the George boys had a shoe-shop  
in Marlinton, and appeared to be  
a better than average workman.  
~~at the~~ He was reported at the  
time to have ~~learned~~ <sup>learned</sup> his trade  
to the trade in the Penitentiary  
at Richmond. Although enjoying  
a good business, he soon left  
Marlinton, probably headed  
west. Perhaps next employment  
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Marlinton, probably headed  
West. Perhaps never employed  
palled in comparison with  
Highway ~~Robbery~~ hold ups and  
Protek Robbery from outside.



Wed. 11/12/59  
4 AM

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Over-cast, frosty, warmer. Left well,  
as usual. Remount with Neely com-  
pleted on Bridge and Street, 34-  
The news of yesterday - Front Page -  
The Corbys of Holly Wood in a family  
row. Mrs. Corby, mother of three  
Corbys, wounds the Band Leader  
with a knife, ordinarily used as  
a "Letter opener". Remount  
of the American right of a wife to  
kill her husband on occasion!  
This autumn, 1959, Pleasantly "Late."

Amos George, son of Arch George,  
Many years ago, lived at the mouth  
of Beaver Creek, near Watoga.  
From an early day, I may remark

in passing this region has had  
sinister implications, as I will relate.  
A woodsman, and illiterate, Amos,  
young wife, a daughter of Alice and  
James Burgess, was merely  
loved by her husband. Following  
her early death, which Amos in his  
grief wrongly ascribed to his own  
neglect, and undoubted poverty  
of their lives, he was miserable  
for a time, became insane, and  
was confined in the State Hospital







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"dead," as it is said, was anticipated  
by Frank Messer, middle-aged  
Kentucky Mountain Moonshiner  
and Pealedist.

In the Autumn, Year 1899, a fine  
October day, Messer approached the  
house; the Colley, always alert, was  
at the door-way.  
What words were exchanged is not  
known. Probably Messer announced  
that Colley was under arrest. No  
more was needed; both men drew  
and exchanged several shots; both  
fell and expired, Colley in the house  
and Messer at the wood-pile.

Mrs. Messer, Frank's wife, a wiry  
Mountain woman, who later married,  
lived many years after, proud of the  
deed of her first husband, a man  
of nerve, who died in the traditional  
manner, in his boat.

Margaret (Mattee) Williams  
later became the consort of John  
Rorke (or O'Rorke) in his late  
middle age. She died at a  
house in Jericho Hollow, near  
my residence, aged about 48  
of a uterine Cancerous affection, which  
condition was neglected. A reticent  
woman, strongly Muscular, made  
no complaint, nor demanding



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no quarter, nor a halcyon. in the Presence  
of inevitable death. It is said that  
the bandaged Calley his pistol from  
beside the door in the duel with Messer-  
Muttie Williams was courageous -  
Early in the century the ~~region~~  
then named Watoga, a large sawmill  
Village; a unique feature a factory  
to saw and tie in bundles dry pine  
slabs - refuse from the mill - destined  
to be marketed as "Kiddling" for  
stove or furnace fires of the Period.  
The costs of handling and marketing  
proved the new "Kiddling"  
unprofitable, even under the "Low  
Costs" of the day, and was abandoned.  
The proprietors of the mill from York  
State, and the name "Watoga"  
derived from that source.

When the Sawmill cut out  
Beaver Creek and Pyles Mountain  
(now largely Watoga State Park  
of many thousand acres). For the  
late Charles A Yeager Promoted  
an all-negro settlement north  
of Beaver Creek. Popular with  
retired Negro Coal miners  
from the Kanawha Valley, some  
remaining even to this year.



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a notable physician of the Colony.  
The late Dr. A. Cale, Coal Creek,  
who had a large clientele - principally  
white, many coming from distant parts.  
He practiced the Mineral and Botanical  
School of medicine, successfully.  
So well indeed, the world made a  
path to his door. For many years  
the late James Dunn, who lived at  
the Forge, did a profitable business  
ferrying Dr. Cale's patients across the  
Tennessee River in a "pale" Boat.  
Dr. Cale had the good sense to use  
extensively the old Sweet Springs  
water, both bottled and drunk naturally,  
especially in skin diseases and  
old sores originating with the  
"itch" (Nepoleonic). In the older  
times the native "Indians" knew  
well the healing virtue of "old  
sweet" water, in Alleghany County,  
West Virginia. It is today the site,  
in the old Springs building, once  
noted "Resort," of one of the  
State Homes (or Poor Houses) for  
the aged; of which more anon.  
"Anon," by the way, is all English for  
"More to follow."

The Afro-American settlement of  
Watoga discontinued after several  
years, because of lack of "industries"



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affording employment at a "living wage",  
also not sufficient fertile land for  
gardens and farms.

As a competitor in the practice of  
medicine, though unlicensed, he was  
"indicted" by the Grand Jury, under the  
law governing the registration of Doctors.  
He removed to New Allegheny, not  
far from his favorite medicinal  
spring; his office on the State "line"  
where he could conveniently "escape"  
if molested in his practice. He,  
Dr. Abraham Lincoln Cole has  
recently died in late middle age  
as, too often is the fate of "healed"  
"licensed" or otherwise.

It is recorded, in "Times", that  
"King Uzzials, when sick, trusted  
in Physicians that they might heal  
him, and King Uzzials slept  
with his fathers."

The quotation was a favorite  
with Brother James Ward Price, M.D.  
whom he frequently recited.

at Watogo, in a bend of the River,  
was the home and farm of the late  
George McComb, brother to Bradley  
McCombs, who also lived within a  
year or two of 100 years. ~~older than~~  
brother of Bradley, he has recently died

(and their patients)



242  
His daughter, the beautiful and  
accomplished Ora McComb - Neville  
- Both friends of my youth -  
live, at a great age, near White  
Sulphur Springs. Chris Neville  
a handsome man, among other  
employments, a woodsman, (He  
held a good hand at Cards) and  
a native of York State; he is now  
near ninety years of age (much  
older than the beautiful Ora McComb -)  
who is her blooming youth much  
admired by us physicians and  
other "professional" personnel in Marlinton,  
When Ora's first child was  
born, about 1908) it was my pleasure  
to follow to follow Clara Neville  
on horseback, who guided me,  
(in Doctor McKee and Smith's  
territory), in part down the bed  
of Greenbrier river a half mile  
below the "Bever Creek Crossing"  
to the McComb home, to "help  
~~with the birth~~ to unload her  
first born son, Chris Neville Junior.  
Incidentally, Chris, an honest man,  
promptly paid the customary fee  
of ten dollars for an all night  
ride of twenty miles and detention



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until after breakfast at George McLeod's  
home. There were no "pre-natal"  
or "post-natal" visits made, or needed  
and no nursing aid, other than  
some of the "old women"; Possibly  
Aunt May Thomas, up river from  
Watoga, and Anna's mother.

Later ~~at~~ attended Chris Neville  
for a severe ax wound of the foot,  
at his lumber logging camp near  
Watoga, with dangerous arterial  
bleeding. The patient recovered.

Finally, among other historical  
incidents of the region, the Camping  
party for ten days, month of <sup>summer</sup>  
Beaver Creek, post-war year  
1919, of Marlinton Society folk,  
and others; the young gentlemen  
present all soldiers in the late war.

Mrs. Jennie Price and Mrs. "Fannie"  
Living were the chaperones. Neither  
were noted as disciplinarians,  
and a good deal of flirting,  
"joking", dimpling and goulding  
went on, as is customary among  
the young. I visited the camp,  
driving my Ford car down River  
on a Sunday; losing some  
"change" in a poker game, then,



244

247  
men, and women too, sat in the game,  
The latter also losing money to  
Professors, late of the army, ~~the~~ they  
~~the~~ Fred Mc Graw, and  
Maudy Mc Que, from Bellevue, Va-  
Misses Mere and Calix McClintock,  
then Marblers, now of Lawman  
Gebrger, deco deco, as myself  
of Jedco Warwick, laser-  
The Camp Cook, string black,  
dignified, be cal de, with a "Leary"  
and Hungry look; the Reverend  
Charles Lee, elegant Rap Port;  
de de, as his prince calling.



men, and women too, sat in the game, the latter also losing money to professionals, late of the army, ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~late~~ <sup>late</sup> of Fred McGaughey and Massey McCue, from Albemarle, Va. Misses Merle and Alice McClintock, then of Marlboro, now of Fawcett, Georgia, descendants, as myself of Jacob Warwick, losers.

The Camp Cook, shiny black, dignified, scholarly, with a "Lean and Hungry look"; the Reverend Charles Lee, eloquent Baptist preacher, as his principal calling at Sebert, near by. There is little middle, tolerant, with no Communist there or elsewhere, about the "going bus" of young white people in

a social summer camp, a ~~natural~~ "Trader Horn" is my authority that the best among Native Americans tribes on the Congo are the so-called "Cannibals" who at times are said to eat their enemies; missionaries, slave traders and agents of European empires. The latter keep away on pain of being killed and eaten. Horn says: also; "The men are



Keep 245  
Faithful and true women pure."  
I have long thought that the Wheelers,  
Tibbs, and Lee families, perhaps others  
of our Afro-American people in  
Pocahontas County, are true descendants  
of these war-like and independent  
African tribes, who still defended  
their home lands against aggression -  
true patriots -

"And I sometimes do rejoice,  
For the days of old the days of gold,  
The days of ninety-nine"  
(Eight pages this morning; began  
to write this memoir when past 84, and  
there is not "much time".  
The Burgess family.



Marlinton, W. Va.  
Nov. 30, 1959

Dear Jean:

I got off a letter Friday. Herewith pages  
246-319 = 74. If and when you complete  
typed pages, suggest you mail me in  
two parts, or sections (First half, etc.) Take  
your time.

By the time you receive this, I presume  
Jean will be back in Nashville; her  
studies directed to the development of the  
"Gutsy Space Brains"; previously referred to.  
I will write Jean.

Jean should "evolve" a great present  
being in education. Might might be  
given to attendance at Professional or  
Business school; "useless" - for instance!

Locally, we have had an outbreak of  
Robbery, involving "Juvenile Delinquency";  
Safe-breaking, hold-ups, etc. The Bag rans  
Man, about 18 - over-grown, disguised,  
with a "Toy" pistol demanded \$100 of  
the woman teller National Bank. So much  
for drive-in movies and T.V. plus lack  
of "discipline" - meaning the Rod!

An instance of Juvenile insanity, though,  
diminished as a jest, ~~though~~ the Cashier  
was on the point of shooting the Robber -  
(Mildred Yeager, son.)

Affectionately

W. B. R. C.

(over)



P.S. Monday  
11/30/59  
Last day of a "winter" Month.

Will be glad to know how you  
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did we show interest, reading in  
part "My Memoirs", for instance.

It is just as well the young  
pay slight attention to the "experience"  
and "Wisdom" of these elders; —  
otherwise, might lose "illusions"  
and courage (hope) to go on in  
living!

Pages extended

746 = 321



Faithful and their women force. I have  
long thought that the Creoles, Irish and  
Lee families, perhaps others of our Afro-  
American families people in Piedmont country,  
are true descendants of these war-like and  
independent African tribes, who still defend  
their home land against oppressors - true  
patriots.

And meantime do refine  
For the deep of old, the deep of yore,  
The deep of forty-nine  
[Eight pages this morn'g. Began to  
write these memoirs when past eighty].  
Four years; there is not much time

---

Monday - 11/16/59

3 AM. Full moon, rising 6:30 PM.  
Clear. Breeze and heavy snow reported  
in Maryland, and Huddles west, Friday  
Hendree east; not felt at Warrenton  
Sunday, Clancy and Miller. Drove to  
Warren Spring 10 to 1:30 PM. Preight  
in thirty galleys a wagon's supper.  
Met at the Spring, its proprietor  
(Bought at Brother James Leal) Hunter  
Adams. Asked his "price" for the  
Spring. Adams now owns 230  
acres surrounding pond. Under  
changing conditions, the Spring



Handwritten signature: *Handwritten signature*



P.S.

Monday

11/30/59

Last day of a another month.

Will be glad to know how Leon  
made out over Thanksgiving.

Did we show interest, reading in  
part my "Memor", for instance.

It is just as well the young  
day slight attention to the "experience"  
and "Widens" of these elders;  
otherwise, might lose "illusions"  
and Courage (Hope) to go on in  
Living.

Pages expended

246-321



246  
remains, eternal and unchanging.  
Returning, two young deer crossed  
the road in front of my car, near  
the Lincee Park, probably fawn twins,  
with the western sun obscuring them -  
then the deer ran in front of me, I  
at first thought "sheep" - As I passed  
them the deer sprang into the forest  
a lovely sight, to be remembered.

### The Burke Family.

Remember, boy, you're Irish,  
you're born on Irish soil;  
your father was a Kinnery,  
your mother was a Doyle,  
Be an honor to your Country -  
'Tis the Land of the Free and the Brave -  
'Tis the Land where the Shamrock grows -  
- Irish song -

The seat of the O'Burke family in Virginia  
was, anciently, at the Bald O'Burke  
Spring in the pass leading from  
Big Bear Creek to Warm Springs,  
interstate highway 39, thus Mark's  
Bottom - Warm Springs Turnpike.  
Esteemed for uprightness of character  
and good humor of its members, the  
O'Burke family was never prominent  
in Bath County, Virginia; their social  
status, at the beginning, probably  
"Bread and Milk" of the "Warwick - Gatewood -



247  
Cameron Manor-

As young "dis placed", persons<sup>21</sup> after the war,  
John Burke, his brother Charles, and  
sister, Mrs. Lucie<sup>Burke</sup> Webster, came to  
Pocahontas County, and resided here  
until their deaths.

In due time John O'Rourke married  
a Miss Kennison, much older than  
himself, a member of the Pioneer  
Family; two sons born to them  
who were given the euphonic names  
Romulus and Remus, anciently the  
names of Rome's founders.

In the 1890's John O'Rourke Family  
resided for a time at the "Toll House"  
near the bridge. Remus O'Rourke  
married ~~the~~ Wilhelmina, daughter of the  
Veteran, CSA, George Lee New  
Marlinton, later removing to New  
Mexico.

The brothers, John and Charlie, were  
incurably uxorious; were married or  
formed alliances more than once;  
John with Margaret Wilhelmina, referred  
to in the History of the Messer - Colley  
affair. Tragedy followed the  
lives of the brothers, ending in shadows  
of the 1930 decade.

Industrious, temperate, religious,  
John O'Rourke, well read, a scholar,



though Arthur Formel education,  
he was for many years tenant of the  
extensive McClintic lands managed  
by William W. McClintic, residing  
at the Joshua Lee log house at  
McClintic Bottoms on Still-Horse Run,  
later known as Stillwell.

John Perke once exhibited to me  
his credits and debits with his land-  
lord, Mr. McClintic, neatly kept in  
an excellent "hand" in ink. The  
account "Book" was in the form  
of a papyrus, or roll of more than  
ten feet in length, of note paper  
pasted together. An existence as  
interesting record of itself of the manner  
of life, early 20th Century, of a family  
for many years.

Of the life of Charlie O'Perke I know  
little, except that in late middle  
age he was married to a much  
younger wife, and the father of three  
sons and a daughter, living in the  
John Jackson Cabin up Jenkins  
Run, supported for the most part by  
public and private charity.

Renowned from youth for good  
humor and wit, still present in age  
and misfortune, stories were current  
in folklore of his trances and dreams.



249

Following ~~the~~ the death of ~~the~~ Mrs Perke  
of a Malignant <sup>form</sup> which I attended in  
its early stages. The modern antibiotics  
Remedies, I was summoned one night  
in the 1930 decade to the Jackson  
Cabin, where a young boy about ten  
years old, had pointed a shot-gun  
at his youthful brother and at short  
range shot him in the eye, while  
lying on a bed, without otherwise  
disfiguring the face. <sup>the</sup> Death of <sup>was</sup>  
intentional.

Later the Jackson Cabin the scene  
of a final tragedy, while occupied by  
tenant, name not recalled. The  
house burned, preceded by a violent  
explosion of dynamite, in which a  
man was killed, his body consumed.  
The crime, said to have been instigated  
by the victim's wife. No proof was  
ever found, and the wife removed  
herself from the Community.

In 1940, Charlie O'Rourke removed  
to the scene of his youth in Bath  
County, as did also my friend  
John O'Rourke, and I know little  
of their latter end. Vaya Con Dios.

Lessie O'Rourke is vividly remembered  
by me as the beloved wife of Jacob  
Webster, who also was <sup>like</sup> ~~like~~, or  
tenant, of the McClintock Manor, or



\* Mr. Rock died in 1918

250  
for many years. Several of the  
brood of Jake and Fessie Webster were  
born in the old log house near the  
Bridge on Swago Creek when I  
was present, my mission "helping  
my missus unload." The beautiful  
affection and mutual helpfulness that  
existed in the Webster family at this  
time to be remembered.

The circumstances of Mrs. Fessie Webster's  
death, in early middle life I do not  
recall, ~~as for some reason~~ I was not  
in attendance. I know that Jacob  
married Fessie until his death, wearing  
his "bachelors Night Cap" thirty or more  
years; saddened, but always  
courteous, good humored, a valued  
friend and client to the end. He  
remained a tenant on the Willbros  
McClintock land while his orphaned  
family of "just green" or "growing"  
or adopted by relatives. One of  
the older boys killed in action  
in France, 1918.

I was once called to see Jake  
Webster, about the year 1938, then  
living alone, <sup>in a</sup> cabin near the "quarry"  
on Swago Creek. Meeting his  
breakfast, prepared by himself, a two-  
finger piece of half-cooked bacon  
lodged in my throat, perhaps  
because of ~~his~~ <sup>the</sup> absence of teeth, and



I found the patient <sup>257</sup>breathing with difficulty.  
Mr. Withrow McClutchie was present,  
sollicitous for the life of his ~~friend~~ and  
~~friend-tenant~~.

I administered a rough and Ready  
— and effective — remedy, a one-tenth  
grain of hypo-morphine hypodermically;  
the violent vomiting following  
dislodged the piece of bacon, and in a  
short time Jacob was himself again.  
(1957) Mr. Jacob Wilster died, aged 82  
~~1945~~ years, at the home of a daughter  
living in Maryland. An honest,  
industrious man, whose spirit is beyond  
doubt united with his wife, Lussie  
O'Berke, in the air - Vaya Con Dios -  
Withrow McClutchie

As none have attempted to memorialize the  
life and exploits, in some degree, of  
this prominent — and interesting — man,  
I will do so. Relatives, <sup>though</sup> at times  
we differed violently in expressed  
opinion, patetically and economically;  
each had respect for each, and were  
alert for reprisals.

With unusual executive ability,  
he managed through life, following  
the death of his father and mother the  
extensive landed estate; shipping,  
as a dealer, live stock, and "logging".



253  
It will be recalled that Brother James<sup>as nephew</sup> accompanied a McClutic Sheep drive to Baltimore, and, later, was Sheep Doctor at the Logging Camp, Three Forks Williams River - also a McClutic enterprise.  
The Matthews-McClutic family has been memorialized in the fields of Jacob Warwick Price's Geographical History of Pocahontas County. The author, my revered father, a kindly man, omitted some details of interest, which I will attempt to supply.

My Mary Matthews McClutic, only child of her parents, and great-granddaughter of Jacob Warwick, inherited many hundred acres of fertile land, extending to the "Knot" and beyond.

Her husband was William Hunter McClutic, usually referred to as "Bill Hunt" by the country-side.

Their family <sup>two</sup> sons, all except William receiving a "liberal education" of the day, two becoming lawyers Lockhart Matthews McClutic, lawyer and politician, and Federal Judge George W. McClutic whose daughter Miss Elizabeth Knight McClutic of Washington and the McClutic home, Graduate of Wellesley, learned and beautiful, cultured and wealthy.



254

Edward McClintic, early in life,  
removed to Vancouver, Oregon Territory.  
He was a 99 ninety-niner in the  
rush to the Klondike. An interesting  
account of his experiences as a gold  
digger and Hunter of Elk and Bear  
in Alaska was printed in the local  
press many years ago.

Lastly, Withrow W. McClintic,  
(known as "Wozy" or "Wittherby" by his  
contemporaries, the special subject of  
this memorial. Because of the  
need of a manager on the estate,  
Withrow was not allowed abroad -  
probably because of the Press of other  
business, and following the war, he  
remained unmarried until late in life,  
beyond middle age. With an  
intended urge for land-owning, he  
added to and greatly extended  
the family lands, as far as Spruce  
Flats, Beaver Dam, and beyond -  
(There were five McClintic Brothers, the  
last, and youngest Bill Hunt McClintic  
Junior, an excellent and intelligent,  
well read man, who also was  
a hunter, until his early and  
tragic death by a falling tree in  
the summer of 1899. Previously  
referred to in this writing.



255  
Here something as to the Personality  
of Judge McClintic. A "Divergent"  
Politically he was appointed a  
Federal Judge by President Wilson  
Howard Taft, 1912. about 1912. of  
Wrong and "Domineering" Character,  
unfortunately his strong efforts to enforce  
a Summary Law in the Prohibition  
era met with violent Criticisms from  
"Domineering" Masaders in the lower  
echelons, - many included, leading  
to some resentment, which freely  
expressed.

"Domineering" seem to have been  
a family Characteristic in the  
Jacob Warwick line, and its  
parallel branches. Which of the  
McClintic boys domineered the rest  
unknown; but as they each  
early went their separate ways,  
some to gain education and  
in business, it matters little.

I am pleased to write this before  
his death I met Judge McClintic  
several occasions, notably at the  
dedication Ceremony of Brook  
Bottle Field Park, July 4, 1925.



256 255-  
Farm, where he was on vacation -  
then called professionally to the house  
of a tenant. Learning that the Judge,  
my relative, was in the room, I  
voluntarily called on him; an interesting  
conversation ~~between us~~, largely of  
family history, with increasing cordiality.  
Shortly after Judge McClintock,  
early of a morning, called at my  
house to obtain relief for a glandular  
affection. He, later, underwent  
surgery at the University Hospital,  
Charlottesville, Virginia.

At the time I was able to afford  
relief, temporary relief. ~~He~~ I recall  
that no fee was mentioned at the time,  
or any statement rendered for my service.  
However, sometime after I got a friendly  
letter, enclosing a check in amount  
double the fee usually charged.

Following Federal Judge George  
W. McClintock's death, by his written  
order, his body was embalmed,  
cremated, his ashes scattered, by  
a relative, over his beloved  
lands and forests, head of Sevaço  
Creek. His often tumultuous spirit  
~~rests~~ inhabits the Vasty Hall of death.  
As friend and relative, I wish him well.  
His love of ancestral lands one of his  
great good qualities. Vaya con Dios.



have been another,  
156

Incidents of the war period, and before, 17  
concerning Captain Martin's infatuation  
with my wife Jean. A reason for this  
final ~~act~~ <sup>accident</sup> of a drama of human life,  
and love, is to accent the power of the  
written word ~~in~~ <sup>reviving</sup> old sorrows.

Now the new year reviving old desires,  
The thoughtful soul to solitude retires,  
Where the white hand of Moses from  
the couch, puts forth  
And Jesse from the ground aspires!  
— Keats.

Under pad-locks, Jean used the closet  
under the front stairs as a wine cellar,  
~~and~~ assorted brews and moonshine, and  
other treasure, over a period of years.  
It was from this depository I removed  
in 1926, jug and flagons and buried  
among the rocks of the hillside.

Following Jean's death, in March  
1928, I found in the closet a bag  
of letters, including Captain Martin's,  
all written from Tokio, Japan, over  
a period of several years, 1919 to  
~~1925~~ 1927.

I will here state, as illustrating the  
"oblivion" to which I had consigned the  
~~whole~~ affair, that within ten days after  
Jean's death, a letter arrived for Jean  
from Martin, in Tokio. The letter



I returned, sat<sup>137</sup> on Monday, to Captain  
Martin, with a certificate, note informing  
him of ~~the~~ Mrs. Jean Price's recent death.  
~~to which~~ I received no reply.

Disturbed that Jean had treasured letters dating to the war period from Capt. Martin and after the reading affected me in a manner hard to understand - a sort of fanatical rage, that underlies most crimes, or revenge, of passion.

Jeans long illness and recent death, together with Normans de-  
linguence and failure, ~~remains~~ <sup>medicine</sup> leaving  
him in an unhealthy state of mind.

Whether leaving the letters was an oversight, or reluctance on Frau's part in destroying mementoes of a romance, I do not pretend to know. Perhaps she, correctly, judged I should have the evidence, and, under times healing ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup>, get over it.

Jeannette, shortly before her death, had once expressed the belief that she was being "punished" for "something" for a great treason, or other fault, not stated.

I wrote Captain Martin, peremptorily demanding  
him to everlasting hell, etc., to which he  
made reply ~~very~~ briefly; also his belief  
that the underworld would be his  
final ~~home~~ abode.



It is the usual thing for a paleologist  
(usually women) for male aggressors  
and delinquents in "Triangles to see,  
Judicially," both are equally to blame.  
Not so. Man is the natural protector of  
women kind, though "Modern" women is  
inclined to deny this. Should he hold  
the aggressor, and suffer the extreme  
penalty for any violation of the Code.  
The lying, seduction, and secrecy that  
accompanies trespass on the case, should  
alone cause any honorable man to refrain.  
The petition in the Prayer: "Lead us not  
into temptation, but deliver us from evil,"  
was not lightly spoken.

I have read that among some of the  
tribes of Plains Indians, eloping couples  
could be pursued and legally slain,  
if captured. If the pair exceeded  
in evading pursuers a stated number  
of days - a sort of "Cooling off"  
period, they might return to the camp -  
the incident given to oblivion.  
On the other hand, top-heavy Civil and  
Military "justice" gives little heed  
to the rights of "Civilized" men, to  
protect his home and fire-side;

"If your wife should go along with a  
Comrade, he hath  
To shoot him on sight; you'll swing  
on my oath," - Lifting.

General Andrew Jackson, in old age,  
fully forgave all his enemies - he had  
many - except those who slandered







16.0  
That the "incident" weighed on his  
mind, in 1935 - a short letter, enclosing  
a copy of a "Secret" Report, that for pub-  
lication, giving his military impressions  
on the Japanese Army organization,  
and the training, morale, clothing, etc, of  
the soldiers of that army. Martin, after  
about fifteen years residence in Japan,  
expressed sincere admiration for the  
hardihood of the individual soldiers  
of Japan, his patriotism and endurance  
under hardship.

I have preserved this letter and "Report,"  
filed herewith. Possibly, it might be  
regarded, as between sinful men with a  
military background, as a polemic,  
in part, for trespasses and sins.

"And forgive us our debts,  
as we also forgive our debtors."  
Prayer.

In the year 1928, the Ruth Snyder - Judson  
Gray trial for murder was the most  
sensational of that year; the "dark-weight"  
midnight murder of a defenseless  
sleeping man by a drunken pair.

I once asked Jean if she was  
following the details in the paper;  
her reply was she "could not bear  
to read about it."

On another occasion, in talking  
about some commonplace local  
trouble, Jean made the broad comment,  
"Women have no sense!"



~~Thursday~~ <sup>Monday</sup> - 10/16/59 - 161  
4 AM - a good rain - 36 hours,  
- no work on Bridge and street. The  
grass has revived remarkably, with the  
"Latter Rain". Fall pasture for cattle  
remains.

Jealousy, Basically, is grief. one of the  
lesser poets, Louise Cresshaw Roy,  
writing in the New York Times, many  
years ago, under the title: "Council  
with a wounded heart," heretofore  
quoted, beginning:

"What if your gold was cheapened  
with alloy."

(and ending):

"Oh, wounded heart, be thankful that  
you had  
a single coin to spend, a single  
hour,  
when earth and heaven <sup>combined</sup> conspired  
to make you mad;  
a god, no miracle beyond your  
power."

By reckoning your treasure, you  
will find  
Fate has been generous, and  
Wisdom kind."

Recommended reading, for the aged,  
Hans Christian Andersen's "Fairy Tales,"  
particularly the story "The Bachelors  
Nightcap."



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## A speculation in Metal.

In the early years of the "Hoover Depression," Dr. James Price, as President of the Beyley Coal Land Company, Kentucky Mineral Land, continued to pay, personally, the annual taxes amounting to about one thousand ~~and~~ Dollars. As First Vice-President of the Bank he, ~~also~~ <sup>also</sup>, took up charges of loans; bought largely the bank's "Debentures," even personally gave his word to guarantee payment of funds of some large depositors, as has been mentioned heretofore, thus keeping the bank solvent while being re-organized. All this he did without complaint, or fanfare.

Gold and silver, in 1933, were at an all-time low on the market; silver quoted by Harman & Handley, leading New York dealers, ~~at~~ at twenty-five cents the ounce, in units of twenty-four thousand ounces.

~~At first~~ The desire to buy a quantity of silver in bars, something substantial, compared to industrial stocks that appeared to have reached the point of no value, and repudiation, in the market.



Sunday, 10/18/39 10<sup>3</sup>

Mid, clear, "Late" Moon - 3<sup>rd</sup> quarter.  
Two preceding nights fully slept -  
waking about five. This morning rose  
at 8 am. - Having "slept long enough."  
A fine Cantium Bridge, at Marlinton, is  
of the massive concrete-steel  
suspension type. The concrete now  
being poured in the intricate "mesh"  
of steel rods in the Road-way -  
even the two sidewalks of suspension  
type. More than one hundred  
thousand Board feet used in forming.  
The interesting "diary" of Thomas  
A. Edison, edited and printed in  
1948 - Shortly following his death.  
An interesting volume to the discerning  
reader. Mr. Edison one of the hands  
I capped; Very deaf at twelve years  
of age - Hereditary infection - ~~at the~~  
"itch"; no inherited wealth, he made  
his deafness an asset by engaging  
in profitable reading, and "thinking".  
Curiously, he had an ear for music,  
and could "hear" certain tones -  
Notably telegraphic signals. (In middle  
age, I used my "Deaf" ear on telephone)  
Edison had no "formal" education in  
youth. He and his "staff" patented  
~~over~~ one thousand inventions, notably  
the phonograph, electric light bulb, the  
moving picture and talking, etc.



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I talked "Silver" to Brother James  
and in the end I ordered twelve thousand  
ounces of silver from Harmon & Bundy  
one half a "unit" about one thousand  
pounds, in bars weighing about eighty  
pounds each. It was shipped, ~~in my~~  
~~name~~ by express, the "bars" fifteen  
in number, each stamped and numbered  
by government deal; not wrapped or  
boxed, loose on the express car floor.  
The silver bars were piled on the  
floor in the vault at the bank, and  
excited mild curiosity for a time.  
~~from~~ Dr. James invested two thousand  
dollars. The remaining one thousand  
by borrowing ~~in part~~ on my insurance.  
In 1935 - ~~the~~ <sup>my</sup> historical ~~the~~ <sup>in</sup> dealing  
in gold and silver, the Treasury  
"calling" the metal at a fixed price  
of fifty cents the ounce.  
I carried the silver to the express  
office in my Ford car, and shipped  
to the Philadelphia Mint. At due  
time a check arrived, about six  
thousand dollars, which James and  
I divided equally: my "profit"  
two thousand, a considerable sum of  
ready money in 1935.  
at ~~the~~ age of sixty years, I regarded  
this deal in silver as a turn in the  
tide of my fortune. The spectacular



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way of handling the real silver,  
legally, instead of using a ware-  
house certificate, helped to build me  
up as a man of means (exaggerated)  
and a healthy bank account.  
Dr. James and I once debated whether  
reported wealth of an individual was  
an advantage, or not. We decided  
that, on the whole, it was an advantage.  
In 1935 Brother James presented me  
with five shares of Bank stock, with the  
accompanying debentures in an equal  
amount. In a few years redeemed in  
cash, from Bank earnings. He  
also presented my name at the  
annual election of stock holders, and  
I was elected a Director of the Bank  
of Marlinton, that year. I, also,  
definitely quit "Cards" that year,  
— a doubtful amusement.

It is interesting to recall that  
Dr. James presented Brother Calvin  
with an equal amount of stock; but  
in presenting his name for election  
as a Bank Director, the following  
year (1936), surprisingly, he was  
defeated; because of objections by  
the Chairman of the Board, the late  
J. Lanty McNeil, who bluntly  
stated there were "Too many Princes"  
on the Board of Directors.!!



I have thought this regrettable, because  
a bit of training in finance, together  
with Brother James' assistance, could  
have been of real help in putting the  
Newspaper plant in better shape.  
In a half century under the Price  
family the Pocatello Times had  
achieved more than a local  
standing in literature, but never  
able, apparently, to keep up to date  
in mechanical equipment; even  
at this time setting type "by hand."

I think the real reason for Chairman  
McNell's annoyance, and objection in  
the election of Directors, was that  
Brother Cole had been, "too talkative"  
in the stockholders meeting, making  
motions and suggestions, if maybe,  
about matters he knew little about,  
and not considered seriously by a  
new, minority, stock-holder!

In the year 1915, I was refused  
a small block of new issue stock  
in the Bank, though promised;  
as I then believed, because I ~~was~~  
~~then~~ had become, locally known as  
an individualist and a trouble  
maker in ~~business~~ finance and local  
politics. My brother-in-law the  
Late Frank Hunter, as executive



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Vice-President and Cashier, was then  
dominant in the Bank; and I think,  
in diverting the stock elsewhere; ~~do~~  
said me a certain compliment as one  
who, as a Director, might at times  
prove a "Divergent" in Bank Policy.  
—Traditionally managed by the  
Bank's head man, usually the Cashier.  
The "Board of Directors" of a small  
country bank is usually kept large  
and unwieldy so that it can be better  
"managed" by the master mind.

Dr. James Price, a principal stock-  
holder, whose watch word was  
thrift and always, "economy," often  
objected to what he considered  
waste in management; intimating  
he might withdraw; sometimes  
his relations with the Board, strained.  
We ~~had~~ consulted together  
about starting a private banking  
house of our own, he putting up  
—the capital of course. The notions  
had possibilities; perhaps best  
for me nothing came of it. With-  
drawn from war and politics, even  
became wealthy — a Capitalist — too  
young.  
"Give me neither poverty nor riches"  
a true proverb.



Wednesday 168

10/21/58 3 AM.  
A perfect mild and clear; Two killing  
frogs - 18, 19, October. Awoke at 2 am  
and got up, prepared to go on with the  
business of the day -  
Bridges and other work active, at  
long last, trying to lay the concrete.  
It is later than the big insect thing.  
The matter of Compensation from  
the Ky. River Reservoir Authority  
(Ky. Mineral) approaching a "showdown".  
I hope to collect substantially before  
the close of the year (1958).  
This morning's work, clearing.  
Some decaying plum trees in  
the lot.

mention has been made of Brother  
James' infatuation for the graceful  
Miss Alice Sever, Period 1928-1932  
~~and~~ and his absurd courtship of  
the fair lady. During this time  
it is probable he was saved from  
capture by more practical women,  
alive to his known wealth in  
Land, Stocks and Bonds, and money.  
His honorable proposal rejected by  
Miss Sever. So James Price quietly settled  
down to his active office practice of  
Medicine; his banking and real estate  
affairs, all profitable, and wearing  
his "Bachelors Nightcap" until his  
death, May 7, 1946, aged 77 years.



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Mention is here made of the wealthy  
and beautiful land childless widow  
Wylie, nee Meador, who lived at  
Alleghany Lodge and its surrounding  
four thousand acres of timber and  
grazing land; a herd of elk and  
deer ranging its park-like enclosed  
yard. Mr. Wylie also entertained  
lavishly, the acknowledged social  
dictator of the Knapps Creek Valley.

Not socially inclined, nor dancers,  
neither juries nor I had been present  
at any parties at "Wylie Manor,"  
though well acquainted during the ten  
year residence of the Wylies in our  
County, and after.

Mr. Wylie's husband, a retired  
business manufacturer of Huntington  
W. Va., had died about 1928.  
His son was a friend of the widow  
Wylie and the two exchanged visits  
and may have, at times, attempted to  
interest her in the development of  
iron mines in adjacent Brown Mountain  
and Anthony's Creek.

During his residence at "Wylie  
Manor" Mr. Wylie was interested in  
the stock market; after his death it  
was learned his ample fortune  
had been impaired by the stock  
market crash, Nov. 1929. I recall  
that copper stocks <sup>were</sup> a favorite buy,  
— notably Anaconda copper



was a favorite which <sup>it</sup> in 1929 reached  
an all-time high of about 130 dollars a  
share; afterward declining, rapidly,  
to about three dollars. Its present  
quoted price is about fifty dollars.

A golden blonde, tall, well  
proportioned; perhaps forty years old;  
very attractive, and reputed wealthy,  
as undoubtedly the family ~~there~~ <sup>was</sup> at  
the ~~same~~ time, Mrs. Wylie showed little  
interest in, again marrying, or "going  
steady" with any of the local gentry.

She did cast an approving eye  
on Dr. James, to which he responded  
~~attentively~~ in an ineffective, unaggressive  
manner. One of his absurdities  
was an attempt to write a memorial  
address to Colonel Wylie, on his death,  
aged fifty years.

An early "integrationist," and  
being childless, Mrs. Wylie had  
adopted a negro infant, male, and  
attempted to rear and educate him.  
When the ~~family~~ <sup>Wylies</sup> came to Wylie Manor,  
about 1922, the boy was a stupid,  
ordressed, idle, uneducable,  
bone-headed negro, or "nigger,"  
whose outlandish association  
with his "white folks" excited  
curiosity, even merriment. In  
the course of time, Mrs. Wylie  
found it advisable to sell her



Protégé "down the River" or other disposition, and no more seen as a member of family. at Wyllie Manor.

One fine ~~spring~~ day in May 1934 Brother James and I drove in my model A Ford car to call on Mrs. Wyllie at her home. I do not recall what inspired the two of us to do this; perhaps vaguely to intimate to the attractive widow Wyllie she might have her choice of two middle-aged, unattached bachelor physicians.

It so happened Mr. Wyllie was absent from home that day, having driven to Write Leflun & Piney Resort for the day. I still think something serious may have come of this unusual "approachment" of the two of us to the attractive widow, except for her fortuitous absence from home for the day.

If Mrs. Wyllie ever heard of her distinguished callers, she did not mention it, or express regrets.

The late Jim Lee, and others employed by Mr. Wyllie, were playing pitching horse-shoes at the house. We attempted a few rounds at pitching; then returned to ~~Marble~~ our offices.

The widow never married.

September



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Some years later, her fortune depleted,  
she sold "Wylie Manor" together  
with its elk and deer herd, and  
four thousand acres of valuable  
timber land, at a low price, and  
returned to her early home in Ohio,  
where she still lives.

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women  
Merely players."

Year 1934, my personal fortune  
still at low tide, soon to be improved  
by a fortunate investment in silver,  
joining a Bank Board of Directors,  
and improved business conditions.  
With Norman in the Army and daughter  
Jean, aged twenty-two, a graduate  
Nurse and self-sustaining, employed  
in Public Health Nursing, I felt  
again free to wander, it may be in  
the paths of dalliance. Jean  
had ~~been~~ selected as an out-  
standing student nurse to take  
special training as a Health  
Community Health Nurse, at Public  
expense, at Peabody College,  
Nashville, Tennessee, and completed  
her post-graduate training  
Spring of 1935; afterwards



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employed in Public nursing, at a low  
Salary, in Pocomoke, Webster  
and Marion Counties; where, later,  
in July, 1938, she met, and married,  
Carles Edward Stockwell, Native  
of South Dakota, age 28 years,  
employed by West Penn in the  
building trade; the Marriage  
at Elcton, Maryland.

In 1935, Jean took instruction in  
driving a Ford car, and once had  
a minor collision, at a street  
intersection in Elcton, where she had  
taken a child for eye treatment.  
The Spring of 1936 I drove in my car  
with Jean a few miles as she was  
starting to Webster County to take  
up work as County Nurse. With  
affection, and some anxiety, I watched  
her take off up Elk Mountain driving  
my 1931 Model A Ford, as she  
bravely went forth on a hard and  
dangerous mission in Webster  
County. In a year Jean was  
transported to Marion County, with  
at Farmont, where she was employed  
until her marriage. All this time  
she managed to maintain herself on the  
small salary paid; even buying, on  
installment, a Model 1937 Ford Car.



Monday, 10/26/39 174

Winds, colder; shivers; very raking  
leaves, etc. Yesterday (Sunday) had a fire  
in fire-place - the first in October. The  
month mild. Maple leaves 4-5 golden.  
Many years ago, about the year 1910,  
I recall an early morning in October,  
riding through the Rider Gap, head  
of Clover Creek, and through the Alex.  
Sharp Sugar Camp, (Sleeping Will,  
of perhaps a thousand trees in the  
golden glory of autumn, & the  
Camp comprised, perhaps, a hundred  
acres. The morning light tinted  
with gold, and of indescribable  
beauty, lingers in memory.  
Had to state, this noble and  
useful "Sugar Camp" a few years  
ago was sacrificed to the Co.,  
and few of the lumber mill of  
Mr. Ed. Williams, himself a grand-  
son of the Pioneer Wm. Sharp of  
Fairbairn; writer of his Wm. H.  
Price's Biographical History.  
Too many Maple Sugar Camps  
have been destroyed in our County,  
because of ~~lack of~~ <sup>lack of</sup> interest in the once  
important sugar ~~industry~~ <sup>making industry</sup>, ~~and~~  
and little done to preserve or  
restore the art and industry of  
maple syrup and sugar.



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July 4, 1925, Dooz Mountain Battle  
Field State Park was dedicated  
by a large assemblage, including  
a few Veterans of 1861, the American  
Legion, and the Daughters of the Confederacy  
Chapters; the latter under the guidance  
of Mrs. Della Clark Yeager.  
Andrew Price had been active in  
founding the Battle Field Park, and  
acted as Master of Ceremonies, with  
much spirit and enjoyment.

As ranking Reserve Officer of  
Pocahontas County, I commended  
the Veterans of the Wars on Parade.  
The late John D. Lutton, of  
Braxton County, who had served  
in the Legislature as a Democrat,  
though a Veteran of the 10th West Va  
Mounted Infantry, U.S.A., had been  
rewarded with the low-paid post  
of Park Superintendent.

A feature of the Park dedication  
was two monuments erected to  
Sergeant Byler and one other, of  
the 10th Regiment, who were killed  
at the "Rail Fence", in a glade,  
identified by Colonel Lutton as the  
spot, in the flanking march under  
Colonel Moore, 14th Ohio Regiment,  
by way of Caesar Mountain, a  
spur of Dooz Mountain; a decisive



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Muniment in the battle. I accompanied  
the Colonel and Mrs Keller Yeager  
with the band of Daughters @ S.A.  
including Daughter Jean, to the scene;  
Colonel Sutton offering a fervent  
prayer on the spot where his comrade  
Lieutenant Baxter fell in the front of  
battle, as a principal feature of the  
Muniment dedication.

I entertained the Colonel at my  
house then, and later, when he visited  
the Park; notably on "Labor Day"  
in September, 1926, when another, but  
less largely attended, assemblage  
was attempted. Brother Andrew  
did not attend the Labor Day  
meeting, he and Colonel Sutton  
having had a difference of opinions  
over certain land-scaping notions  
of the latter, who with ax, brushhook  
and fire had swept away a ~~large~~  
thicket of Rhododendrons, thickets as  
"brush".

The Laurel patch was later  
restored, together with pines and  
shrubbery, under the intelligent  
management of C. C. Camp Price  
~~etc.~~ in landscaping, Period 1937.

Being during a lull in the ceremonies  
in September, I was called on for a  
speech on historical themes. Not  
very eloquent or informing.



As I as a physician, had some  
reputation as a practitioner of obstetrics,  
a beautiful and lively young lady  
from Hills Creek inquired from my daughter  
to "What is Labor Day?" I responded  
lightly that it is "Labor Day" might  
~~be celebrated~~ devoted to "Lying in"  
or child-birth & laughter at the next day.

Drops Mountain, Nov. 6, 1863, was  
for the most part maneuvered and long-  
range artillery fire, with comparatively  
few casualties in killed and wounded.  
In numbers engaged the largest battle  
in Western Virginia during the war.  
The battle was decisive, together with  
the skirmish at Lewisburg and  
Dry Creek immediately following,  
that it marked the last organized  
existence by the Confederacy in  
West Virginia. The Southern army retreated  
precipitately before the planter's  
movement under Colonel Moore,  
which was guided by a native  
Union sympathizer, Nancy McKee,  
by way of Caesar Mountain, just  
~~lost in~~ captured. The late Captain  
John McNeil of the "Nicholas Blues"  
was captured, and spent a long  
while at "Ford's Prison" Delaware  
Military Prison. After his capture



it is said he met his brother among  
the Union forces, remarking that he  
was not "shaking hands" that day.

Captain Marshall's Company of the  
19th Cavalry @ S.A. was present at the  
battle; ~~under~~ <sup>with</sup> Lt. J. Wood, Price  
presumably present; John Calvin Price  
detained at home by wound received  
in the River skirmish, and "Uncle  
Jesse"; John James Henry Price, a  
prisoner at Camp Chase, Ohio.

The late George McKee of the  
Rebels unaccountably absent on the  
day of battle, although the fighting  
in part on his home place Farm.  
Matthew John McKee, also of the Rebels,  
all at home with Camp fever.

George McKee, being asked  
why he was not heroically engaged  
in defending his altars and his  
fires, replied "he would" rather  
be George McKee alive than  
Colonel George McKee dead!"

Drop Mountain Battle was scenic  
and spectacular, about twelve thousand  
~~the~~ veteran troops engaged. The

"Colonel" John D. Gattors  
flaming movement opposed on the  
part of the Confederates mainly by the  
veterans 22d Battalion of Va. Infantry,  
whose Colonel was killed at the Rail fence.



The brothers Allen <sup>McC</sup> and William Carter,  
are in the 22<sup>nd</sup> Bn. of whose lives and  
deaths, more will be written.

Colonel John D. Sutton, Co. I 10th W. Va.,  
lived to a great age, 94 years. An  
old age religious, as indicated by  
his prayer at the Dedication; he was  
fond of a drink. In the prohibitions  
era, he produced, at my house,  
a bottle of some filthy Country brew  
from which he took naps. Being  
personally Dr. I regret that I was  
not able to offer my guest a better  
Vintage.

Following the War, he taught  
School for many years, engaged  
in politics, as a Democrat, his native  
County being notoriously of that  
Political persuasion. He came  
from regularity when in 1920 ~~Pratt~~  
County elected Veterans ~~2~~ <sup>1</sup> ~~quiere~~  
Perron, ~~of~~ <sup>the</sup> now of Huntersville,  
to the Legislature as a Republican.

In August, 1922, I campaigned in  
Broxton County, and carried the town  
of Sutton in the Primary election  
against Captain Robert ~~Spickard~~ <sup>Spickard</sup> -  
a personal triumph, as my efforts  
in that County were mainly in Sutton,  
the County seat.

In his old age Colonel Sutton  
lived in part on a Federal Pension, dying  
in 1936 - age 94 years.



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Mr. Lutton was a member of an early  
pioneer family; literate, and wrote  
extensively, and ~~able~~ an early  
history of this County and State.  
He is the author of a voluminous  
Biographical History of ~~Pioneer~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~County~~  
County; particularly of the Lutton  
family for many generations.  
— a fitting memorial. He rests  
in Peace.

Widely known as "Colonel" Lutton -  
by reputation through life engaged in war,  
Politics and literature; securing his  
family by the poorly paid professions of  
Rural School Teachers, in advanced  
Age Mr. Lutton knew Poverty.  
Dec 1864 U.S.A. Mounted Infantry  
was classed as "State Troop or Guard",  
and after the war discriminated against  
by Federal Authority in the matter of  
Pensions for soldiers, and neglected  
by the State for many years;  
although the "Guard" had been much  
hard service in 1863-1865 inclusive.  
General George Rogers Clark the hero of  
Vincennes, ~~being~~ indeed age living in Poverty,  
and alcoholism, having lost or pawned even  
his bounty lands in Ohio, is said to have  
refused a sword voted him by the Virginia  
Legislature, remarking that when he  
needed bread the State sent him  
a sword.



Wednesday 120

Sept. 30, 1969

Left 3.30 am. A ~~the~~ refreshing Rain  
at intervals, evening and bright - "as  
falls the gentle rain from Heaven."  
A cyclonic storm from the South Atlantic  
reached the Carolina Coast, Sept.  
29, at about noon - adding to the  
rain. This valley - all well of rain  
predicted in a five day period.  
Providential for the forest and falling  
leaves. Much time wasted - and  
worse - because of faulty engineering  
on Main Street - Foundation and  
sewers, - the past two months.  
Now there will be Mud and later  
Frost and Cold, delaying the work.  
- in all probability -

A favorite song in the Graphophone  
"Concerts" the old English ballad -  
"Kathleen:"

"And I will take you back, Kathleen,  
Across an ocean, wild and wide,  
To where your heart has ever been  
When first you were my bonnie bride."

A light "Mist" now fell night of the  
1st, a Saturday. Sunday rain and  
fog. Monday (1st) clear and bright.  
Sunday (1st) while Jean lay dead  
in the house. I walked to the top  
of Buck's Mountain, west of Marlinton,  
and to the Bee Rocks on Price Hill,  
where, together and with the children,



We had been sharing times during our lives together.

A telegram was sent Norman, who was reported absent at his dormitory, after intensive search by Fraternity "brothers," of the night spots and Taverns of Richmond, where he had gone on an unauthorized "Week-end"; he was located, and reached home Monday, the day of burial; to all appearances sober and in his right mind.

A simple religious service was had in the home, with singing. The day was fine, and a large number of friends from town and country attended, ~~by~~ to whom Jean was known, and liked. As I stood by the graves of my father and mother, and saw Jean's body ~~buried~~ <sup>buried</sup> from my sight in the grave, I had a distinct feeling that part of me was also buried.

Night of March 14<sup>th</sup> 1928, a featureless night I now feel, blanketing Jean's grave for a week or more.

At the time, grave vaults were not in general use. I have regretted that ~~this~~ none was available, or known to me, at the time, thus preventing brightly visiting of the earth later. Vaults were provided for the bodies of brother Jean, and sister Susan, in better years; and I have directed that



A burial Vault be used in my burial.  
 "Near some not forgettable garden side."

Norman returned to behave the same  
 day. At last he realized that his  
 accumulated ~~de~~ school debts, dues  
 and over-drafts, and no longer with  
 his mother's support, his ~~long~~ <sup>lengthy</sup> higher  
 educational jig was up. In April  
 he wrote he was quitting school. If  
 honest employment was ever found,  
 (and it is probable that he "sponged,"  
 or borrowed from former acquaintance  
 for several months.) it ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> evidently  
 not held for long. Untrained and  
 alcoholic that he was.

Early in 1929, engaged in "foot-  
 copping" arrested and an automobile  
 confiscated, in Rockingham County, Va.  
 a frantic telegram for funds "to get  
 a lawyer and pay fines" from the  
 Harrisonburg Jail, was ignored by  
 me; having made his bed, etc.  
 Ruth and I suggested going to Norman's  
 Rescue, which for which ~~proposal~~ <sup>proposal</sup> I  
 thanked him, and vetoed. Norman  
 even demeaned himself by appealing to  
 his Uncle Macoy, who was in no  
 position to aid - even though he  
 desired to do so.

It seemed to me to be pathetic that  
 Norman managed to get into jail  
 in our old Home town of Harrisonburg,



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where his grandfather lived many  
years, respected as a Presbyterian  
minister.  
Summer of 1929, in lieu of payment of  
a fine of \$150. Norman served 2 1/2  
months at hard labor ~~in~~ the Prison  
Farm. About the time of his release  
from Prison, the stock market went  
collapsed in New York, with its financial  
sequelae, well known to all.  
Following his way to Fort Leavenworth, Mo.  
Norman enlisted in the army, assigned  
to the 35th Infantry, then at Camp  
Barreles, Honolulu, and shipped  
by way of Panama and the Golden Gate,  
San Francisco, to Hawaii. ~~He~~ saw  
having seen army life in the ~~past~~  
~~as~~ a child in 1917-18, and a tour  
of C.M.C. in 1925, Norman had  
no illusions about "seeing the  
world" as a member of the forces;  
but needs must when hunger and  
the devil drives. The actions  
had my approval, at the lesser  
evil, and knowing Army "discipline"  
would do no harm.

As a humorous, or ironic gesture  
Norman sent by post a ~~small~~ <sup>few</sup> patches,  
its ~~only~~ <sup>only</sup> content a pair of shoes  
~~sent~~ worn through the soles. -x



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Evidently, for a time, Norman departed  
was exemplary in the Regiment, together  
with his CMTC experience and "Hepler  
educations" as he was promoted  
was ~~for a time~~ Mess Sergeant of Co. K, 33rd  
Infantry; to be "busted" soon as  
Sergeant - the first of many in his  
29+ years title, being drunk on duty.  
Yes, a member of the Forces,  
who has run his own six horses;  
and be sure he went the Pace  
and went it blind;  
And the word was more than  
white he <sup>in</sup> need the ready tin,  
But today the sergeants, some-  
what less than 12nd!  
— Barrack room Ballads.

Friday - 10/2/59  
3 AM -

Fine rain, Sept. 30, Oct. 1.

The River, and Snapps Creek flushed -  
"The latter Rain - Heavy and pressed to a  
thick land - The forests protected from  
first autumn coloring brightened by the  
moisture. No "Yellow" frost, as yet.  
Leaf raking, 1959, starts.

Faulty engineering, on the Merrimack  
street work, faulty; much time and  
material wasted; will run into cold  
weather, and more trouble. It is plain,  
costs will exceed half a million,  
on Bridge and Highways to Railroad



Following James death, and burial, March, 1928, and Norman's disappearance in the boat-logging, revived illicit whiskey industry of the underworld in Richmond, Virginia, and the Peninsula - the early home of his Randolph family ancestry; daughter Jean's sixteenth birthday, May 21, 1928; High school graduate, quite the beautiful young lady; a reader, accomplished, able to be head of ~~my~~ our household.

Lucille Wheeler, intelligent Colored woman, our helper for ten years, was to remain with us for a dozen years following James death.

True, Lucille's friend Rube Jackson was Veteran and alcoholic, at times discreetly engaged in bootleg moonshine, at their quarters; enjoying

some of the best Carriage Trade in Marlinton. Lucille, a perfect Colored lady, smart and temperate, had no trouble with the "Law," as represented in the Prohibition Era by grafting enforcement officers and Police.

Daughter Jean, by the protection of the Almighty, through early youth and the perils of a Co-educational school, and the contamination of male and female devilries infesting such facilities - escaped ~~contaminations~~ much that is evil.



126  
As with the "Gleanings of the Prophet."  
"a tenth shall remain, and shall return,  
and shall be eaten; even as a tree and  
as an oak, when they have cast their  
leaves; whose substance is ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> ~~written~~ <sup>written</sup> them;  
and the holy seed shall be the substance  
thereof."

The "New Era," in economics,  
spoken of by false prophets, Presidents  
Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover, and  
including "feminists" of the Bernard  
M. Baruch type, had run its course  
in the third decade of the twentieth  
Century, A.D.

My personal income, solely from  
my practice, remained sufficient for  
present needs. This was due, in part,  
to the fact that I enjoyed almost a  
monopoly of the country trade, due to  
the deathfulness of my competitors  
in the medical profession. Brother  
James confined his practice almost  
exclusively to his office, along  
with his sundry interests and banking.  
Not very successful in recent  
local political affairs, I now turned  
to national, due to events.

Charles W. Asentors, of Fayetteville,  
Grindat lawyer, who had risen by native  
genius and personality from railway  
freightman; ex-United States Senator,  
and in 1928, National Democratic



Committees from <sup>127</sup> West Virginia, and  
as such, in charge of the Campaign of  
Smith of New York for the Presidency, in  
our state. My recent Political  
activity, especially, had attracted some  
attention, and Mr. Osenton named me  
on his "state" as an avowed Smith  
supporter, and Alternate Delegate from  
his 6th District to the National Con-  
vention at Houston, Texas. The late  
Don Chapin from the populous county  
of Logan (Delegate). Miss Merle  
McClintic, also of Marlinton, named  
Woman's Delegate at Large. ~~for women.~~

At the time, it appeared almost Smith  
an avowed and might win; especially  
from the Republican nominated the  
fence-sitting "foreigner" Herbert Hoover.  
In the primary, Smith Osenton's state  
won twelve of the sixteen delegates  
in the state. ~~Mr.~~ McClintic, Chapin and  
I among them.

Followed the usual political  
fare of pictures, badges and banners,  
all avowed Smith delegates  
assembled at Huntington, in June,  
and boarded a special train made  
up in Boston, carrying delegates  
and officials from Maine to Texas,  
except, perhaps, Political stars of  
the first magnitude, exemplified by  
Jesse W. Davis, it also, who had arrived



128  
Conveyance of their own, and early on  
the field, in Haverston. Jesse Jones  
then, at his height, had built a convention  
Hall and brought the Convention to Haverston,  
his favorite city. The Delegates paid  
regular round trip fare, but the Special  
was fitted with many conveniences  
without additional cost, including  
a car loaded with beer and other  
liquors, free for all.

Besides Mrs. Merle McClintock, <sup>there was</sup> an  
attractive young widow (childless)  
named Mrs. St. Clair, from Mercer County,  
was with our party, of a well known  
Bluefield family, presumably wealthy.  
1928 marked the second Presidential  
Campaign following women suffrage.

Conversations and cards, and fine  
weather made the long journey bearable.

The second day I recall nearly  
an entire twelve hours driving the  
length of the State of Mississippi  
a region of Blue earth river plains  
inhabited, it seemed, solely by Negro  
Afro-Americans in hordes, even less  
attractive than the African jungle  
where ~~they~~ their ancestors were  
brought as slaves.

Our train was halted in New Orleans  
on Sunday, and we spent the entire  
day in that ~~city~~ interesting City.  
I failed to see General Andrew Jackson.



129

Battle field of January 8, 1814, not at  
the time especially interested in the life  
of Jackson, as set forth in Marquis  
James excellent "The Border Captain,"  
or the equally interesting life of Sam  
Houston, and by the same author,  
"The Raven." Equally, I regret  
not visiting the Battle field of San  
Jacinto, April 21, 1836, when the  
opportunity presented. It will be  
recalled, in this narrative, my mother  
was an early settler (1837) near  
Buffalo Bayou, Texas, at the age  
at one year of age.

At age Fifty-three, and following  
James recent death, I found the journey  
to ~~Tex~~ Houston interesting and educating  
politically, though early disillusioned as  
to the possibility of all truths winning  
the election.

Mr. Smith was not present,  
of course; but his wife and family  
in prominent view, and from the "Side-  
walks of New York," not unimpressive.  
Mr. Smith seemed over-fat and over-  
dressed to the casual view. To this  
was added the quite evident hostility  
to any body "Wet, and a Catholic"  
by the delegates from "Deep South."  
In the Convention hall, the Maryland



Delegation was in front of us,  
and Georgia to our left, under  
the leadership of that musty, old  
and much over-rated politician  
the late Senator George, of Georgia.  
The unceasing hostility, as manifested  
by this and other Southern state  
groups was apparent, even when  
the silly and hysterical parades  
about the Hall, and the shouting  
began.

Alfred E. Smith was nominated  
for President by the Democrats,  
ahead of his time. Himself a near  
foreigner, ~~the~~ in 1928, <sup>dominated</sup> not dominated  
by a foreign element, as the Nation  
unquestionably is today, especially  
by its financiers and Newspapers,  
with large blocks of pensioners,  
paupers, lobbyists, and social  
security burden, bought and paid  
for.

There was no special train  
for our party returning from Houston,  
each of us, and in groups returning  
at our convenience. Personally, I  
boarded the first train headed north  
and traveled through Arkansas and  
Missouri, crossing the River at  
St. Louis. All without special incident.



Sunday - Oct. 4, 1959 / 31

3 a.m.

Retired at 7; rose at 3 a.m., - having  
"slept long enough." Foggy morning,  
not frosty - probably clear and warm.  
The Bridge Street Builders - working  
Saturday, and overtime - began to  
speed up - and got something done.  
I was interested to watch Machinery  
speeded, and laborers really working,  
when "cost-plus" sewers laid aside,  
and real "contract work begins."  
Laulsbury - Foreman - an able man,  
when given a free hand.

Again home in Marlinton from the  
Conventions of 1928, with some political  
enthusiasm remaining, I wrote a review  
of the crusade, not edifying; inclined  
to treat the matter humorously - and  
lily. Al Smith's campaign dragged  
drearily, despite an honest effort by  
Mr. Smith to be forthright - better than  
most. His time had not yet come;  
besides handicapped by his birth place,  
ancestry and training. Soon passed  
into oblivion - and comparative poverty.  
His sons ~~nevertheless~~ <sup>nevertheless</sup> who, his last "job"  
Superintendent of Empire Building, to early  
years, and death in middle life.

Daughter Jean had been under  
the care of her Aunt Grace Price during



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My absence in Texas. I bought her  
a present, a near-silk Mantilla, such  
as was popular with Southern Ladies  
for evening wear — Cost twenty dollars,  
more training was deemed necessary,  
and in the spring-time of her youth and  
beauty, after due consultations and  
consent, entered at Convent School  
of the Visitation, Mt de Chantal, Wheeling.  
On this I was influenced by ~~the~~ a my  
friends, Goodsell and Dr. Hull, ~~who~~ who  
had each sent a daughter to  
the school, with results wholly  
satisfactory.

In September, we travelled by Model  
T. Ford to Elkins and by train to  
Wheeling, where Jean was entered  
in the graduating class; ~~where she~~  
~~Jean~~ worked hard and happily,  
in excellent health, graduating  
with many honors, and Medals, the  
following June, 1929. I drove to  
Wheeling in a Model A. Ford,  
bringing my daughter home.  
In after years she did two terms  
Randolph-Macon College, ~~Roanoke~~ Roanoke  
Virginia, and three years training  
as Registered Nurse, St. Joseph's Hospital  
Baltimore, Maryland. All this  
accomplished by June, 1934, when  
22 years old — in the seemingly  
endless education of women in the  
twentieth century.



The summer of 1928, with unabated energy, and still having some money left I planned and executed ~~meditated~~ alterations on the house, including a large stone chimney and fire-place. A single large room was contrived of a bed-room, dining room and entrance hall. George Hefner and Sonbury, came and built the stone chimney, a masterpiece, six feet at base by four feet; the upper part 4 feet square. Stones were brought from the double chimney of the Pioneer Cleudwin House at Selbert, last occupied by the veteran George Cleudwin, who died in age of self-inflicted wounds, year 1904. Also, from the old Price Mansion, and Barn.

~~We~~ have successfully "wintered" by this wood fire-place thirty-one successive seasons.

Mrs. Jean Price, in a letter to her son Norman, while at school, wrote: "Do Price loves the Penitence; and could be happy <sup>to live in</sup> a single large room, filled with his trophies, and food and garden seeds, etc." thus describing my Native bent, ancestral and otherwise.

Jean was missed, following her untimely death, age 48, March 10, 1928.



134  
my only duty, for about two years  
hard work, building, carrying forward  
the household; on a legal fight and  
paternal activity.

"I climbed the treacherous Hill,  
I trod the plain;  
Counting the mileage, careless of  
its term,  
Of days and nights accruing  
to my pain."

Because of early religious training, -  
a "virgin," almost an anchorite, I  
avoided, for the most part the society  
of women, other than professionally;  
and always, the gentlemen, treating all  
women with due deference and respect.  
All women are beautiful."

"For a man must go with a  
woman,  
~~with~~ <sup>can</sup> no woman, understands.  
There are some who say they  
can see it,

But they're not the marrying brand!"

Somewhat to my discomfiture, I was  
overlooked by the most lovely women  
during this time; good nature showing  
through, because I had little, although  
temperate and industrious; and known  
to issue rather large checks in payment



135  
of debts at cards. After thirty  
years in business and professional  
activity - 1903-1933 inclusive, <sup>the</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>early</sup> ~~early~~  
early years of the fourth decade <sup>found</sup> ~~found~~  
me with little gear and slightly  
in debt at the ~~Bank~~ borrowing on  
insurance during the "Depression".

~~Fall of September~~, 1932, I was  
observed and attracted by a graceful  
and beautiful lady, not too young,  
employed in a bank. But that  
is another story.

During the following year, 1933,  
a fortunate investment (in silver) ~~not~~  
~~George~~ helped to ~~help~~ wipe out the  
"Deficit", and a financial boost.  
(Money is to be made in the fall,  
as well as in the rise of Empires!)

The false prophet - President Hoover,  
designed disastrously for a term,  
and passed into oblivion. Always  
too rich, personally, he forgot God  
as a Ruler. "If the Lord keep  
not the House, the watchmen will  
be in vain."

The late William A. Bratton, who in  
1924 worked for a time with Hoover  
in the food administration in Washington,  
and was associated with Mr. Hoover,  
once told me that Hoover "was



but of the most profane men, in speech, that he had ever met." a plain indication of the mental and moral qualifications of Mr. Hoover at that stage of his development. By training as an operative Mining Engineer, he probably thought the running of a corrupt food administration called for, or required, a good deal of cutting!

I have in my political archives a form letter, <sup>1929</sup> written by Franklin D. Roosevelt, but signed in Ink, to All Delegates (and alternate Delegates) to the Convention in Houston, 1928, outlining Party Democratic Party Strategy for 1932; thus early beginning his Campaign, as four-term President, 1932-1944 A.D. Far from being an early F.D.R. supporter, ~~but~~ in 1932, still under the spell of National Politics, I ran for District Delegate (6th District) as a supporter of William ("Alfalfa") Bill Murray in his bid for President. My ~~boast~~ <sup>boast</sup> is that in the Depression year 1932 I carried Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties for William



Tuesday 10/6/59 13<sup>5</sup>  
3 A.M. a mild, foggy morning.  
No killing frost yet. The endless  
planning of the Main Street by the Road  
and Bridge Builders continues. It  
will be a relief to see its finish  
very intricate wooden frame (for  
pouring cement) being built by the  
steel frame & girders of the Bridge.

Mr. Murray ("Alfalfa Bill") on the Democratic  
ticket for President, the conventions  
held that year in Chicago. Kansas,  
Lafayette and Logan - the Populists  
went for F. D. Roosevelt - who was  
nominated for his first term - a beating  
President Hoover - in the election of that year.  
Mr. Murray, who habitually wore  
a large mustache, hence his sobriquet  
"Alfalfa", had been Governor of Oklahoma  
at one time in his life he had attempted  
founding an American Colony in a portion  
of South America, somewhere on the Pacific  
Coast. This was a failure, due to  
racial friction and political friction.  
An individualist, as he ruled Oklahoma  
as Governor with a high hand, using  
his State Guard, on occasion, to enforce  
his decrees; much in the news.  
Evidently, he thought America should  
return to the simple agricultural  
life, due to wide-spread business



138  
Depression, ~~and~~ and Hunger. His  
"Slogan," "Bread, Butter, Bacon, Beans"  
will be remembered by older people.  
During the Campaign of 1932 I carried  
on my spare time a cover fabric  
emblazoned with Alfalfa Bill Murray's  
picture and slogan.

With some prestige as a Delegate  
in 1928, I was recognized to some  
extent, particularly by the Republican  
Newspaper, the Charleston Mail, as  
Mr. Murray's leading supporter  
in West Virginia; carrying on an  
interesting correspondence by letter.  
A supply of literature was sent me,  
including the tire covers, and one  
Candidate even meditated a speaking  
tour of West Virginia, but did not  
arrive as scheduled. The country,  
especially the industrial North and  
East, was on the verge of a great  
expansion of Public Works, and in  
no humor for the back to the soil  
proposal of Mr. Murray.

Governor Murray, of Oklahoma,  
with his Delegates and picturesque  
band of "Cow girls" attracting attention,  
and doubtless had a good time, at  
the Chicago Convention, but got  
few votes for nomination. I had  
thought to attend, but pressing



of business and <sup>139</sup>lack of time prevented.  
The year 1932 marked a turning point  
in the lives of many; myself included.  
There were signs in the heavens, clouds  
and smoke, in those days. Quickly  
the market crash was followed by  
the Historic drought of 1930; dust  
bowls, near famine. Unless those  
days had been Divinely shortened,  
there would have been no life left  
on the earth. Grapes of Wrath.

"God moves in a mysterious way  
His wonders to perform;  
He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
And rides upon the storm."  
- Crozier's Hymn.

The ~~fall of~~ Autumn of 1931, Daughter  
Jean and I consulted about practical  
future training ~~in~~ ~~for~~ for her; business,  
teaching, or other. She ~~selected~~ <sup>chose</sup> nursing,  
and entered on a three year course  
at St. Joseph's Hospital, Baltimore,  
entering September, 1931. Norman  
in the Army. I was relieved of  
heavy <sup>financial</sup> "educational" expense. The  
first <sup>time</sup> in almost ten years. Medical  
practice continued as usual, but  
over a period of about three years  
cash returns almost non-existent.



18140

only partially relieved, first by the  
"Works Progress Administration" (WPA)  
and more substantially in 1935, by  
the "Department of Public Assistance" (DPA)  
(DPA) which even paid some accumulated  
arrearages at ten dollars per <sup>case</sup>  
over a period of one year.  
~~Politics~~ Practical Politics, local  
and National, had run its course,  
~~with me~~, and troubled me no more.  
Playing at cards, for diversions, had  
become more sporadic, locally, with  
hard times, and too many ~~to~~ <sup>10,000</sup> ~~notes~~  
~~notes~~, or ~~few~~ <sup>one</sup>, ~~floating~~  
~~about~~; also, abruptly terminated.

"No one understands the fever  
of gambling, except the men  
who has had it, and got over it."  
— Andrew Price —

Thursday 10/8/39 - 3.30 AM.

Mild weather - no "Heavy Frost" -  
Garden flowers still blooming. Road  
builders still working time with their  
winter endless <sup>newer</sup> construction; time is  
running out for the more important  
concrete work on Bridge and street.  
The river for a quarter mile nearly  
dredged clear of stone and gravel,  
filling ditches, some twenty feet in  
depth; expensive and time consuming.



141

Having recited leading event of the decade, 1922-1932; the illness and death of Jean (1928); Brother Andrew (1930); Mrs. Laura Price (1926) after a short illness - Pneumonia; ~~together with~~ <sup>and</sup> including personal affairs in business, law and politics; at age Fifty-Eight I felt able to meet triumph and disaster and ~~troubled~~ <sup>myself</sup> just the same.

By the time 1932 arrived in the "Depression" years, it gave me pause, because of financial stringency. I had long known that money is a valuable thing; as a matter of fact, since ~~my~~ <sup>my</sup> ~~work~~ <sup>work</sup>; but during these very active years I found that Politics, was, the higher education of the son and daughter, not forgetting the doubtful relaxation of gambling, expensive and at long last, ~~be~~ <sup>in</sup> the shallows, gave earnest thought to ways and means.

The stock market offered unheard of opportunity on a long range basis; but in my case something concrete was necessary, and desirable.

Although at the time short of money, I continued to aid Sister Susan, who was in difficulties caused by buying a property in Richmond, the "aid," at the time, making several







143  
not wise in Courtship. Probably; when  
a judicious expenditure of simple  
means could be impressive in such  
trivialities as clothing, barbering and  
automobile transport; preferably of an  
expensive make; ~~there~~ no need to let  
the good show through <sup>in part.</sup>  
~~James had a~~ to impress Miss Alice, Brother  
James had a rather comical notions  
which he executed; having a sort of  
armored "Crows nest", with loopholes  
for guns, built high in the banking  
room, where armed with a Winchester  
rifle and small arms, he often  
sat ready to oppose or discourage  
a bank hold-up.

Some alarm had been caused by  
the recent robbery of the Rural Bank  
at Reeds, Mr. Willis Baxter Cashier,  
by a local ~~bad~~ hoodlum named  
Cook, later captured and sent to  
the Rock House for twenty years.  
Cook escaped to Oregon; within the  
last year or two he was located;  
extradition refused by the Governor  
of Oregon on the grounds that Cook  
had married, raised a family and  
for many years lived an exemplary  
life. The matter allowed to drop,  
Cook still lives in Oregon.



144 Excited merriment,  
The "Clow's Nest" proved ~~also~~  
annoying to officials and employees  
and following Brother James death in 1946,  
and when alterations were made the  
bunking room it was removed. In  
any case, the Association of Bank  
Robbers prefers to operate among  
the money changers in and near  
larger towns and cities.

also. A widower of three years, I was  
interested in the graceful beautiful  
and graceful Alice, who had many  
admirers; but fully aware that not  
being "strong on the Goose" fatal to  
success in ~~many~~ courtship.

(The quotation is from Mrs. Mary  
Austins "Diary of the Civil War," And  
means possession of money, slaves,  
and a plantation.)

A truly graceful woman in all her  
movements and postures is a rare animal,  
and that often seems it follows that  
+ native taste in selections and ability to  
wear clothing well is of the essence.  
It may be, also, that those so gifted, under  
Emerson's Law of Compensation, may be  
lacking in more important faculties  
of judgment and common sense.  
There may well be a corresponding grace  
or movement in the Male of the species,



but subsidiary to the masculine qualities  
of strength, brain and endurance  
of Miss Alice and dear sister and brother  
Native of Highland, Virginia; orphaned in  
early life, all three resided in Marlinton,  
the sister, Mrs Clyde Bussard unhappily  
married to a War Veteran a phase like  
ended a few years past a patient at  
the VA Hospital for incurable  
St. Paul, North Carolina. Miss Dever  
lived with her sister, and was most  
useful in assisting in the care of five  
nieces and a nephew, all of whom  
were well trained, and are successful.

Miss Dever ~~drove~~ <sup>drove</sup> a Ford automobile  
car, in the thirties, which she drove  
expertly, and gracefully; frequently  
seen with her infant nieces and nephew  
as nurse and baby sitter.

I do not mean to imply that this rare  
gift of gracefulness in posture and movement  
in women is all important - for from  
it, an inward grace and faithfulness  
more precious than Rubies. But it does  
appear "Modern Women" ~~but this trust~~  
~~for~~ <sup>for</sup> ~~at~~ <sup>at</sup> ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> ~~young~~ <sup>young ~~er~~ <sup>er</sup>, put  
their trust in tired hair, deforming  
footwear and indecent exposure of the  
body, including apparel usually  
de thought fit for males, only; and  
not view under the sun - Queen Dangers</sup>



Jezebel, a King's <sup>146</sup> daughter, at a remote  
day, tried her hair, painted her face, and  
was thrown from her apartment, devoured  
by dogs in the Palace Court-yard.  
Middle-aged on the Emperor Napoleon  
in his "Conversations" an excellent judge  
of men and women, pronounced the Empress  
Josephine the most graceful of women,  
in all her postures and movements.  
As recorded in his "Conversations" at  
St. Helena. He also said that she  
was aged and untruthful; but he loved  
her. In giving her eye, the Empress  
must have been the Prince Eugene must  
have been about twelve years old when born.  
He believed Josephine could have followed  
him in his fortune to St. Helena, which  
his second wife Louise of Austria failed  
to do. Brother James and I, middle-aged  
Nigerians, both in our late fifties were  
not demonstrative in the Court-Miss  
of Mrs Dever. Nonetheless, we were  
silent competitors, and it was evident  
either could have been had for the taking.  
In the end both were discarded by  
the graceful Miss Alice  
myself, six years his younger and  
better formed. Clean shaven, it was  
perhaps well - even providential -  
as I was soon to receive ~~important~~  
backing in a business venture from  
Brother James. Ready money has its  
uses, and is important.



Sunday 10/11/59 147.  
 Mild and light rains - Garden flowers yet  
 thriving - Nasturtiums - The New Bridge  
 taking shape - a marvel of steel and  
 concrete - About 11000 thousands feet of  
 lumber - framing and supports - used in  
 the bridge including the temporary structure.  
 Autumn coloring delayed, although many  
 trees especially Maples - almost bare -  
 the hunting season for bears, turkeys,  
 grouse, etc. - timely rains helps prevent  
 forest fires - Female Virginia Deer

h  
The ~~Fern~~ young female Virginia Deer  
Curlew tail most gracefully of the wild  
animals native to our forests. As a  
boy I had unusual opportunity to  
observe its habits (1884-1892) in the  
tame deer, Diana. Vegetarian in diet.  
Superbly adapted to its forest environment  
at all seasons and conditions of terrain.  
When not alarmed, moving slowly, one might  
even say, pensively; stepping high and  
noiselessly in fallen leaves, at other  
times, moving rapidly, but not leaping.  
When in rough ground or crossing a  
rocky stream, a swift, single-foot pace;  
and, finally, running at speed in great leaps,  
up-hill as well. ~~Prepared to~~ Prepared to  
leap in its ~~leap~~ leaps, ~~feet~~ under, ~~feet~~ under, prepared to  
spring to its feet and away in a single  
movement - night or day. The deer  
at times barks in the sun on its side,  
legs extended x



"I think I could turn and live with  
Animals;  
I stand and gaze at them long and  
long. — Whitman.  
At the time of which I wrote, early thirties, Miss  
Alice and her friend ~~the~~ the beautiful  
Miss Gladys Hudson, Secretary and  
stenographer at the Bank; Cultivated  
and of an excellent ~~finer~~ family  
of Upper Pocatello County. The two  
frequently visited, in summer, the  
Riverside Park and ~~River~~ Betty's  
Golf at the Fair grounds. Sometimes  
I was also at the Park and joined their  
picnic them; once sharing their lunch.  
September, 1932.

While hospitable and even kind, ~~the~~ Miss  
Alice made no effort to conceal that I,  
personally, was not ~~quite~~ at ease with her.  
Before this, she had, it seems, let her  
affections and going steady with the  
handsome, and "spoiled child," Arden  
Billingsworth, Veterans of the College  
Student Training Corps, in the war of 1914,  
therefore no infant. Quoting the village  
gossip, Miss Alice had met a humiliating  
failure in capturing the young Arden,  
with many things to her bow, she probably from  
a spirit of reckless resentment, she flirted  
intoxicatedly with several several casual  
Ned-do-wells, single and married, known  
as public menaces in the village and  
country; among them my friend, Conrad



149

Veteran, also gambler and alcoholic.  
Charles Barlow, whose early ~~contended~~  
death, from tuberculosis, followed in 1934.  
Dumled, when he chose to work, was a  
very good auto salesman, employed  
by James Baxter, Ford dealer, sales  
and service. Charles Barlow was a  
personable ~~led~~, of the Pioneer Barlow  
family, noted for ~~his~~ common sense  
and Business ability, a grandson of  
Henry Barlow, Jr. Merchant and Banker.  
In a sense, he was a war casualty, doing  
hard service at the front, in Europe. He  
knew the worst too young + Laya Candia.  
Meeting the attractive and beautiful Miss  
Gladys Hudson, at her work in the Bank  
and at the Park Riverside Park, I  
correctly judged that she did not  
intend to spend her life, mindlessly,  
in the counting room of a bank.  
Might, even, be interested in "going steady"  
with an honest man and good worker, as  
indeed she did shortly thereafter, her  
husband, Mr. Feil. At last accounts he  
was the ~~father~~ <sup>father</sup> of ~~at least~~ two sons,  
and living in the state of Ohio.

Gladys Hudson-Feil, beautiful and  
faithful by nature, deserved all in life.  
For her life has been, is happy  
and successful.

Near 1931, I had formed a casual  
alliance with the magnetic, and beautiful,  
Lara Jane Smith (Abdullah), aged about



Forty years, the ~~the~~ <sup>1872</sup> mother of sons, and a daughter, the latter born in 1837; therefore in return for her looking with favor on me, I was bound to give first allegiance and support to her.

Born Laura Jane Smith, one of eleven beautiful daughters, and a son, born to John Wesley Smith and Elizabeth Mary Elizabeth Burr Smith of the Burr Valley. (1888). Married at fifteen years, a mother at sixteen, which is another story.

For a man <sup>ne</sup> must go with a woman, which women don't understand. Or the sort that say they can see it. They ~~can't~~ aren't the marrying kind.

One late summer evening, August, 1932, at dusk I was sitting near the bath house, at the Park, in meditation on ways and means to improve my fortune, then <sup>in</sup> ~~at~~ the very shallows, in the tide of human affairs. The Park and beach deserted at that hour. A car drove up in the gloaming, and the Misses Dever and Hudson got out, their escorts, comrades Clarence Smith and Charles Barlow. Evidently, the ladies were going to swim, and hurried to the bath house. I gave the comrades



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Firth and Barlow the time of day, and  
signed a few minutes before  
going out, with no intent of joining  
in any social competitions, in  
love and war.  
Emerging, Miss Dever proceeded  
to put on a dramatic act which  
startled me beyond measure -  
advancing until near me in an angry,  
even threatening manner, with almost  
inarticulate speech; also grasping a  
shrub or bush and shaking it violently,  
thus informing me that my presence  
was distasteful to her.\* Without  
more ado, I got in my Ford and  
pulled out.

Later, Charlie told me that as a  
practical jest, he had secreted some  
of the young ladies' clothing, saying  
that I had returned and stolen it.  
The girdle, or what was classified  
with the Mania of Dormitory  
and raiding of young women's  
underwear, in the Co-educational  
Colleges of a later day.

The incident is related because  
my evening Meditations on ways and  
means, year 1932, scene Bathing  
Beach at the Park - fair & grounds;  
Age fifty six, broken in upon and  
despoiled by a bathing party.  
put to flight

\*The act of pulling by the auto head light.



Tuesday - 10/13/59 1952

2:30 PM

A frosty night, - no fog - Up at 2:30 -  
Lit the fire stove in the Bath - soon -  
the sitting room and Library. Read the  
preface of the "Beaside Bibles" by Arthur  
Stanley. Early translations, and printing,  
by Wycliffe, Tyndale, and others, 15th  
and 16th Century. Found an ancient  
copy of Andersens "Fairy Tales", with  
hundreds of excellent wood-cut  
illustrations. Among some old papers  
and books left by Brother James -  
the title pages gone; evidently  
printed in early 19th Century.  
Full of interest to babes and children,  
Hans Andersens fables and parables  
are suitable reading for the aged.  
A valuable find.

Final grading of Main Street begun  
and rock course being laid, starting  
October 12, 1959.

I have written of the Houston, Texas  
tour of June, 1928. More should be told  
of the life and death of Charles W.  
Orenton, that Democratic Committeeman,  
who led his cohort in support of  
Alfred E. Smith, for President that  
year. A handsome man of genius,  
and successful, he knew poverty  
and hard labor in his youth. His  
later end was tragic.

Born in Fayette County, W. Va. - about  
1874; in early youth and manhood



Employed <sup>153</sup> ~~in the~~ as a laborer in  
Coal mines and as a brakeman  
on the Railway, earning money  
to enter Ladd & Child, and was  
soon successful as a Court-room  
Lawyer; also ~~as~~ in local and  
state political office.

Married ~~in~~ when young, he had  
grown children, when in the year 1918  
he was snared by a client, the middle-  
aged, and wealthy widow Williams, of  
Scottish ancestry, whose husband,  
~~also~~ a Welshman, had been a coal mine  
operator. Mrs. Williams, also with  
grown children, had in youth and later  
been accounted very beautiful. As  
to being rich, while well-to-do, ~~her~~  
her wealth was exaggerated; as is  
the usual custom.

Mrs. Osenton divorced her husband,  
and promptly sued Mrs. Williams  
for alienation, recovering a considerable  
sum - about twenty five thousand;  
this in addition to a cash settlement  
with the Divorce.

Charles Osenton and Mrs. Williams  
married, about 1920; later, with the  
onset of age and reverses in the early  
years of the Depression, hard up for  
ready money.

The second Mrs. Charles Osenton was  
at the Conventions in Houston, 1928,  
when she was encumbered with an  
infant grandson or nephew about ~~th~~ herself.



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She was nearing as her own, attending  
to her cares. Knowing something of  
her history, I ~~could~~ attempted  
conversations ~~with her~~. She appeared  
quite old; uninterested in current affairs;  
apprehensive ~~with~~ <sup>at</sup> the onset of ~~old~~ <sup>old</sup> age;  
not content with ~~conscience~~ <sup>conscience</sup> ~~striker~~.  
In this she was in contrast to her husband,  
second husband, who though quite  
gray-haired, still debonair, ~~and~~  
handsome and alert. I recall  
reading of his sudden death  
by stroke, or paralysis, which occurred  
a few years after.

In the days of Prosperity, perhaps  
using Mrs. Williamson-Osenter's money  
Charles had built an elaborate tomb  
or mausoleum on top of a high  
mountain near the Hawks Nest,  
a famous scenic precipice not far  
from Austead, Fayette County, an  
area of about three acres enclosed  
with a massive iron fence. Here  
the second Mrs. Osenter lies buried;  
and members of her family. Also  
my friend Osenter, whose death  
was tragic, which occurred about  
1935. His body was found at the  
base of a high cliff of Rocks near  
the mountain-top tomb, where  
doubtless he had cast himself down.

and on the mountain



in his sixty-first<sup>35</sup> year. Some told  
was bad of ill-health and accidental  
death, but I believe it was suicide.  
The wife of his youth survived her  
husband, unforgetting to the end.  
As also were the sons and daughters.

With a clear mind, friend Osentors  
had prepared a will disposing of the  
remnants of a once considerable  
estate, naming a son as administrator.  
The son, following his fathers death,  
refused to qualify as administrator.

It would appear that, under hand of  
we must "abide under the shadow of  
almighty"; and satisfied with long life,  
~~before~~ we can pray "after this manner":

"And forgive us our debts,

as we forgive our debtors."

The body of Charles Osentors rests  
in a tomb fit for a leader and  
Chieftain, on his mountain top. I  
trust, his spirit, <sup>though</sup> wandering, ~~but~~ not lost.

"They are purged of Pride.

Because they die;  
They know the worth of their bays;  
And they sit at wine with the

Muses Nine.

And the gods of the older days: ~~xxxx~~

They know Gods law in plain,  
And they wrangle the Devil to make  
and ~~there~~ <sup>know</sup> that Sin is vain."







[illegible]



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I gave my personal check for one  
Hundred Dollars, as a retainer, the total  
fee estimated as three Hundred; on which  
expense my three paying associates reim-  
bursed me to the extent of one Hundred-  
fifty dollars. the balance paid by me. During  
this summer, I attended Judge Rump  
visited Marlinton, heard the defense  
attorneys Hill and Edgar, in chambers;  
my lawyer Arnold argued our  
case, with the result Judge Rump  
declared the case "not" reasonable, in  
his opinion that as the village had been  
reimbursed for the original debt  
incurred by the Mayor and Council,  
there was no point in continuing litigation;  
also, each party to pay its own costs.  
all the foregoing is set down as  
History of events involving comparatively  
large affairs in Public Business, and  
over the period 1927 to 1930, three  
years, inclusive. In no sense is it  
a personal explanation or apology.  
at the time, and for years after, it  
was a satisfaction to me and my  
"Corporal Guard" remaining of the  
petitioners - Andrew having died, that  
two Power Line "industries" had been  
allowed - even invited - to enter  
our County - remote; also that the  
town was rid of a burdensome debt



This freedom from public debt was not  
to continue for long, as the city retained  
the water and sewage system, when the  
port Pemt took over the local power  
house, the water center was moved  
elsewhere, about 1927 when the late  
Dr. Mark Wilson served a term as Mayor.  
This involved ~~to~~ a small bond issue  
of ten thousand dollars, and a ~~grand~~ plan  
to tunnel Hamilton Field Ridge at  
the "low place", impound Knappa  
Creek at the "Bend", forming a race  
or "flume," that served to turn a  
water wheels that powered pumps to  
convey water to the ~~water~~ tanks  
high on the Marlin Mountain. This  
as nearly approaches the theory of  
"perpetual motion" as is possible under  
the laws of gravity, and of water always  
rising to its own level, and much  
commended, for a time. Still, wheels  
and pumps deteriorate; water takes  
decay; the Village, always spacious  
in distances, expands further, and with  
one thing and another, the bonded  
debt also ~~expands~~ now at a figure  
of about 100,000 Dollars.

Apparently, for more than fifty  
years in planning a supply of water  
~~has~~ served thought ~~never~~ given to obtain  
water ~~if~~ under gravity, from nearby "Cave"  
springs, in the Cuesta to the west,  
or from Thermal Springs of great



Volume and purity to the east, the nearest  
the Curry Spring near Huntersville, six  
miles distant. ~~At one time~~ Some objections  
was raised by Mr. Ira Brill and others,  
to limestone water; others consider  
water with a lime content both wholesome  
and desirable. Take your choice.

The progress of the species in meeting  
his real and fancied needs on this planet  
is necessarily slow.

Some incidents in his lives and deaths  
of my friends of early days, Frank Lydwor  
and Ira D. Brill, who have no  
memorial that I am aware of; and  
both dead in early middle life,  
serve to form a moral and admonitory  
tale. In 1828, and after becoming  
interested in stock market dealings, he  
has been known to rise early, probably  
after a sleepless night, and dash off at  
speed in auto on the earth roads of the  
period to ~~the~~ the nearest stock market  
line of white sulphur, distant sixty  
miles, to place orders at the opening of  
the market. Urged by a very demon  
of haste, Frank was accustomed to drive  
at speeds they considered dangerous.  
An unfortunate accident that cost the  
lives of a woman and child, doubtless  
preyed on his ~~heart~~ mind and heart.  
Returning to Marlinton from Charleston, in  
his early thirties, his car driven at speed  
on Route 60, struck the two as they

Frank

Frank Lydwor



stepped from behind a parked <sup>100</sup>car. No  
special plane was put on Lydnor,  
except perhaps driving at speed in  
passing a car at rest. on the highways  
Mr. Lydnor, a beautiful and spirited  
Virginia lady, whose childhood home  
was near Appomattox in Amelia County,  
never showing outwardly emotion in  
triumph or disaster, during many years  
before and following her husband's death.  
Their beautiful daughter, Rebecca,  
who grew up in Marlinton, is now  
the wife of a Mansboro, Virginia,  
Physician. A strong bond of affection  
marked the family life of the three,  
the admiration of their friends and  
acquaintances. Mrs. Lydnor, serene  
and calmly beautiful, remained a widow  
for many years following her husband's  
early death; she has recently died.  
A sincere prohibitionist. Free of  
Lydnor never drank wine or strong  
drink. While at the height of his  
business career and speculative "fever",  
he "discovered" as he thought, the sedative  
medical benefits of the mild mixture  
of opium, commonly called Paragoric,  
and using it on occasion became a  
mild Paragoric addict; so much so  
that for a time he found difficulty  
making drug regulations to obtain  
a needed supply. It is quite evident  
he did not properly evaluate the  
dangers of the alcohol-opium "Medicine".



not very <sup>fit</sup> ~~fit~~ 105-  
but in due time was  
safely returned from the Pecos  
County wilds to the Railway station  
at Millboro Springs.

Mr. Andrew Taylor, mother of seven  
beautiful daughters, possessed the  
daughters of the notable & Rev. James  
G. Moore, Pioneer who was  
thrice married, as related in Miles  
Biographical History.

Andrew Taylor, Veterans Confederate  
tall and lean, who carried a "pound"  
of Yankee lead in his body; a  
notable Hunter and guide for  
hunting and fishing parties from  
far places; who subsisted his  
family on his ranch edge of the  
Wilderness, William River.

"Easy going" and too fatal, in age,  
he waste, in age, to lose his  
valuable lands, being "Mortgaged"  
for a "store" debt.

Oblivion should rule, but it must be  
told that in the midties of the 19th Century  
Andy Taylor, ex-Confederate  
Veteran, was "indicted" by the Grand  
Jury for a wisdemeanor, "adultery."

Committed in a brief pants with  
a young ~~Harlot~~ named Cora Sharp.  
The misdemeanor more notable for



~~Early~~ about 1933, Mr Lydnor family,  
returned to their old home in Virginia,  
and I know little of their life, except for  
and occasional visit of Mrs Lydnor  
and daughter, Mrs Kahner, to old friends  
in Marlinton, the last in 1954.

Frank Lydnor's death was tragic. A good  
many years ago, his friends in Marlinton  
were distressed to learn he had died  
by a self-inflicted gun-shot wound.  
But truly, he was within the Covenant  
of grace. He had a good heart.  
Mr D. Brill, Department Store Merchant,  
died in 1931 (January) after a few days  
illness, a small lesion near the eye,  
resulting in a blood infection. A man  
of great energy and strong physique,  
He married Min Furr Moore, the  
mother of three beautiful daughters and  
a son. Mrs. Brill also has remained  
a widow and for nearly thirty years  
has conducted the store. She is a  
descendant of the Rev James E. Moore,  
prominent in the County History, whose  
daughters and grand-daughters always  
noted for their beauty and ~~beauty~~ <sup>grace</sup>.  
His daughters the late Mr Andrew Taylor  
of Williams River, with seven daughters  
Mr. Martin Arute (2); Mr. John S  
More (4); Mr "Devil" Sam Tracy.  
- Numerous daughters all well  
remembered for beauty, ~~in~~ <sup>in</sup> youth.



Friday - Sept 25 - 102

4 Aug. 1969

Mary "Septuaginta Mors"  
Hb's autumn. Beginning today, Sept 24, 1898.  
- 61 years - a letter from daughter Jean  
relates that Jean, age 19, is settled  
down to her second year of Vanderbilt.  
Intelligent as a child, and promising.  
Vaya con Dios.

(But for my daily range within  
the pleasant field of Holy writ, I  
might despair.)

In the early days there were ~~at the~~  
~~least~~ three "fams" in the Gay clan,  
or family, locally given prefixes to  
distinguish one from the other.  
Firstly: "Draft" Sam <sup>who</sup> lived  
and dominated lands head of the  
Indian Draft; veteran Confederate  
Artilleryman (Driver) tall, lean and  
wiry; in old age expert teamster,  
four horses. After the night following  
Second Manassas, <sup>1862</sup> he once told  
me, lying in deep sleep, exhausted  
~~across his~~ lying on his back, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> ~~and~~  
his ~~arms~~, he became so stiff in the  
morning he was unable to move or  
rise, ~~for a time~~. In old age  
and weakness, he was accustomed to  
pass days and nights on sheep-  
skins before his open fire-place.  
He had sons and daughters, and in the  
third generation noted as Horse-  
men, stalwarts and Mountainers.



Up and renew their strength;

Worthy Veterans of a Revolutionary War,  
he rests in peace, on his farm.

{ The youths shall faint and be weary,  
And the young men shall utterly fall;  
But they that wait upon the Lord  
Shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary;  
They shall walk and not faint. }

Next: "Miff" <sup>Gay</sup> ~~Lam~~ - <sup>Gay</sup> - <sup>Devil</sup> -  
Union Cause, revolution 1861, and also  
during reconstruction and following  
the war, was briefly named as  
Sheriff of Pocahontas County.  
A blacksmith by trade, about the year  
1885, his shop, north of the Hallord  
Jericho road. Then an elderly  
man, he lived with his son, Amos,  
in a shack near his shop. Miff  
Lam also kept Post office, the  
first Post Master of Marlins Bottom.  
As a lad of Ten years, in passing  
their door, driving the cows to pasture  
in the "hacking", it was my invariable  
custom to give father and son greeting;  
"Hello, Amos; good morning Mr. Gay."  
As they sat in the sun at the door  
of their house. <sup>Gay</sup>  
Last "Devil" Lam? Possibly named  
because of ~~an~~ adventure in his youth,  
who marked one of the seven beautiful



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Daughters of Andrew Taylor, and  
in the year 1898 were living on the  
Taylor place at the Meadows of  
Williams River, adjacent to  
Black Mountain, a wilderness  
last refuge of Deer and Bear.  
Mrs. ~~H. "Devil"~~ Sam Gay had a large  
family of young children, and for-  
getful of refusing pay for <sup>her</sup> entertainment,  
a Mr. ~~H. Stoughton~~ of New York, who  
had visited our County, making the  
arduous trip, being attracted by  
Andrew's stories in Forest and Stream.

*Note* I was detailed to accompany Mr.  
~~Stout~~, and we camped several days  
in the old Tom Skyles Cabin  
mouth of Teer Creek, Williams River.

*Under* Stout was a retired ~~Pen~~ Journeyman  
Printer, who as a lad made his own  
fishing rods and tackle, and as  
noted, journeyed from his home in  
Brooklyn to far places. He has  
disappeared from history. Vagabond Days.

My first attempt at sport writing  
was a description of this fishing trip,  
my first in Teer Creek, noted in  
Front Stream. with Picturesque  
rapids and falls.

*Note* Mr. ~~Stout~~ was physically "stout"  
as befitting his name; middle-aged



at ~~our~~ home. ~~Unusually~~ <sup>1</sup> He was accompanied by a young lady who did not appear to be his wife, and who, naturally, was not at ease, or even in good health. ~~Recall,~~ ~~that~~ At an early day travel was by rail and over-land horse vehicle. Moreover, attorney ~~William~~ <sup>my friend</sup> was of little help, rather the reverse <sup>in fact</sup> in a brief trial, and Andy Taylor was convicted of a ~~Murder~~ <sup>murder</sup>. I remember he was, in time, given what amounted to "probation" of the period in Court; no "time" was served and no fines, ~~any~~ paid; his two lawyer friends and fellow sportsmen forgiving any fee for services rendered.

A jurymen in the trial, who later asked why he voted for conviction repud, in effect, because the defendant had been proved guilty of committing an adulterous act "in daylight, in a fair patch." England the ~~old~~ latter end of Fawcett ~~William~~ was tragic, involving murder committed at his estate in Maryland, either killing or being killed, exact details not remembered. So ended the life of the son of the author of "Bar Buet."



wide publicity. Mean for any unusual  
moral turpitude in the community;  
"Contributing to delinquency" in the young  
may have been a cause. The young  
parade belonged to a branch of the ~~Shap~~  
the "Bill Elliott" branch of the Shap family,  
always noted for juvenile delinquency.  
I may add, a good many years  
after in the early ~~years~~ of ~~practice~~  
my medical practice I attended the  
still young Cora in "illegitimate"  
child-birth. She later married,  
became the mother of a family, still lives,  
respected.

"An odious woman, married, may  
bear a child and mend."

Veteran Andy Taylor chose, perhaps  
unwisely to stand trial in the Circuit  
Court, thus adding to the publicity.  
Andrew Price, attorney. Furthermore,  
a sportsman-attorney from Maryland  
named ~~William~~ <sup>W. V. G. H.</sup> voluntarily came  
to assist in his defense. Attorney  
Englewood chiefly notable as a Lord  
of the Author of the famous Poems  
~~beginning~~; "Ben Bolt."

"Do you remember Aunt Alice,  
Ben Bolt."

Aunt Alice who was to Brown,  
Mr. ~~William~~ <sup>England</sup> came, and was entertained



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There was a book, Briefly a "best seller"  
entitled: "Ships that Pass in the  
Night."

"Ships that pass in the night,  
and hail one another in Passing;  
Only a signal between, and  
an answering light in the  
darkness." Goengali.

A character in the book, the Parisian  
Music Master, <sup>and hypnotist</sup> featured the  
song "Ben Bol," ~~becoming~~ <sup>was becoming</sup>  
a vogue in America, ~~for awhile~~.  
widely ~~sung~~ <sup>quoted</sup> and sung.  
The name "Goengali" ~~became~~ <sup>was a</sup>  
figure of speech in the language



Saturday - 9/26/59 108

4 AM - 10 PM

"I arise with dreams of thee" (Hulley)  
waters at a record low. Kill a "trickster"  
from the Spring. Thursday, Sept 24, 1898  
the 61<sup>st</sup> year of the "Marathon"  
At age 84 still chopping in early  
morning on Jericho Ridge Forest.

The Book of Wisdom recites four  
things by which the earth is disquieted,  
and cannot bear: ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> woman who  
is ~~servant~~ <sup>mistress</sup> of her mistress; a fool  
when he is full of meat; an odious  
woman when she is married; and  
a servant when he ruleth.  
Kipling has paraphrased it in  
musical verse:

(Single space) { The servant of her mistress we need  
not call upon;  
a fool when he is full of meat,  
will fall asleep, anon;  
an odious woman married may  
bear a child and mend;  
But a servant when he ruleth  
Is confusion to the end!

It has been written that in the virtue of  
Charity women may be divided into  
two classes: The rich, who do as they  
please; and the poor, whom no one  
pays attention to anyway.

Again, I repeat, the women of the



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Rev James E. Moore line of descent were  
noted for beautiful and ~~character~~ <sup>character</sup> &  
the men ~~for~~ faithful ~~ness~~.

Elizabeth Taylor, or "Betts" as  
she was called. I considered the  
most interesting and beautiful of the  
sisters at their home edge of the  
wilderness on Laurel Creek, not  
molested by hunters and fishermen  
from far places who made the Taylor  
house headquarters. Moreover, the  
Mrs Taylor and her daughters were  
excellent housekeepers and dressed  
well, their clothing for the most part  
the work of their own hands. I  
recall a photo group made at the  
Taylor home, in which Betts was  
dramatically dressed in hunting  
costume, male, the property of some  
paying guest. Of a classic type  
of beauty, perfect in face and figure.

"A form more fair, a face more  
sweet.  
Nearer has it been my lot to meet."  
— Whitman.

In the year 1898, I had seen the family  
occasionally. Betts in particular, but  
at the time allowed myself to take  
no special interest in her, or any others,  
fearing entanglements, that night



(also, my aunt Mary Patterson not yet married)

late  
\* My Recent Marital Race

As an <sup>10</sup>abstake to my vague plans to get an education, or other Spartan ambition ~~to~~ vividly, I recall a cool September Morn. I was on my way for ~~the~~ usual dip in the River at the "Rock", neatly dressed in my working white duck trousers, complete with Bath towel. Miss Elizabeth (Bits) Taylor, in her travels, had spent the night with friends at the "Red House" Red ~~Bay~~ Run, at foot of Price Hill, and was at the door.

Being, as I supposed, at the time noted for recent athletic exploits, \* Miss Taylor looked me over, with more than ordinary interest; her face and figure photographically impressed on memory to this day. We exchanged a few words of greeting, and I passed on to the River. I do not recall seeing Elizabeth again, though not lost to memory; and two years after on entering Medical School I went on to other adventures.

I learned, later, that the Taylor family, having lost their lands on Williams River, ~~for~~ "store" debt, removed to Upper Greenbrier Valley



at Cass, where the Taylor men had  
employment in the Lumber Mills.  
In early youth denied the "advantages"  
of the co-educational system and the new  
freedoms, and employments for women  
of the twentieth century; though gifted,  
perhaps not fortunate in her settlement  
in life - though in due time married;  
I have never learned that <sup>she bore</sup> ~~she bore~~  
children

"Have drunk their cup of sorrow  
two before,  
and, one by one, crept silently to rest."

Having wandered in my narrative,  
describing affairs and personages ~~of the~~  
~~late~~ late nineteenth and early twentieth  
Century, I return to more intimate  
family affairs, the illness and death  
of my wife Jean occurring in the  
third decade of the Century.

My professional earnings were  
at their highest, 1923-1928, ~~not~~  
sufficient for all present needs,  
including the weekly session ~~at~~ of  
~~Dr. H. H. H. H.~~ at the Village Paper  
Hall, at which diversion and re-  
laxation my losses greatly  
exceeded winnings. Working at  
high speed day and night, Sundays  
and Holidays, as is of the essence  
in the general practice of  
Medicine and Surgery. Town and  
Country. I was enabled to meet



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all financial demand, occasioned  
of Jean's illness and costs of schooling  
Norman, and, later, Douglas Jean.  
Also to devote time and money to  
Public affairs.

I served as Mayor in 1923, the  
year the Price Hill Road was built,  
the relocation taking up barn and  
part of the hillside; again Mayor  
1924 - ~~which~~ complicated by the feud  
(legal) with Council over "internal  
improvements" in water and light  
~~utilities~~. Mayor Fred Allen, Recorder  
O. H. M. Firmin, and Councilmen Bill  
and Sydney, et al., in the matter  
of electric utilities.

Autumn of 1927, Jean's ~~health~~ illness  
progressively worse, complicated by  
dyspeptic symptoms. When hospital  
treatment in a hospital was suggested,  
she refused; no relief expected by  
medical or surgical ~~treatment~~. Jean's  
patience and fortitude has been referred  
to before in this narrative. She once  
remarked to me, despairingly, that she  
"did not want to live any more, but  
here"; whether referring to her earthly  
body - home, or future estate, not ~~stated~~ clear.  
She retained her fine mentality to the  
last breath, conscious breath; was her  
last letter to Norman dated the day  
before death came, March 9, 1928.  
Dying ~~is~~ is a lonely thing.



113

A year or more before, at solicitation of church friends, she had enlisted in a "Circle" of women of the Church, devoted to good works and study of Holy Writ. Jean's "essays," or leading programs, which she occasionally prepared, were models of intelligent and careful research, which I on at least one occasion typed for her, on request.

Jean and her personal orderly young Jim Preston, frequently held what Jean called "concerts" on the "goph-  
opium"; a favorite hymn: "I will sing of my Redeemer" (Preserved as a sacred relic.)

Norman, entered that year at the presumably Moral Presbyterian College Hampton-Sydney, continued his irresponsible career. His ~~reflections~~ <sup>reflections</sup> were brief and unsatisfactory to her frequent letters, with presents and extra money. Hopeful to the last, despite ~~pleas~~ <sup>pleas</sup> of relatives, plain to her, of scholastic disasters. Norman's twenty-first birthday, Jan. 27, 1928, her present all-expensive watch, soon speedily ~~broken~~ <sup>broken</sup> and lost.

In late January, 1928, Dr. James Price and I did abdominal ~~asites~~ <sup>asites</sup> a "tapping" to relieve the pressure of abdominal fluids, which gave temporary ease; but vital organs were affected.



114  
At school, Norman had early joined,  
as I suppose, never having held a "Fraternity"  
member; the most disreputable of the  
lot, appropriately calling under the  
doggy "Rattle of Theta Chi;" ~~appropriate~~  
- for the rattle-blained - accessories -  
though has been written to prove, of  
a son at college who ~~had~~ reached his  
majority, was no help, year 1929.  
When he, finally, left school in April,  
leaving debts and over-drafts; I also  
redeemed two trunk lockers hooked  
to a ~~car~~ drives, containing some  
books, including a copy of his grand-  
father's Biographical History, and Jean's  
letters - and little else. These I  
was glad to recover - The locks  
of both lockers were broken.

~~From~~ Detailed incidents of Norman's  
twenty years as a "Member of the Force,"  
and after will be ~~related~~ <sup>related</sup> ~~at~~ in the  
proper context.

Daughter Joan continued at school  
winter 1928, and graduated with the  
first ten of her class, and with honor,  
~~in the~~ when sixteen years old.

Throughout the winter I continued  
actively at work to meet presumed <sup>needs</sup> ~~needs~~,  
Present and future: not even omitting  
daily forestry ~~and~~ wood-chopping;  
stunts, a relief to anxieties and  
retrospections.



115-  
One morning in March, 1927, while  
planting a thrifty Sugar Maple tree in  
the yard - it had been uprooted by a  
falling tree while chopping North side of  
the hill - Jean, watching from her  
window, inquired why I had selected  
a certain spot to set the tree. I  
replied, in effect, I thought it suitable.  
Twenty-two seasons ~~had~~ have come since  
that March morning, the sapling  
grew to a stately and beautifully  
proportioned tree, which I regarded as  
a memorial.

Near this tree is another land-  
mark, and memorial. When the Road  
was being relocated and surfaced,  
1923, while the workmen were re-  
moving a large bowlder, Jean  
directed that it be set up in the  
yard, - that "Dr. Price would like  
to have it."

Not long before this I had once  
remarked to Jean that I might  
find my own private Mausoleum,  
or burial place, among the  
rocks on the Hillside.

During three years of Jean's illness  
her health seemed better in  
Summer, to decline with the  
colds and damp of winter.



Monday - Sept. 27, 1959 <sup>116</sup>  
2:30 AM - 1959

Another "September Morn" - Mild and  
Foggy - Yesterday a terrific heavy rain,  
Drove to the 12 m. Creek Bridge  
near Henderson - Compared the  
finished work with the 4 m. Creek  
River Bridge at Marcum. Appears  
to be a handsome structure and durable -  
steel and concrete. Retired at 7,  
Arose at 2:30 am.

### In Memoriam

Threw on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of Rue;  
In quiet she Reposes,  
Would I were gentle, too.  
Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound,  
But for peace her heart was yearning,  
And now Peter caps her round  
The world had need of her mirth,  
She battled in the miles of glee;  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.  
Her generous, ample spirit  
Faltered and failed for breath;  
Tonight it doth inherit  
The vasty hall of death. -  
Arrived



The winter, 1928, wore away, and March, with the 22<sup>d</sup> anniversary of our marriage arrived. Jean's health condition was truly desperate, and it seemed a question whether heart or brain would fail first.

About two years before we had quit using tobacco (cigarettes), writing Norman, at the time at Millard school in Washington, it seemed "too sporting" in a "week" to make it.

at all times careful of toilet and dress, bathing frequently and having her hair washed frequently by her "orderly", Jim Prebitts, (who also bathed the dog) frequently. (The dog was killed by a car two days before Jean's death, and buried in state, by Jim, near the Price River.)

On occasion, Jean and I talked normally; possibly a bit more reticent than usual, and ignoring the present desperate state of her health, for the most part. At night in our room, Jean in the rocking chair, and I sleeping as usual, when sleep was needed. I once remarked to Jean I thought I could sleep the night before I was to be hanged in the morning, if sleep was needed. Jean replied with thought I could, as I ~~seemed~~ to have "too much nerve, or something" bad ~~was~~ whatever it



was that I had <sup>18</sup> and wrote Norway  
to the same effect, in commenting  
in praise of my activity and work,  
and attention ~~to her~~ during her illness.

By chance, I was present when the  
Call came. Spring was advancing, the  
evening of March 10, 1928; mild. After  
supper, we sat as usual by the open  
window in our room up-stairs, talking  
until before I returned to the office.  
I <sup>sat</sup> in the bed and Jean in the rocker  
by the table, on which lay a deck of  
Cards. Casually, Jean said her  
jaw ached, "like her toothache, where  
teeth used to be." After a while,  
Jean uttered the words: "~~This house~~  
"This house!" in a sad tone, ~~referring~~  
of ~~these~~ referring to some disorder <sup>in the</sup>  
household affairs; to which I replied,  
sharply: "What is the matter with  
"This house"? ~~To which~~ She made no  
reply. Jean may have referred,  
preludically, to "the house of this  
Cobernall being dissolved; and having  
a house, not made with hands, eternal  
in the Heavens!"

Followed an ashy fallow, and I  
knew Jean's time had come. She  
soze, unsteadily, to her feet, and  
instantly I guided her one step to







the book, on which the calligrapher, at the

last page, with the cry "I am dying"

her last words. A single, brief

emissive movement, and the words

still - her eyes closed. At this

at about 7 o'clock. She lay

with eyes closed, face to

death with 10 pm. When the spirit

departed.

"And all my dear friends and

all my spiritual dreamers

are gathered dark eye glasses

and when we get up glasses,

in what other devices, what

known means?"

Relatives and friends came, including

from and from the church, several

merchants with whom I had long

relationships. Five Anna, who had

just in ~~arranging~~ the death, ~~arranged~~ the

arranging the death, ~~arranged~~ the

working day in a proper place, ~~arranged~~ the

extended, an almost hostile

appearance, and another

face of night, brightly from

and I were left to wait, with one

deadly. I was in her own room, and

I on my own at guard through

the night, and the night following -

until Monday, March 12th, 1928



Monday - Sept. 21, 1939 71  
3 AM

Sept. 20, warmer, blazing sun, and Dry-  
River and Creeks a record low. The  
"Father Rain," by the mercy of the May High  
needed, lest no life remain on the earth.  
Our National Guest, "Premier" Nikolai  
of Russia, No ordinary ~~visit~~. In  
this person is embodied the power of  
a Hundred Czar, early years of the  
twentieth century.

The recent death of John Foster Dulles  
"Point of War" Dulles - Immediately  
followed by "Orders from London" in  
the person of Queen Elizabeth and  
a last visit of our Winston Churchill.  
President Eisenhower Recognizes  
"Orders" when received. The spec-  
tacular personal visit to England  
and the Continent, August, 1959.  
And a new "Foreign Policy" is ~~being~~

After a restful Sabbath and seven  
hours sleep, I ~~at~~ rose at 2.30 AM.  
Prepared to resume writing.

"~~But~~ the woman that God gave him,  
Every fibre of her frame  
Proves her ~~ability~~ for one sole purpose,  
Armed, and trying to ~~for the same~~;  
~~And to ~~fulfill~~ that purpose~~  
~~Let ~~the~~ ~~universe~~ ~~should~~ fail,~~  
The female of the species must be  
dearer than the male!"

Let the generation fail,

That ~~the~~ ~~universe~~ ~~should~~ fail,  
H. 900



(Light and <sup>72</sup> Water ~~Come to~~ Marlinton Plant.)  
Early in the Century a prominent Promoter  
then resident of Marlinton, Mr. John Alexander  
~~before~~ <sup>before</sup> held of in the story of Oliver  
A. Howard, organized the Light  
and Water Company, a Corporation.  
Local Capital was subscribed and a  
Loan from ~~a~~ the Bank of Marlinton,  
later in default. The Company paid  
no dividends in the fifteen years of its  
existence, until taken over, in 1868, by  
the town of Marlinton, by an issue of  
fifty thousand in City bonds; and finally  
sold to a utility; the water plant  
and sewage system retained by the town.  
~~And thereby hangs a story.~~

The failure to even consider bringing  
in water by pipe line from several  
available sources, the history of a water  
supply for the city has been one long  
painful series of error from the beginning.

At first, water was obtained from  
several deep wells, pumped to tanks  
on the side of Marlin Mountain.

The first well at the Plant struck a  
frazzle flow of salt-sulphur water;  
also a pocket of gas, <sup>the latter</sup> utilized ~~for~~  
for some time to furnish light at  
the pump house. This well, about  
three hundred feet deep, unsuitable for  
use; another well at about two hundred



73  
feet, supplied abundant water, though  
with a percentage of Mineral, including  
Iron sulphate.

The fundamental economic weakness  
was the continuous and expensive pumping  
required to maintain the flow.

He hailed the ~~discovery of the~~ Salt-  
Sulphur water as a valuable medical  
discovery. Drinking large quantities with  
relish. Too much salt proving bad  
for kidney functions, and after a time  
discontinued.

Though built under favorable costs  
of both labor and material in the year  
1907; the rates for both electric light  
and water high, the costs of main-  
tenance and good pit coal, (as was  
complained of by Lucius H. Hades, in  
the story of "Luminaison of Berkeley  
square"), the Corporation showed no  
profit. In the war year, 1918, it  
was bankrupt, its bonds and Bank  
loan in default.

A movement was started for the Town  
to issue Fifty thousand in City bonds  
and purchase and operate as a utility.  
The late Frank R. Wender was active in  
pushing the purchase by the town, but  
not mentioning the trouble the banks  
of which he was executive - Vice Pres-  
and Cashier, having with the loan.



Mr. Hunter, who was my brother-in-law,  
did me the honor to write me as to  
the wisdom of the City buying the water  
and light plant, I being at Camp Custer.  
I had already sent a letter to the Times  
in a general way advising against  
Public ownership of the utility, and  
that the business be re-organized, if  
possible, under new and better Management,  
Mr. Alexander being for long suspect  
of unreliability and mismanagement.

The motion to purchase, when put  
to the vote, heavily backed by Business  
and Banking interests. Carried by a  
very large Majority.

In this event, I was, fated forty  
years to have no inconsiderable part in  
the conduct of the city owned utility  
until finally sold in the year 1928  
to the Morningstar and West Penn.  
Public Service Company - and thereby  
being a failure.

A feature of the utility to show a  
profit, both under private and City  
ownership; because, first, undue  
credit is given certain favored  
dead-weight and poor pay customers,  
with consequent loss of revenues.  
Second, wastage of both water  
(unmetered) and ~~water~~ electric power



75-  
together with leakage from water  
pipes, all at the cost of good pit  
coal at war-time prices; and, lastly,  
worn out plant machinery only held  
together by constant repairs.

Except ~~as to~~ for incidents recorded,  
and ~~and~~ to be related, the years  
1919-1926, during which along with the  
simple life of working and living, I was  
successfully defeated (1920) for election as  
County Commissioner; For State  
Senator (1922); For the Legislature  
of West Virginia (1924); my successful  
opponents, ~~successfully~~, being  
Messrs. E. H. Williams, Frank R.  
Hill and Captain Robert D. Kidd.  
During this time I served the  
one year term, two or three times, as  
a member of the City Council.  
~~However~~ In the year 1927, having been ~~and~~ I was  
~~Nominated~~ for Mayor, heading a ticket  
nominated in the free and easy  
manner of the time, by a "Convention",  
called and composed of a few irresponsible  
citizens; I ~~received~~ in defeating  
my friend Frank R. was elected Mayor  
of Marlinton; even the name of my  
opponent, or opponents, in this  
balleye election are forgotten  
as I had served in the Council



for several terms previous, under the  
Administration of Captain Abner E.  
Smith, who in old age and business  
adversity, from a leading Logging  
Contractor of an early day, and later  
August and business Man in Marlinton,  
during the war period, and later  
served as Justice of the Peace and  
City Mayor, and Collector of over-  
due debt for business firms. Always  
from the day of his memorable baptizing  
in the Creek, a pillar of the Methodist  
Church elect; of the Covenant by Grace  
a powerful man, in youth he followed  
the occupation of a Maine Logger.  
Later, very successful in our County  
of Pocahontas as a Contractor, the  
first to use a steam engine and tracks.  
In age, influenced by the Christian  
Religion, and his good wife and  
daughters Mollie Smith - Yeager,  
always amiable and distinguished  
for their piety. A friend of my  
youth, he sleeps well.

While members of Council, later as  
Mayor, we struggled ~~heartfully~~ to  
hold the nearly worn out plant  
together, physically, it being under  
the immediate management of  
two enterprising young men,



Frank King and Carl Meets, who had recently founded the now highly successful Marlinton Electric Company, also an Ohio gas distributors and operators of a chain of gas stations. Both were competent technicians and fielders, and with the assistance of the late Preston Madison, as plant engineer, kept the machinery going. For many years interested in municipal and public affairs, I recognized the utility was approaching a crisis in operations, what permit would take could not be foreseen. Operated by the city for about five years, nothing paid on the capital debt, other than carrying charges, the twenty year bonds, indebtedness of about fifty thousand dollars. Obtaining the drivers seat as Mayor in 1927, almost immediately learned the Virginia Electric Company had begun extending its lines up the Greenbrier Valley, and might be encouraged to build far as Marlinton. To me, this was inspiring news, and might prove a good way out of our difficulty. It is easily recalled the time was one of great expansion of public service utilities, in gas for electric power and water; the Gas & Electric Company was at its height and Power Lines building extensively to other remote counties, such as Pocahontas.



78  
The Virginia Utility Co. as far as  
Remark that year: a public meeting  
was held at Hillsboro, which many  
from Marlinton, attended, and as Mayor  
I assured the Representative I thought a  
friendly and co-operative spirit would be  
shown in the matter of a franchise, and  
possible sale of the town-owned plant.  
Hillsboro, an incorporated village, having no  
electric plant, enthusiastically voted a franchise  
it seemed inevitable the power line would  
in a short time be within reach of Marlinton,  
a way out with relief from financial and  
operational expense, at a loss, besides the county  
receiving a valuable "industry" in public  
utilities. In this I was encouraged  
by the support of a few leading business  
men, particularly two banker friends,  
my father & Dr. James Price and the late  
executive vice-President and Cashier of  
the First National Bank. John Lydminster,  
both of whom shared my views and whole-  
heartedly for the proposed franchise - and  
sale of the plant - including the water.  
A Representative of the Utility appeared,  
surveyed the plant, its assets and liabilities,  
and after a time formulated an offer in cash  
for the franchise and facilities, about fifty  
thousand dollars, or a sum calculated  
to clear a burdensome village and  
private and village debt of many years standing.  
~~Known~~ had full knowledge of the  
existing conditions of the Machinery, which  
had long required replacement at a figure



I mean to be far beyond the reasonable ability of the utility to raise, with little hope of improvement in finances as Mayor, I agreed to submit the matter, first to the Council and with its approval, to the Voters for ratification. As might be expected, the usual libels or ~~charges~~ were noticed that I as negotiator, was being ~~secretly~~ "taken care of" by bribery, to which I paid no heed, and at this late day state for my honor nothing was offered by the ~~Bro~~ Jules Broker, a Mr. Horitt of Charlottesville Virginia, representing the Utility in the negotiations, other than a bottle of very poor quality of Smokey liquor of the current Charlottesville Va. brand, which I as a total abstainer, refused, being personally sufficiently exasperated at the prospect of doing a good piece of work in the public affairs, as I thought, more than thirty years have elapsed, and I am of the opinion still - shared by a few of our citizens at the time, of whom none survive, to my knowledge, that the village was in error in rejecting at the Falls the offer of the Virginia Utility Electric Plant, a surprisingly strong opposition to any proposed sale of the electric plant, and water system to a ~~total~~ utility corporation; advocating continued public ownership. Two leading business men, ~~Mr. A.~~ the late Mr. Joe Beill and Mr. F. M. Pyder, both of whom



80  
influential members and leaders in the  
Council of 1928, after the sale project had  
been defeated at the polls; and Dr. Norman  
Wing also losing to Dr. Fred Allen for  
Mayor. Mr. Ira Brill published quite  
a spirited pamphlet in opposition to the  
Sale of the Light, and especially opposing  
what he referred to as our "Pitchlight,"  
"pure" water, winding up with quotations from  
Kiplings "The Mary Glaston."  
~~I will drink of my own Cisterian waters from~~

~~My own well,~~  
~~And the wife of my youth~~  
I'll be content with my Fountain, I'll  
Drink from my own Well,  
And the wife of my youth shall charm  
Me - and the rest can go to Hell!"  
(Mr. Brill's "Committing the Hell - "See Book.")

Strong in the faith that "He is" thrice  
armed who has his quarrel just," I  
called the Council in special session to  
submit the plant sale to a special election  
fall, in September, 1927, or refuse to do so.  
Feeling indifference on the part of  
members of Council, I could not believe  
there would be strong opposition  
to holding the election. Mr. Charles  
Lerisy, a new comer in Marlinton and  
Railway Agent, the City Recorder,  
and my sole ~~opponent~~ in the business,



Thankfully, I can recall at this late date the names of only one member of Council - Five in Number - Mr. Charles Sharp, at present President of the Bank of Marlinton, and who led in moving the Project of holding the elections be postponed, and argued long & hard for what amounted to side-stepping the issue. I argued ~~long~~ and as persuasively as possible in favor of an election, that the opportunity to sell a "~~White Elephant~~" was unusual and important, and possibly might not bear delay. ~~The~~ ~~at least~~ the Council remained in session parts of two days, as I insisted the body declare for an election, or fill the business there and then. Perhaps in my enthusiasm to ~~lose~~ ~~lose~~ the issue, in the ~~current~~ <sup>then</sup> state of Public opinion, and by reasonable delay and further negotiations allow public doubt as to its wisdom. History records the danger of unwise delay, for within little more than a year following the crash of the stock market, ~~helping out~~ <sup>helping out</sup> all expanding of Public utilities for years following ~~1929~~ <sup>1929</sup>. Although Mr. Charles Sharp wished to delay action on a Referendum, he was not able to muster strength to table the business. Lewisay and I standing as year, so a reluctant



Council named a date <sup>52</sup> for a special election, in four weeks. A certain mystery was evident on the subject. Many of the women in particular had been convinced the village was in danger of being robbed of its power lines and light utility. The operators of the plant, Frank King and Carl Meets, ~~shared~~ with their employees and associates opposed the sale effectually. Perhaps they found it convenient to run the plant in connection with their recently organized electrical firm. Both the partners were skillful technicians and builders; reliable and honest in speech and action, sincerely believing in the practicality of Public Ownership, if carefully managed. Both Meets and King died in early middle age; Carl Meets of a diabetic disease, hereditary in his family. He was a skillful aeronaut, and as a gentleman pilot delighted in making flights. Frank King a boyhood friend, and esteemed as such. The defeat of the ticket I headed for a candidate for reelection early in 1928, by a ticket headed by Dr. Fred Allan with S. A. McFerrin, ~~Plumber~~ <sup>Plumber</sup>, and which Council F. M. Lydnor and J. P. Brill were leading members of Council.

A startling series of events leading to the eventual sale of the utility to



Wronongahela West Penn was to follow within  
a twelve-month.  
Mayor Allen and his Council for the year  
1928, quite evidently had the impression  
the recent referendum amounted to a  
Mandate to operate the water and light  
plant, and, if so, beyond question, rather  
extensive repairs and replacements of  
vital machinery was in order. At any  
rate, almost at the first meeting of  
the body and under the spell of the  
Brill-Hydor enthusiasms, the more  
conservative business people of the town  
were electrified to learn the Council  
had contracted for as a purchase on  
credit, and without advertised bids  
about thirty thousand dollars of new  
machinery for the plant, no thought  
of provision for payment by bonds  
or new taxes, but a purely credit  
operation, the plant already heavily  
bonded. As the village operated, as  
it had from the first since the "Current  
Court Charter", it lacked the broader  
powers of a State Legislative Charter  
in imposing special taxation; the  
treasury of the village at time Conservative.  
Both Brill and Hydor, respected  
young men of business. Personally,  
were influenced by the speculative mad-  
ness of the times. Frank Hydor  
who had been station agent and operated  
a small insurance business when he  
first came to Marlinton, in the Post-war



84  
Petrol & oil, enjoying almost a  
monopoly of brokerage in Coal & Oil  
loadings along the C & O Railway,  
sold to retailers, and made a small  
fortune in Record time, 1919-1920.  
Hydner continued to manage the  
insurance agency in connection with  
his profitable Coal Brokerage business,  
but a great deal more personally. He taught  
for several years a young ladies  
Sunday School class at the Methodist Temple,  
generous, even philanthropic, in all good  
works, particularly in the building of the  
New Church in Marlton, year 1920.

Some early advances and buying  
of stocks in the hectic financial ~~detritus~~  
decade of the Century, led to further  
investment and profit in a Bull Market.  
In 1927-28, Mr. Hydner was  
presumed to be wealthy, as he undoubtedly  
was, "on paper" through his dealings in  
stocks and bonds. Doubtless he thought  
the expanding stock market the perfect  
opportunity to make legitimate profits  
as a matter of business. As to its being  
a gigantic gamble in which by good  
luck and knowing when to cash in  
and quit the game, as an amateur  
gambler, never gave it a thought.

"No one knows understand the gambling  
lever, except the man who has had  
it, and got over it." (Andrew Price)







As a learned lawyer, ~~St~~ Constitutional  
law, drew up papers petitioning that  
the Mayor and Council be enjoined  
because of the recent purchasing of property  
as I had been prominent as Mayor in the  
losing fight to sell the franchise and  
assets of the water and light company. I  
was invited to head the list of signers  
by freeholders of the town, and thereby be  
Chairman and executive officer of any  
action the Petition (enjoinment) might  
lead to in the Courts.  
In a very short time, seventy-three  
(43) freeholders, all honorable men - all  
added their names to the petition, thus  
perhaps unknowingly, in some cases,  
becoming parties to the suit of enjoinment  
growing out of it. <sup>those</sup>  
The Mayor and Council ~~elects~~ <sup>chose</sup> to  
fight, engaging as attorneys ~~Edgar~~ <sup>Edgar</sup> ~~Lawyer~~  
Allen, Edgar and Frank Hill; all  
resulting in a suit being placed on the  
docket of the Circuit Court. Judge  
Summers H. Sharp.

~~and~~ This required some time; during  
which, in 1928, the new plant machinery  
was delivered and set up, to be paid  
for ~~at~~ <sup>on</sup> the installment plan as money  
could be earned and made  
available.



87

into nature of a town brawl, or fuss;  
"No Battle of the Shepards in the shed," ~~some~~  
gave a number of "Volunteers" free-holders  
you regretted the publicity, as bad for  
business, or for social or personal  
associations, either Church or state.  
Regretted, ~~openly~~ that they had signed  
the petition. All leaders of revolution  
against unwise and tyrannous government  
must expect defections of the weak  
and infirm of purpose, and not un-  
expected by me. Even the warrior  
Gideon when on a desperate mission,  
deliberately thinned his ranks until  
there remained only real fighting men.

The legal injoinment was purely  
a matter of law, to be decided by  
a Circuit Judge, subject to appeal  
to a Higher Court of the Contending  
factions (on our part the Smees of  
war - money costs) and still had  
a will to fight; or, as later developed,  
to either fight or run; in ~~that~~ <sup>any</sup> case  
admitting loss of the game.

By the time the case was ready  
for argument before the Court, Judge  
Sumner ~~sharp~~ formally disqualified  
himself to sit, for personal and  
business reasons; an excellent legal  
judge of Politically minded jurists.  
- 100 percent of their number ~~have~~  
~~stayed~~; otherwise they would not remain



long in office. ~~After~~ <sup>As</sup> judges ~~and~~  
~~of the State~~. Whereupon, the case was  
transferred to the Court of his Honor,  
Judge Kump, of Randolph County,  
who had once served as Governor  
of the State, and under whom many  
Governors, ~~but~~ Frank B. Hill, had  
been appointed and served a term  
as State parole officer. It is under  
such inter-locking conditions that  
legal affairs of State are compounded.  
A word of advice, Personal  
unless you enjoy a fight in Chancery  
Court, and have the means to carry  
on as a purely mental exercise -  
and therefore enjoyable - Keep out  
of Chancery Court!

I believe it or not, this spring of 1929  
arrived, and the point of law still  
undetermined in Court, involving only  
a question of the right under its  
charter for a village to incur a  
formidable debt. Of course, legal  
briefs and arguments must be  
prepared, and on ~~for~~ the plaintiffs  
side financed. True, while  
Andrew lived he acted without  
pay, the principal cash item. The  
defendants hired lawyers at  
public expense. During the years that had  
elapsed, and Court clouds gathered,  
it was known a difference of  
opinion had developed in the Council



As to the wisdom of ~~continually~~ <sup>89</sup> offering a deal with Power Lines  
fleeing the ~~debts~~ <sup>debts</sup> Citizens and  
business men admitting that a new  
"industry" in the County might have  
merit. Along with relief from a  
losing, inefficient, debt-ridden  
water and light plant. The city  
not yet arrived at the stage of  
water meters, special rates, and a  
new bond issue, a revelation of  
recent years, ~~Fifties decade 20th Century~~  
Before the "Debate" (Financial) of  
1929, ~~Power Electric Power Companies~~  
were competing for new territory;  
not divided by combines and  
a agreement, as at present.

Two ~~light~~ young men, Frank  
King and Carl Sheets, then in active  
charge of the plant, suggested ~~on~~  
the Monongahela and West Penn  
be invited by Council to submit  
a bid for the city franchise, ito,  
their nearest Point of Contact at the  
time Webster Springs, in Webster  
County, distance about sixty miles,  
it being stipulated the bid of West  
Penn be for the light franchise  
only, the village retaining its  
vital water supply. This was  
a real difference, it is true; but



2390  
not forgetting for an instant if the  
franchise, including water lines and  
installments ~~including~~ sewerage,  
had been sold to the Virginia Electric  
Company, in 1924, along with the  
purchase, a wealthy Corporation,  
would be legally bound to maintain  
an adequate supply of water,  
subject to contract of the Public  
Service Commission.

In 1959 the Town of Marlinton,  
under City ownership, has a one  
hundred thousand bonded debt,  
water meters, and very high water  
rates, partly due to the bonded debt,  
and a physically run-down  
sewage system and pump house  
machinery.

On invitation of the Mayor Allen  
and Council, West Penn responded  
by sending an emissary, a legal  
gentleman from Mammington,  
name forgotten. The report of the  
business, the West Penn submitted a  
bond <sup>statement</sup> of the town of bonded in-  
debtedness, including the cost of the  
new machinery, about it took over  
in all about fifty grand. The town,  
in my mature opinion over thirty years is  
they would have done well to include the water



91  
Mains, pump house and tanks, etc.,  
thus riding the tours of its "White  
Elephant."

As the city of Marlinton grows, it  
is becoming very difficult to persuade  
competent men ~~for any~~ ~~structure~~ ~~are~~  
~~available~~ to take over the management  
of civic affairs. A new legislative  
city charter, and finding new sources  
of revenue are in the offing. (1959.)

The offer of West Penn accepted  
and an election ordered, early in  
1929, sale was ~~accepted~~ by a very  
large majority of the electorate.  
Early the following year (1930) work  
as weather conditions permitted and  
rights of way ~~granted~~, West Penn began  
extending its line up Elk River  
and into the Upper & secondary Valley  
from Whites Springs.

Virginia Electric had meanwhile  
extended its line up the lower  
Valley far as Buckeye, four miles  
below city of Marlinton. Except  
for the precipitate, back door deal  
with West Penn, doubtless in a very  
short time, Virginia Electric being  
~~in~~ almost at Marlinton, would as a  
matter of course been given a franchise.



All the foregoing explains the meeting of two great utility systems in the vicinity of Marlinton in Pocahontas County.

The delays in the Chancery suit, of which I was head man and executive officer, ~~defying the odds~~ <sup>defying the lightning</sup>, as it were, was in part due to the illness, in 1929, of our attorney, Brother Andrew Price, and consequent loss of interest, or ability, to carry on; aside from the usual torpid actions of a Chancery Court, including a change of venue.

Before this, Andrew had ~~to~~ begun to lose enthusiasm for the legal fight, as had many of the Petitioners. As proof I submit an incident -

While at Andrews house, autumn of 1929, ~~he~~ and he ~~was~~ ill in bed. His attorney called by phone, Frank Will for the Defendant, called by phone on some legal point in connection with change in venue of the case to Judge Lump Court in Randolph County. Brother Andrew arose, a sick man, and in the conversation with Will, overheard by me, impatiently and unwisely, remarked ~~that~~ in effect that he was tired of the case, and ~~wished~~ <sup>that he had</sup> regretted he had ever had



anything to do with it! This was  
most inconsiderate on Andrews' part, and  
could only measure the will of Petitioners  
to carry on. Recall, that while a sale  
had been made, in effect rendering the  
case "moot," the Mayor and Waters  
of the city having, at least in part,  
changed their attitude as to city  
ownership and public debt; ~~the best~~  
~~Penny had not even begun to build,~~  
~~its line or actively taken over operation~~  
~~of the power house.~~

The suit was in "Chancery" and  
must needs be adjusted in some  
fashion or other. Doubtless, if Andrew  
had lived, a compromise would have  
been worked out between the  
opposing lawyers, the case declared  
dead, or "moot," and so ratified  
by the presiding Judge, with saving  
of "face" for all concerned; also  
a reasonable adjustment of the legal  
costs, including those of defense lawyers;

Andrew's illness progressively grew  
worse; for a time thought by Brothers  
James and I to be infectious in nature,  
complicated by pneumonia; winter of  
1929-30. at length dropsical  
symptoms began, and he was taken  
to the hospital, in Ronceverte, where



94  
His death occurred March 26, 1930,  
and sleeps with his father. His  
long illness, at ~~least~~ <sup>affected</sup> a brilliant  
and imaginative intellect some-  
what clouded by necessary narcotic  
medication; a healthy and vivid  
curiosity as to <sup>the</sup> future was impossible.  
When last seen by me March 25, 1929,  
I had hoped he could express  
a brotherly dying declaration of good  
cheer and hope, he being in extremis.  
His only statement was to express a  
wish that it would be "soon over",  
as a relief from ~~such~~ physical

suffering.  
I believe him to be within the Covenant  
of Grace, and rest in hope.

Soon after the death of Andrew, thus  
depriving me of legal counsel in the  
Chancery suit yet to be adjusted,  
I ~~was~~ was aware trouble was brewing  
for me personally. A cautious canvass  
of a few leading "Petitioners" of my  
"forces" ~~seem~~ including John M. Mc  
Laughlin, revealed that I could  
muster only ~~three~~ <sup>four</sup>, of seventy-three,  
who could be depended <sup>on</sup> to help  
financially, and morally, wind up  
a legal contest, marred by a  
good deal of ill-will personally.



95  
Unavoidable in such contests, and  
only quieted by ~~the~~ time and chance.  
The Defense, encouraged by relief from  
the large bonded and other debt  
incurred, disposed to retaliate on the  
Protegees by, if possible, imposing  
penalties and costs. Mr. Alfred Edgar,  
Wm. in my opinion, could be vindictive  
personally. ~~He~~ was fully expressed him-  
self to that effect. Added to this, I  
could depend for help, financially,  
on only four, and that to a limited  
extent, they being Brother James  
Price, John Lydenstreyer, S. B.  
Wallace, and ~~John~~ William Henshew.  
As final argument was still to  
be made before the Judge, in  
Chambers, it appeared to me to be  
a ~~case~~ of "fight, or ~~submit~~ submit."  
I urgently needed legal help, and  
none available ~~local~~ in Marlinton.  
The financial "Debacle" of 1829 had  
occurred, and the foundations of the  
earth appeared to be moved. In the  
matter of business and banking.  
In short, I was on a legal and  
financial "Limb"!



the male - Kipling



But the moment they feel sure that  
they prize of her power  
Powers the leech and feel one. All  
shall come and be prepared  
for the same;  
Must to serve that thing alone,  
Let the generations fail  
The female of the species  
Must be leeches than  
the male.

- *W. H. Linsley*



Wed - Sept. 16, 1949 40  
2.30 AM.

Day - Only a "trickle" of water from the  
Spring, but enough. Ranchers say  
grass - abundant this season - is drying  
up. Early feeding of stock probable.  
The forest leaves withering - although  
not frosted - seem for return to  
Vanderbilt - Second year.

Having slept enough, rose at 2.30 &  
walked Main Street proceeding in  
quite a leisurely manner. There is  
something "Rotten in the State of  
Denmark," in this "Internal  
Improvement Administration."

Early in the year 1924, the "impetuous  
years," overtook H. Scott Rucker, -  
age 73. Still presiding at his  
elaborate Paper table, at times he  
had to be assisted up stairs. A  
very formidable pistol of the Colt  
type, lay openly at his right hand.  
Soon his health failed utterly, and H.  
Scott Rucker died, November 1924.

His elder brother William R. Rucker,  
also a lawyer, and ex-Congressman,  
whose home was Kansas City, Mo.,  
was appealed, came and remained  
some time, until his brother's death;  
assisted the family, and buried  
his brother. First in the newer  
part of the City Cemetery, he being



first of the family to die. Later his body  
descended to a lot in the older part  
of the burying ground. The husbands  
of two daughters dying the same year,  
Paris D. Yeager (Cancer) and Henry Payne,  
(Fugitive - Poisoner) Mrs. Yeager's son  
lived to be grown, married, and died  
and buried some where in Virginia. The  
oldest daughter, Willie married John  
Standifer, removed to Baltimore, Md.  
became insane; died in a state hospital  
for the insane. Mr. Standifer  
had a son who became a physician  
and is said to have been successful.  
Congressman William Rucker of  
Missouri, seemed a kindly man,  
until his militant father and three  
brother lawyers. He was, I believe,  
the grandfather of Vice-President  
Alban Barkley's wife, second  
marriage.  
After seeing his brother buried,  
Mr. Rucker returned to Missouri,  
and no more heard from.  
Mrs. Lizzie Rucker died in 1927;  
only Mrs. Juanita Payree survives, her  
home Clifton Forge, Virginia.  
Mr. and Mrs. H.S. Rucker were  
related by blood in some degree, cousin  
Mrs. Rucker's brother, attorney and  
editor, Sam B. Scott, has been referred



To; an earlier resident of Marlinton;  
a mild alcoholic, a University man,  
with some genius, but cursed by  
indolence. In the year 1899 he married  
Miss Sally Yeager, youngest daughter  
of the ~~Yeager~~ <sup>Yeager</sup> wounded at Port Republic,  
where his brother William was killed,  
both of the 31st Infantry, U.S. Army.  
The Yeagers had no children. After  
several years of desultory living  
in a country village, the Yeagers  
removed to Logan County, where  
Sally obtained divorce, in which action  
Noble supported. Probably, was a cause.

Sam ceased to practice law, and again married; lived by work as foreman or ~~at~~ clerk in construction work or mining. As late as 1924 he visited Marlinton, with his second wife, and called on us at our home; apparently much subdued compared to his victorious young manhood as lawyer and editor in Marlinton, 25 years before. I recall that in conversing with Sam and I, Sam seemed wildly surprised that I had served in the Army and played Poker; remembering my piety and exemplary conduct generally in our youth! He was also impressed by the fact the Price brothers had achieved ~~the~~ success.



43

a Moderate Success Through the  
years in the Professions, Banking  
and Politics, all four brothers, including  
the younger Calvin, still living in the  
thriving City of Marlinton.

Having Divorced Sam Scott, Mrs.  
Sally Yeager-Scott removed to the  
Denver, Colorado, where the Yeager  
family had lived during her childhood,  
the Veterans Harry Yeager having  
a position with the Land office during  
the first Cleveland Administration.  
Her eldest brother, Walter, spent his  
whole life in Denver.

Sally Yeager was beautiful, and  
had dramatic talent. In a play  
produced by local talent, as a stunt  
Sally recited the whole of the long  
poem "Hiawatha" (~~about~~ 1896.)  
without prompting, or stopping  
for breath.

Sally insisted on an elaborate  
Church Wedding (in the autumn of  
1899) and all of us younger men  
and women were busy for days  
decorating the <sup>interior</sup> church with ever-  
greens and rehearsing the wedding  
Ceremony in costume. At the time  
I was aged ~~28~~ 26 years, but not going  
steady with any young lady, but



44  
During the festivities attending the  
wedding I once escorted Sally's  
older sister, Fannie, to a "Party" -  
at the Mr. ~~Marlinton~~ in house.  
of Mrs. Fallie Scott's life in Colorado  
I know nothing, but quite evidently  
lived out her life successfully,  
and in character. About 1944 in  
visiting Marlinton, Will bearing her  
name, Mrs. Scott, remarkably  
beautiful, she told me that her  
main reason in visiting Marlinton here  
was to marry Norman Price.

Her death occurred, in Denver,  
several years in 1950. Vaya Con Dios.

Modern Women are successful -  
aided by the new freedom and high  
spirits of a more active life, in keeping  
the appearance of youth, or at least the  
middle years at their best. Also,  
like Jephel, of old, a King's daughter,  
"All they tire their hair and paint  
their faces." God bless them!  
How beautiful they are!

"Consider the lilies of the field, they toil  
not, neither do they spin. And yet I say  
unto you, that even Solomon in all his  
glory was not arrayed ~~like~~ <sup>like</sup> one of  
these."



45  
During and following the war, Pa  
and Ma continued in residence in their  
apartment at the Hunter home, ~~there~~  
having attained a great age, and until  
the last occupied in reading and  
literary work, dutifully attended by  
all their children, all of us ready  
to minister to their needs, not as being  
fayes either public or private.  
Pa retained title to his property and  
lands, disposing of them by will made  
several years before his death.  
My portion was a strip ~~of~~ <sup>piece</sup> of the  
Jericho Ridge, part of the Walnut  
Battens and his interest in the  
ancestral home. His death came  
January 24, 1921 - in the 91<sup>st</sup> year.  
Ma died Jan. 15, 1924, after a few  
days illness, of Pneumonia, Bright  
and competent to within three days  
before death came.

For fifteen years following Marriage  
my family had lived as tenants of the  
home place and farm. Now with an  
inheritance of forest and farm lands, I  
began a forty-year term to the  
present time of landscaping and  
forestry work, my principal <sup>interests</sup> ~~hobby~~  
to which I ascribe good health and  
long life ~~in part~~.



To this inheritance<sup>46</sup>, I have since added  
from time to time other holdings of  
realty; but it is a singular fact that  
over a period of thirty years, 1903  
to 1933, I was more intent on  
maintaining a good standard of living  
for the family, and engrossed in the  
practice of the profession (medicine)  
than in acquiring desirable corners  
lots or investing in forest and  
mineral lands then available. An  
early interest in Politics; also joining  
the war; ~~also~~ an abstinence to seeking  
opportunities in Business investment;  
a few small investments and some  
money saved was all I had in  
1914 to carry me through the war  
adventure.

The Period of Post-war years  
1919-1924 were most active of my  
whole life, filled by profitable  
practice of Medicine. Still, I found  
the time to cultivate a large garden,  
and forestry, taking first Prizes  
in flowers and vegetables at the  
County fair for three successive years  
1923, 1924, and 1925; also running in  
three successive elections, 1920, 1922  
and 1924 (unsuccessfully); in 1922  
against the old Political Pirate Captain



Robert D. Kild, the same opposed by  
brother James many years before. In  
1924 I opposed in the Primary the late  
Frank R. Hill, a friendly artist in which  
my friend Hill won. I was elected  
Mayor in 1926 as a consolation prize  
Political prize.

Some incidents already narrated  
concerning the Prohibition era at its  
worst during these years state clearly  
the explosive nature of our family  
life, to which I was happily  
~~unaware~~ for the most part oblivious.

During this time the children  
were being cared for, in the most part,  
by the Co-educational Public School,  
a most pernicious system of education,  
and thus kept from being under-  
foot. Woman "graduating" in 1925  
by default, one might say; and  
Jean with honors in 1928, the year  
of her mother's death.

When Pa died, midwinter 1921, Foster  
Anna decided on a night burial; so  
long after night fall, January 23, 1921,  
a church service was held and  
the cortege proceeded to the  
burying ground on Cemetery Ridge.  
At the time Anna was much interested



in spiritism. Consulting mediums  
in distant places, which may have  
been a cause for this singular burial.  
The ground bare of snow, and lighted  
only by auto ~~head~~ lights. Formulated  
"Not a drum resembling the burial  
of Sir John Moore".

"Not a drum was heard  
Nor a funeral note,  
As our ~~company~~ to the camparts  
we hurried;  
And we silently gazed on the  
Face of the dead.  
In the place where a hero  
Lies buried."

In 1925 began the long and expensive  
and fruitless attempt to professionally  
"educate" Norman, Junior, New  
England, but that is another story.

~~Still in~~ In 1925 I was named as Major  
M.R.C., and Surgeon 325th Engineer  
Regiment, 100th Organized Reserve  
Division. Detailed for two-  
weeks active duty training. I  
reported August 9th at Fort Belvoir,  
Near Washington, D.C., where  
I spent. Driving my Model T  
Ford I was able to visit many  
interesting spots along the Potomac  
and in Fairfax County, including



The City of Washington, <sup>49</sup> Mt Vernon  
and the old Pokeweed Church, where  
the Washington, Fairfax and other  
faint families, worshipped. Training  
with the 13th Eng. Regiment, as well  
as the line officers of the 325th Reserve,  
I took my turn in drills and formations.  
As Officer of the day, once I took  
"Retreat" as Commanding Officer  
of the day of a Battalion of the 13th  
Engineers Regiment - the only time  
in my life I may say that I  
Commanded a large body of troops,  
the forces.

I was much interested in visiting  
the Ruins of Belvoir, the estate  
of William Lord Fairfax and  
Mrs. Sally Fairfax, the friends  
of Washington; now surrounded  
by dense second growth forest.  
Monuments commemorate the deaths  
of the two young sons and heirs  
of the Fairfax family, one with  
herald at Quebec, the other on  
the "Coromandel Coast" in  
Africa with the view of the  
British Empire in the 18th Century.  
Gen. Washington was a friend of Mrs  
Sally Fairfax, who often was entertained  
at Belvoir.



Wednesday 9/16/59 50

For September - Milder - Dry - the water  
of the spring dried up - dependent on the  
water table, at Price Ridge, as in the days  
of my youth - often times.

(50) Mrs. Sally Fairfax an influence on the  
life of General George Washington.  
Land Fairfax gave the young Washington  
first employment as Surveyor of the  
Large Land Grants in the Northern  
neck of Virginia Colony; beginning  
his career as large land adviser,  
and together with his wives wealth,  
the richest man in America -  
(W. E. Woodward "Washington.")

Wrote at Fort Belvoir, August, 1925.  
I frequently rode a dark Bay Mare,  
gaited; a beautiful medium sized  
saddle horse, with delicate legs  
and small feet. Very gentle &  
appeared to have Arabian blood;  
probably a product of the Army  
Demonstration Experiment in breeding  
Arab horses at the Front Royal  
Stables, in Virginia, about 1918.  
I would have been pleased to  
own this horse, at the time; one of  
the most desirable I have ever  
seen - At some remote time  
horses may again supplant the  
machine age, in War and Peace.



47

"Two things greater than all things are,  
women and horses, Power and War."

While on active duty at Fort Belvoir,  
August, 1925, Jean wrote me several  
long letters, revelations of her true  
and better nature. At age 44, early  
symptoms of ill health were apparent;  
as heretofore stated, alarm at Norman's  
incipient alcoholism, known to her,  
was a factor.

A native of Fairfax County, she  
told of incidents of her youth and  
heredity, and was interested in my  
explorations of the region. These  
letters are among my mementoes.

Returning home in late August,  
I learned that Congressman J. Alfred  
Taylor had been the guest of the  
Andrew Prices, and, learning of my  
rank in the Army Reserve, and continued  
interest in Military affairs, had  
voluntarily offered Norman, Jr., an  
appointment to the Cadetship at  
West Point from the 6th West  
Virginia District, a vacancy then  
existing. This easily obtained  
scholarship at the Military school  
was an honor, and a valuable asset.  
Gratefully accepted by me,  
as for Norman Jr., he accepted it  
as the due of an idle and untrained



Boy, with remote <sup>52</sup> nations ~~for society~~ <sup>as to</sup>  
good conduct and diligence qualifying  
for the scholarship -

"A boy is the most vicious of animals;  
unless he is trained it is better he never  
been born." - R.W. Emerson -

The sad story of the West Point experiment  
in education of Norman Price, Jr., will be  
told a little later, as a warning to  
other parents in the matter of training,  
to avoid juvenile delinquency.

James Alfred Taylor, of Fayette  
County, for several terms - Congressman,  
and Publisher of County Newspapers;  
a ready writer. Personable and  
popular politically, and an honest  
man, he never made political  
office profitable. The father of a  
large family, and having no Memorial,  
other than his work. A daughter  
of Mr. Taylor married the son of  
District Judge Bennett, ~~as of~~  
~~the wife at the time~~ included  
Pocahontas County. Young Bennett  
brutally murdered his wife while  
in a drunken frenzy, and was  
promptly and properly lynched  
by the Citizens of Fayette County;  
~~by hanging~~, for which action no  
penalty was imposed or any real  
Public opinion rather approving the hanging.



5-3  
Mr. J. Alfred Faylor died several years ago, and is gratefully remembered as a gentleman and friend. He had a good heart, and is I believe in the Covenant of Grace. A son carries on as a Lawyer and Publisher of papers in Fayette County.

Reference has been made to the spectacular burial (at night) of our father, William Thomas Price, January, 1921, on Cemetery Ridge east of Marlinton. The history of the family Cemeteries, dating from the early 19th Century in Martins Bottoms should be recorded.

First Cemetery on the brow of Hill, Hamilton Field additions, overlooking Interstate Highway 39, East Marlinton, where Major W. L. Poage and Nancy Warrent - ~~Poage~~ Tatewood - Poage lie buried; marked by a monument and bronze plate, erected, 1937,

by Sister Anna and myself. This is a burial reservation 50 x 120 feet in the plan of Hamilton Field Additions. This burial Place dates from about 1830; the Poages being the first to be ~~there~~ buried.

Long in disuse as a ~~Cemetery~~ <sup>burial ground</sup>, in the late 19th Century the McLaughlin



Cemetery, also a reservation, was opened, where many former citizens of the community ~~are~~ <sup>are</sup> buried.

~~Among the first~~, five infants of Aunt Mary-Price-McLanahan ~~among the~~ first to be buried.

When our grand-parents, James Atlee Price and Margaret Poage-Price, died in 1874, they were buried near their home on the terrace in West Marlinton. In due time the wife of Uncle Woods Price - of the Crawford of Randolph County, lies in an unmarked grave; then in order, Uncle Sam Price (1894-1895), Uncle Jesus Henry Price (1896), grave unmarked, except by a Confederate Metal Marker; Aunt Caroline McClure-Price (1899); finally Uncle Josiah Woods Price (1918). His grave-stone bears an inscription as follows: "Soldier, Gentlemen and Scholars."

"A little heap of dust dust,  
a little streak of Rust,"

a stone without a name;

Lo! here, word and fame

Finally, a word as to the oblivion



55-

Wholly by a singular chain of circumstances  
crowded the beautiful and ample Price  
Cemetery at the foot of Price Hill, West  
Marlinton; where, otherwise, the Price clan  
~~could~~ all sleep in undisturbed repose.  
Near-by, also, in a Confederate burial  
ground, also reserved, but nearly  
obliterated by housing.

The terrace was a camping site for  
part of General Lee's Army in the Western  
Virginia Campaign of 1861. There remains  
of this stone chimney and fire-places  
visibly until recently. A fine Sugar-  
tree grove occupied the terrace, and  
destroyed by the encampment, for fuel;  
a single large tree remaining that  
for a hundred years has supplied sap,  
Uncle Leeus, has boasted to me that  
he personally, appealed for and saved  
from being cut down, also, a large  
fig-tree bearing almond-shaped  
nuts; and still living in my Boy-  
hood, from 1885 to 1900.

In the soldiers Cemetery once were  
seen rudely carved names on stones  
of Georgia and Mississippi Volunteers,  
who died and were buried here. One such  
remembered by me was William Copeland  
of a Mississippi Regiment.  
When Uncle Leeus Price, in 1846, died  
buried with his fathers. His estate divided



56  
Among his ~~the~~ legal heirs, an ample  
and dignified one-quarter acre  
was reserved as a family cemetery,  
surrounding his grave, his parents  
and sister-in-law, Mrs. Woods Price.  
In the year 1903, Sister Anna Virginia  
Price, contemplating marriage, decided  
to build her house on the ~~old eastern~~  
south-eastern promontory of the Plateau,  
although the site closely occupied by  
the two cemeteries; the land now in  
possession of Uncle Woods Price,  
who was prevailed upon to part with  
the ~~lot~~ <sup>legal</sup>, although in doing so he  
conveyed parts of both reserved  
lots that did not belong to him.  
In doing so, he insisted on lot  
lines almost bordering on the  
foundations of the projected new house.  
All of this was inexcusable on the  
part of all concerned; the youth of  
the one and the age of the other, a  
partial oblivion in the matter of  
right and justice in the conveyance,  
while these dead were each lying in  
his appointed place.  
Old English Law, on which the  
new world jurisprudence is founded, is  
strict in the matter of selling a man's



bed in the bosom of <sup>54</sup>Matthew earth, ~~is~~ long  
as survivors live and are interested in  
protecting the resting place of ancestors.

The final irresponsibility committed  
by Uncle Woods price, several years later,  
giving to a neighbor (Richardson) a  
strip in part overlapping and confining  
the cemetery reservation from the  
south, wiping out the possibility  
of retaining the original quarter acre.  
The result, the abandonment of  
the Price Cemetery, and including the  
Confederate sacred quarter acre,  
as a private burial ground.

True, a few Confederate crosses  
and battered field stones remain per  
the war heroes of 1861. True also  
a big yard 30 x 30 feet, remains of  
the lawful quarter acre Price lot.  
Surrounded by a fallen wall of loose  
stones; two decaying apple trees  
and sunken graves. The Myrtle ~~tree~~  
one also survives.

As stated elsewhere, Uncle Woods  
Price's tragic life ended Nov 1918,  
dying intestate, (and incompetent) his  
estate divided among next of kin.  
Among his effects were found in a bag  
~~containing~~ two thousand dollars in gold  
coin, which he had demanded, and  
received from J.C. Richardson as payment.



for the strip of land, <sup>5-8</sup> in which conveyance  
he had made - perhaps unknowingly by  
the bones of his ancestors, among whom  
he himself was soon to sleep. For a  
half century following the war and  
the early death of ~~the~~ the wife of his  
youth, careless of clothing and personal  
hygiene, unwashed, unshaven and  
unshorn, although lean and wiry,  
dying of a cancerous affection and  
stroke at age 82; that insouciant, but  
personally and mentally "eccentric,"  
in a high degree. To almost his  
last breath he was able to interpret,  
or translate, his beloved classics  
in the original Greek and Latin.  
As to ~~the~~ the bag of gold received  
in the sale of land, it was a fact  
that it lay for several years  
among the litter of books and papers  
in his "library" or living room  
at the old Price "venerated" log  
house. Where he was found dead  
by his house keeper.

Ma wrote me, sadly, in November  
1918, that Uncle Woods "looked better"  
when dead and lying in state in his  
Confederate Cavalryman's Jacket. That  
he had looked in life for many  
years past. (I was at Camp Curtis, Miss.)

and active



59

Uncle Woods could be - often was -  
generous, even, philanthropic, among  
his limited circle of friends, usually  
tenants and farmers among other  
acquaintance. His generosity to me  
in the matter of the two hundred loan  
for my third year at Medical School  
is remembered, with true gratitude ex-  
- Let us hope, and believe, that the old  
Confederate Warrior is included in  
- the "Covenant of Grace" not of works!  
a point first argued in America  
by the remarkable Mrs. Anne  
Hitchins and the Clergy of  
Plymouth Rock, whose faith was  
founded on the "Covenant of Works" of  
early Seventeenth Century.

However distasteful, after the lapse of  
thirty-five years, it seems necessary to  
chronicle something about the futile  
trip at Higher Professional education of  
Norman R. Price, Jr.

A graduate of the local High School, and  
already well advanced in alcoholism;  
and it is indeed a singular thing how  
kind, or perhaps hopeful, concerned  
parents can be concerning an eighteen  
year old son in matters vitally concerning  
his future well-being.



Saturday. Sept. 18, 1959 - 3.30 am.

Dry and frosty. Working in a supply  
of wood adjacent to Road 219. Frosty and  
dry weather, but no "killing" frost yet.  
Increasing stiffness in my "good" ear - Right  
noted with mild concern. "Very late"  
look out of the windows shall be darkened.  
Man goes to his long home. - Was born

In September, 1925, Norman having  
received appointment as alternate candidate  
for a cadetship at West Point, the full  
appointment as Principal having been made  
prior to Norman's by Congressman Taylor -  
The opportunity seemed ideal as to  
Norman's schooling, and I decided, with  
Leam's full consent, to further his chances  
of passing by special coaching.  
A Retired Army officer, Colonel  
Mallard of Washington was ~~first~~ <sup>first</sup> ~~from~~  
as one also received in his home and  
coached appointees. I entered Norman  
paying the stiff fees of about one  
thousand dollars, besides extras and  
allowances.

It developed, later, the Principal  
failed of entrance, thus in failing to qualify  
Mentally. For entrance in March, 1926, my  
son registered failure also, despite aid,  
and wholly due to <sup>lack of</sup> application and  
the spirit of ambition, totally lacking.  
In retrospect, it appears to me that  
Colonel Mallard's school lacked discipline;



or not failing to observe, correct,  
or at least report to parents the trend  
of a young alcoholic, and consequent  
failure in performance at school,  
whether due to destructive habits of study,  
or plain lack of wit or mentality,  
or a facility <sup>in which</sup> ~~young~~ Graves have  
in deciding parents and guardians  
is remarkable.

In spite of Norman's failure, Mr. Taylor  
gave a full appointment, effective March  
4, 1924; and I, still hopeful, again  
entered him at Willard's School.

Not in the least sobered by  
failure to pass entrance requirements,  
Norman during vacations at times ~~and~~  
worked ~~hard~~ <sup>work</sup> on ~~the~~ a road building  
project, spending his earnings in  
riotous living; one feature of a  
rapid progress, acquiring infectious  
Wrethitis (gonorrhea) from an ancient  
prostitute (Gertrude) ~~or~~ <sup>Gertrude</sup> Wren.  
Had infected and infected generations  
of her contemporaries. This required  
long and expensive treatment by a  
Washington specialist, and before  
more effective antibiotics were known.  
Norman again journeyed to Washington,  
the company of a ~~car~~ <sup>band</sup> ~~lead~~ of Manhattan  
"sports" attending Championship baseball  
series. The Party included



Fred McLaughlin<sup>63</sup>, Veteran; and himself  
an alcoholic of many years standing;  
who reported to me on his return that  
Norman ~~had~~ attempted habitually to drink  
all the alcohol obtainable,  
all this was warning of eventual  
failure; but hope died at lingering  
death in the heart of parents - especially  
mother.

A peculiar chain of circumstances  
involving political influence by United  
States Senator from Arkansas, Callaway  
who was succeeded on his death, in office,  
by his wife, U.S. Senator Katie Callaway.  
The two Senators had two sons, both  
educated at the West Point, and are  
today high ranking officers of  
General grade. The Callaways are  
said to have Cherokee Indian blood  
by the maternal side; but as the  
Princes trace to Powhatan (Pacahontas)  
descent, the true and original Americans  
of which descent I am justly Proud.

As the Professional education of  
Norman Prince Jr. seemed predestined  
to failure, at the time, the interference  
of the Senator Callaway in favor of the  
J. B. ~~Callaway~~ Jr. of Cass, who held the  
alternate appointment, and a classmate  
of the Callaway boy at a prep school  
near Waynesboro, Virginia. Due to



the entrance system of Preferred  
schools, the Callawayson and Young  
~~William~~ were admitted to West Point  
on Physical Examinations; only  
In due time Mr. ~~Callawayson~~ graduated  
Class of 1931, served through the grades  
as an officer U.S. Army, as a Lieutenant-  
Colonel died heroically on the Normandy  
beach at the head of his Regiment of  
Infantry, June 6, 1944 - "Reguscat  
in Pace".

By 1944 Norman P. Price Jr. had com-  
pleted fourteen years as a Ci-devant  
sergeant and enlisted man, Air Force,  
U.S. Army, and in January 1942, as  
a member of probably the first bombardment  
squadron sent over-seas in the war  
of 1941, embarked on transport from  
Hamilton Field, California, to Karachi,  
India.

Norman's Progress through the thirty  
years, 1929-1959, inclusive, is a  
long story, to which full justice  
will be done in future chapters of  
this narrative.

As stated heretofore, the seat of the  
Puffer Family, period of the Civil War of  
1861, was Alleghany County, Virginia.  
W. Scott Puffer has related to me many  
years ago, that his father, Dr. William P.



Rucker, killed a fellow Physician  
Coompton, Virginia, using a long knife  
of the boare pattern, that he habitually  
carried in a sheath slung between  
his shoulder blades.  
Following the war-time division of  
the State, and a post-war Republicanism, as  
were all of his four younger sons at a  
later period, Dr. Rucker removed to  
Leesburg, W. Va. as a more congenial  
political atmosphere. An oft-repeated  
canard regarding ~~Dr.~~ Rucker, heard in  
my time, was that for many years  
the doctor consumed a quart of  
Whiskey daily.

After the war of 1877, Captain Truman S.  
Martin remained in the Regular U.S. Army  
and was commanding a Lt. of Infantry  
assigned to the 15th Regiment, ~~and~~  
~~immediately~~ then in the Philippines.  
Later transferred as Military Officer  
to the Embassy at Tokio, his duty in  
part to acquire the Japanese language.  
and remained in Japan about  
five years. If in that time he had  
leave in the United States, I am not  
aware of it. Thus far removed from  
passible entanglement in my family  
affairs. This was well - Perhaps  
Providential - as I was in no humor



To ensure that there is no interruption of any office, that no interruption  
continue in being over several years  
to attend to a party (some assistance)  
murder and kidnapping, which could not be  
made of in years, death  
the making of them and his "article"  
and the making of them, has been  
in the country here. In the country  
to be secured from the office for  
the same office, in connection with  
my Reserve Office, training, and with  
my Reserve Office, I have my own  
office, complete with everything  
in my own house, removing of  
myself to have in case of need, any  
man be good me to take to the  
office, which of course I did at the  
time I was appointed to have a Reserve  
Office of the Reserve Office.  
In the latter time the correspondence  
with that of the Reserve Office, must be  
thought of might have been better for all  
concerns if the Reserve had been left  
to the Reserve.

The morning paper writes, and having  
not all your party and will  
can call if back to service had a letter,  
now all your letter say about a  
word of it.



once, Spring of 1926. I handed Jean a letter bearing Captain's post mark and in Captain Martin's ~~handwritten~~ handwriting. To my surprise, I noted a slight confusion, even embarrassment, on Jean's part, but she proceeded to open the letter, using the "stiletto" (a Japanese make), which she used to open mail. With some deliberation, Jean read to me a few common places, one being that Martin expected to visit home on leave during the summer, another that struck Jean forcibly concerned Norman's recent disappointing failure to pass the tests for Leavenworth Military School; implying a real or pretended "Indian" indifference to the "turmoil" of ordinary living.

My reaction to the reading was that of indifference to the letter, or Captain Martin's opinions of my indifference to "turmoil."

After Jean's death, reading ~~the~~ Jean's letters to Norman, I learned that she had quoted Martin to Norman, who in turn took offense, again surprising Jean as plentiful of criticisms from that quarter. At long last, all of us learn that in spite of secrecy, there is nothing secret that shall not be revealed.

In the Autumn of 1926, Captain Truman S. Martin, U.S. Army, visited Washington for a few days, ostensibly to see old friends, specially the McClinticks. Jean and I



68  
by chance, were on the front porch together  
when the Captain appeared, in civilian  
apparel, and advancing across the broad  
lawn, and cordially received by me,  
as a war comrade, not seen for six  
years, and invited to have dinner  
with us the following day.

Much worn by age and illness, there  
was much of the old vivacity and charm  
about Jean, at age 46. Next day she  
dressed with especial care, and a well  
appointed meal served, passing pleasantly  
and without incident. At this time Jean  
had little more than a year to live.  
At the dinner in my house, Captain  
Martin may well have reflected, being  
a man of intelligence and education,  
on the "Vanity of Human Wishes."

Had occasion to write Captain Martin,  
in Tokyo, following Jean's death, which  
letters and answers will be noted in  
its proper sequence. Having attained  
a full Colonelcy, U.S. Army, Martin  
died about 1946, aged ~~46~~ 47, and  
retired; he rests in the National Cemetery  
at Arlington.

Jean was a reader at an early day  
of "Smash Let" Magazine, forerunner  
of the light sexy literature of the later  
years, and later. ~~A little later~~ She read  
"Youngs Magazine" and "Snappy Stories",  
pulp with accent on sex, not illustrated.



My error on Jennie's part, and more  
knew it better than she: but persisted in  
a spirit of perversity. Knowing my  
liking for the work of Henry L. Menck, she  
subscribed over a period of years to the  
American Mercury when first under his  
editorial Publications, as an annual presents  
paid for from her personal allowance.  
In fiction, historical and otherwise, she read  
Hergensheim, Ben Ames Williams, Cora Warren  
and other brilliant writers first "discovered"  
on the Saturday Evening Post, before the  
"See Change" that took over the Post  
in the fourth decade of the 20th Century,  
along with other New York "slicks".

The primary disease morose, Progressive  
and incurable; a distressing symptom  
anorexia; and sometimes passing most  
of the night without sleep. When I  
expressed concern for her reason  
if she did not sleep more, she seemed  
amused, but refused to even attempt  
sedative medication, that only increased  
her discomfort by adding to toxicity.

In order to meet heavy expenses  
I was driving hard, at home only  
at short intervals, either day or night,  
and then occupied with gardening,  
landscaping, building repair and  
forestry. Jennie's personal "orderly",  
Young James Preston, age 12, colored.



70  
Descendant of a long line of House  
servants in the Preston Family of Guilford  
County "for the War" - and Freedom -  
alarmed and embittered by Norman's continued  
failures at school, evidenced by bad reports  
and absences from class at that ancient  
Sectarian College, Hampton Sydney ~~where~~  
he was entered Session 1927. Dear Mr. ~~where~~  
of uncharacteristic emotions said to me,  
"Norman had no sense"! To which  
indictment I could only agree, and  
under all the circumstances surrounding  
us, and in the presence of death in ~~the~~ the  
family, continued to drift.

The previous summer an indictment  
had been returned by the Grand Jury,  
the late Alfred P. Edgar, State Attorney  
against Norman for alleged Prohibition  
Law at a Minnehaha Springs Party  
of several days duration, attended  
by many elite of both States of the  
town and County, ~~the younger set~~  
without apology for Norman's conduct  
at the encampment, which was bad.  
Edgar son, "Buster", another near-do-well  
and alcoholic, was equally guilty.  
Brother Andrew, then alive, was concerned;  
but through him I informed the State Attorney  
office that my agents had given me a list  
of all present, and all would be summoned  
to court and we would thoroughly air



September Volume 2  
3 A.M. 1959 Page 1

John and family returned to Pudenz, Ky. Wednesday, August 26<sup>th</sup>, where they arrived daily Friday, 28<sup>th</sup>. The annual 1959 visit successful and enjoyed by all of us, whatever the pains and expense of travelling, entertainment, and gifts. Jean Jr. scholarship at Vanderbilt University, where she has completed the first year; ~~at~~ <sup>and</sup> resuming my financial help. Whatever the outcome of present day higher educational trends maybe. While here, Jean typed 269 pages of my narrative, approximately 10,000 words, (544 page script.)

Today, resume my story, with Page 1, "second volume." Arose at 3 A.M. the days shortening.

Left off (Page 544) my story at Camp Custer Michigan; talked out as Surgeon 10<sup>th</sup> Infantry by Major J. C. Adams, M.C., but continued with the Regiment as Surgeon 1<sup>st</sup> Battalion.

Camp Custer, Michigan, <sup>is</sup> ~~still~~ a Military Reservation for Troop Training in the recurring Wars of America, located on an elevated sandy plateau. Showing glacial erosion, marked by large and small ponds, ~~and~~ with numerous muskrat "houses." The Camp located 14 miles from the thriving town of Battle Creek (name)



2

because of some forty others conflict of the  
pioneers with the Indian residents of  
the valley. a world center in the  
production of cereal foods, typified by  
the names Post and Kellogg. There  
also is located the famous Sanitarium  
of the Christian Scientists; also  
accustoming Vegetarianism in diet.  
The Bottom lands of alluvial soil  
produce celery as a principal crop.  
Abandoned farm houses marked the  
~~sandy~~ plateau of several thousands  
acres; the soil appeared thin and  
worn away by unskillful cropping;  
adapted to grape growing; each  
farm had a small vineyard of  
neglected appearance. Prevailing  
winds from the west, and ~~such~~ the  
trees and shrubbery about the houses  
a lean eastward due to constant  
gales off Lake Michigan, an inland  
sea.

The nature of the country is well  
described by H. W. Miller, in his  
book "I found no Peace," 1936,  
whose boy-hood home was  
near Dowagiac, Michigan;  
a famous "War Correspondent" and  
"Evolutionist" - if not a pacifist, his  
writing not approved by the war-  
mongers, and Mark Twain, Churchill  
and our own F. D. Roosevelt -  
Miller was found killed by a "fall"



From a train in <sup>the</sup> London yards,  
in 1942, shortly after the entry of the  
United States in the war in Europe.  
As Miller had been strongly writing  
and opposing the war he had met  
the same ostracism by internationalists  
as had the ~~Warburgs~~ Colonel Charles  
Lindbergh by the Roosevelt-Churchill  
faction. It is therefore probably  
certain - that Miller was snuffed  
by agents in the employ of High  
Authority in Britain and America;  
the cause of death officially written  
off as an accident, with the usual  
hypocritical "regrets" of the inter-  
National Press and Politicians.

W. W. Miller, shortly before his  
death in early middle life, had  
married an English woman. His  
book, little known, and almost  
forgotten, may yet be given the  
credit that is its due, a clear  
and sensible commentary on the  
wars of empire in the first years  
of the twentieth century, A. D.  
His death was timely, perhaps;  
as undoubtedly he would have been  
"suppressed," as was Lindbergh  
and retired, as has the latter, to  
comparative obscurity. By good  
fortune, Colonel Lindbergh still  
survives, though looked on with  
suspicion as a Divergent.



His life has been happy and successful, though marred by the abduction and murder of his first born son - Mrs. L. Mobery (Came Morrow) appears a gifted and able woman, though handicapped as a member of a family of great wealth. She is the author of several books, though not brilliant, are sufficient evidence of talent and morality. - a good woman, who has done her husband good and not evil all her days. Let her works praise her in the gates.

The fiendish murder of the Mobery Infant typical of human degeneracy of the larger cities and villages of America - an inheritance from the sophistication of Europe and the East at last corrupting the Americans.

In September, 1918, looking about for quarters to lodge the family, as it appeared we would winter at Camp Custer, while the 1st Infantry Division was being recruited to war strength and processed for "over seas". I had observed a vacant farm house near our encampment and drill grounds, on a highway leading to Battle Creek, named "Harmony Road," typical of the Pious and



preparing an  
and Moberg

Peaceful rural community was  
once inhabited here; the spot now  
devoted to the study of War in the  
School of Mars.

The house was ~~round~~ a well  
built and sound, though never painted;  
an iron cooking stove abandoned by  
my former occupant and owner.  
The quartermaster agreed to my plan  
in lieu of quarters in 1<sup>st</sup> ind. and  
supplying ~~some~~ fuel, a few utensils  
and tools and bedding. With the  
help of Mr. Gary and Arthur we  
contrived a table and benches from  
boards salvaged from Camp refuse;  
our mattresses spread on the floor.  
I met the family in Battle Creek  
October first, moving immediately  
into our new home on the Harmony  
Road, which we occupied grate-  
fully until my "Honorable"  
discharge from the Army the following  
February, 1918-1919.

The winter, fortunately, proved  
mild with little snow, compared  
with the preceding "hard winter"  
of 1914, marked by gales blowing  
from the Lake and drifted snow.  
On pleasant days, and off duty, all  
of us took walks in the country  
with its adjacent woods and small  
lakes or ponds. Occasionally we  
visited Battle Creek, where for a



Couple of months before we attended  
Public School. Part of his sketchy  
formal education, until his final  
graduation from Marlinton High  
School, age 18, in 1925.

Mr. Hobbs, a kindly grocer in  
Battle Creek, was ~~personally~~ kind  
in delivering food stuff not  
obtainable at the Camp Commissary.  
I recall that Mr. Hobbs, a family  
man, apparently in a good way in  
business, as the saying goes, was  
quite openly admired for his high  
spirit and acceptance of our  
Nomadic Army life, with its  
pioneering aspects on the Harmony Road.  
Frequently delivering groceries in  
person. At our departure from  
~~the army~~, Mr. Hobbs took charge  
of two litters and a young dog  
the children had taken in. In  
connection with the final disposition  
of this live stock Mr. Hobbs wrote  
before our return to Marlinton.

At Christmas we visited Kalangora  
where James Brother Macera was  
employed as a boy scout executive  
for the local Scout Camp.

Taken all together, our winter  
with the Army at the house on the  
Harmony Road more than endurable  
and routine for both ~~wife~~ & James  
and our young children. Perhaps



with my usual matter of factness  
spent too many evenings until late  
at the card games in officers mess.  
But Jean, as always in our family  
life of twenty two years did not  
complain of my absence or business  
or otherwise, except once when  
I staid unusually late and failed  
to meet her on return from town  
by street car, she met the children  
getting "home" as best they could  
in the rain and mud. This was  
mexcusable, on my part; Deeply  
regretted.

I do not mean to say that I was  
neglectful of the family comfort;  
~~but~~ they, as always, labored hard  
and long for this comfort, and  
supplied every comfort need;  
fortunately, I had other means than  
the meager pay of a Captain, U.S. Army,  
style 1917. Never incurred a  
debt during entire ~~active~~ active service.

Undoubtedly, Jean missed her  
accustomed social contacts  
during this time, although 35,000  
human beings and their camp  
followers inhabited the Army Camp.  
Captain Lee, Co. B, brought a bride  
from the East, and following the  
example also set up house  
keeping in another furnished



+ and as a companion

8  
have a quarter mile on the Harmony  
road. An exchange of calls  
did not lead to correspondence between  
the families, particularly on the part  
of the Lees desiring us to see  
terrible turn-out of marriage  
~~matter~~ concerning; and Captain  
Lee and wife soon took each apart-  
ment in town.

Once Jean gave shelter to a  
young woman, Camp follower, &  
married to a ~~young~~ sergeant, who  
~~did not remain long.~~ We  
learned the young soldier now-  
com had been "Bartey" for neglect  
of duty; it being evident that  
marriage in his case had not shown  
his way to promotion and pay.  
At Thanksgiving Jean prepared  
an excellent and elaborate turkey  
dinner, and we had in St. Xavier  
my friends of Rock Island Camp.

Captain ~~Vauter~~ Eugene Vauter,  
now with the 40th Regiment, formed  
from the 10th. Captain Vauter  
in full dress uniform in honor  
of the occasion. Moreover, ~~Captain~~  
~~Vauter~~ a native of Albemarle County,  
Va. - and a gentleman born, single  
and even then approaching middle life  
in his thirties. He was living at  
last alone; married a retired officer, in



Saturday  
September 5, 1959  
3 AM-

9 This day marks my  
74th year residence  
at Marlin's Bofters.

Sept. 5, 1885, James, Andrew and I com-  
pleted our trek in the "Carry-all" from  
Rockingham County, referred to at length  
in a preceding Chapter. I a boy of  
ten years. Both brothers departed  
aged ~~47~~ 77 (1946) and 59 (1930).  
Our first night in Prentiss County  
at the home in Huntersville of  
Dr. S. P. Patterson.

A change in plans and extensive  
alterations being made in the Drainage  
and Sewerage system under Main  
Street - at added cost. As the  
whole street is to be paved with 2 feet  
of concrete Complanate; the sewer  
and water systems under-lying will  
have to be good.

The young woman, wife of a soldier,  
that I had sheltered in our home  
on the Harmony Road; as a Companion;  
perhaps, with her genius for Coaching  
~~and Managing~~ young women in  
their settling in life, hoped to save  
the marriage. However this young  
person proved to be "Natty Marrying  
brand," and soon disappeared from  
our household; perhaps to become  
"Common to the Regiment," in ~~the~~  
~~the~~ Battle Creek.



On the arrival of the Battalion at Camp  
Custer, in August, 1918, we found a  
large number of negro draftees running  
at large, encamped adjacent to  
our Cavalry Regimental Encampment.

The colored recruits were charmed  
by the order and discipline of our  
~~Reg~~ Regular troops; many chose to  
try the "new doctor" in camp,  
and appeared in numbers for treatment  
of their many diseases, though having  
their own Medical Detachment and  
Physicians. I found it necessary

to turn these away to seek their  
own medical facilities. One  
of their Lieutenants (White) called  
on me as Regimental Surgeon  
and audaciously threatened to "Report"  
me as refusing his medical  
attention. Telling him to "report  
and be damned," he did report me  
to the Division Surgeon, but I  
escaped with a mild reprimand  
from Colonel Bright to be more  
diplomatic in future in handling  
the colored troops.

One day appeared at Burke <sup>Jefferson</sup> ~~Howard~~  
a colored boy who had for a time  
worked for me in Marlinton as Porter  
and field hand. Burke had been  
swept in by the draft, and hearing  
of my presence, called to pay respect



11  
Always willing and obedient, but extremely dense. Mentally, he was found quite unable to learn the rudiments of drill, and consigned to the "Deceptive Battalion," the dumping ground of army misfits, where he was kept "loyal" ninety days. I found him "loyal" to his old boss, or "master," and as a homesick negro, pathetically glad to see me. ~~The~~ The family had not yet arrived at Camp Curtis. After his army hitch, Burke became a railway track negro, and so continued to his death some years back. On occasional meetings, Burke rarely failed to inquire about "the Boy" (meaning Norman) and "the Girl" (Jennie) and where living. Totally lacking in money sense, his wages expended for trinkets or lost to his associates.

Not able to read, after his return from the army, Burke exhibited with pride his "S.C.D." Discharge - ("Surgeons Certificate of Disability.") The cause of Discharge was written "Impossibility." When informed of this ~~his~~ he felt hurt; ~~but~~ <sup>and</sup> exhibited the Discharge paper no more. Burke did not drink, was not vicious, and never in trouble, only weak mentally. He had a good heart. Peace to his ashes.



The 100th Regiment, recruited to full  
was strength, autumn 1918, and the  
Fourteenth Division, ~~whose~~ <sup>whose</sup> shoulder  
insignia, the Wolverine, alerted ~~for~~ <sup>overseas</sup>  
"overseas" and routine examinations  
made of men and officers for that duty.  
At the same time, Colonel C. C. Creighton  
M.C., devised two specially irksome  
activities for medical officers,  
designed to test and improve  
whatever physical and mental qualities  
were possessed.

The first, "Pop drill," specially  
for those assigned "overseas": a  
young medical Lieutenant, who appeared  
to have recently been a football  
player and coach, was assigned  
to drill us; of fierce facial expression  
and mental clarity typical of his class.

Daily the squad reported on the  
athletic field, about forty in number  
and in tennis shoes and fatigue dress-  
~~and~~ were put through our paces,  
consisting of setting up exercises,  
including short runs and leaping  
low hurdles. ~~Individuals~~ <sup>Individuals</sup> who  
seemed a bit slow or stiff in the  
knees ~~were~~ <sup>was</sup> singled out to  
run a hundred yards and return  
and jump a hurdle.

~~One~~ A middle-aged and dignified



13

Major, M.C., who in civilian life had probably been a distinguished man in the community, dared to protest, with some heat, this 'ignominity', destructive to moral; his protest received in stony silence by our "Coach". It appeared for the moment one of those tense tense moments, not unknown in the military life; but we were soon dismissed without noting <sup>bore some duty</sup>.

Another ~~was~~ <sup>was</sup> designed by Colonel Creighton was a weekly quiz designed to test our professional fitness and scholasticism. All Divisional medical officers assembled and required to recite, <sup>in some cases</sup> ~~individually~~ called on at random by the grilling officers. It is readily seen this could be embarrassing and destructive of true moral in the military service.

Once when called on to describe some intricate ~~detail~~ <sup>detail</sup> involving the blood circulation, I rose and stated I was not prepared to recite; ~~but~~ that I held a medical degree from a University and had practiced medicine and surgery for fifteen years just past, including one and one half years active military service. This I did



rather than attempt to escape from a  
defective memory. omitted details.  
Having had my day, I sat down, and  
was not called on again by the  
"Professor" detailed by Creighton  
to quiz us.

Ambrose Pare, noted Military  
Surgeon of the sixteenth Century,  
was largely ignorant of scientific  
details; I have not yet <sup>having</sup> described  
the circulation of the blood.

Mid-October and premonitory  
symptoms of the onset of the great  
Influenza epidemic of 1918, ~~as~~ and  
well as ~~onset~~ of winter, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> the  
"Armistice" of November 11th, put  
a final quietus to ~~the~~ Creightonian  
Nagging. His Medical Divisional  
Medical Staff.

Alarmed by the increasing  
numbers of ~~soldiers~~ <sup>soldiers</sup> reporting with  
temperatures and catarrhal symptoms  
at Sick Calls, Colonel Creighton  
was inclined, at first, to suppress  
the percentage of sick in the Camp,  
even directing the diagnosis

"Influenza" be used sparingly.  
However, I continued writing "Influenza"  
quarters, where indicated. ~~at the~~



Sunday, Sept. 6, 1919. 13-

4 A.M.

"September Morn," an idyllic season; warm sun; cool nights. Ripening fields; some corn already in shock. Slept a little late, rising at 4 A.M. Some weed cutting in the lot; Price Run.

"The distemper" spreading, and large numbers in "quarters" and Hospital, and the night cool, the men began to close the windows in Barr Crowded Barracks, for already full to suffocation with ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> morning. Coughing sick soldiers, ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> a duty of the officers of the day to keep open a certain number of windows for ventilation.

"Pop" drills and "quiz" classes for the Divisional Medical Staff heard of no more in the onset of the epidemic. Noble efforts made to make the sick comfortable; more straw provided to stuff mattresses on the iron cot beds.

The Hospital was crowded and extra barracks made available for the sick, and partial isolation. A good deal of confusion as to the number reported daily as present and fit for duty. Numbers went to their near-by homes, or overstayed leaves of absence, and not missed at assembly. ~~And~~ <sup>Others</sup> Others could have done so, without being reported absent.

Soon the dying began - as many as fifty in one day, from pneumonia and complications, besides the permanently disabled by pleurisy and.



16  
tubercular infections. (Many a  
prisoner is living today - Forty years  
after because of early diagnosis tubercular?)  
I do not know the exact mortality  
at Camp Curtis following the "flu"  
epidemic, but many hundreds died.  
Mortality in the 10th Reg., alone,  
exceeded one hundred.

Influenza extended to civilians  
also, and the virus infection deadly.  
It is recalled the thousands of fatalities  
among ~~the women~~ who bore children, and  
those who gave suck in those days.

A number of men died in barracks  
quarters, though the officer of the day  
supposed to get the sick to hospital,  
at least, before death came.

Still, there was no panic in camp.  
Criminals and armed men have a  
certain ~~certain~~ fatalism in the presence of  
death disaster and death.

"They also serve who only  
stand and wait."

Many appeared to have partial immunity  
- did not contract flu. myself and  
family staid well. Possibly due to  
having had influenza the winter of  
1917, at Fort Harrison.

Following the "Armistice" of Nov 11,  
and due to epidemic disease, there  
was a let down in morale and the  
movement set in among the men and  
officers to "go home," ~~combated~~  
opposed



for a time by higher authority. The  
movement extended to "over seas" and  
in January Detachment began to arrive  
for discharge at the "Base", ~~very~~ very  
snooty with their over-seas caps,  
brass leggings and "gold" service  
stripes. Some name-calling, and  
even fights occurred between  
individual soldiers on a point of honor.  
The soldiers of my old Rock Island  
detachment especially beligerant on  
the subject; ~~as~~ all young volunteers  
at the outbreak of the war. A ~~sole~~ <sup>SOBE</sup>  
point freely expressed; not even  
permitted in general orders ~~when~~  
"stripes" for voluntary service, ~~that~~  
~~that~~ decorations were handed out  
freely for every imaginable  
~~other~~ distinction ~~other~~.

Army Bureau rising reached a  
all-time high in stupidity in this  
slay-up, advertising an unpopular  
foreign war.

The disease epidemic subsided  
in December, 1918, to break out with  
renewed virulence Spring of 1919.

I had early fall only the  
"Armistice" of Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> put in an  
applications for discharge, feeling  
the urge to get out of the Army and



back to civilian employment, to  
restore personal finances, much  
depleted. This was finally granted  
to take effect January 27, 1919. I  
had been duly examined in the field  
by a board of Medical officers  
and pronounced perfect physically;  
presumably, also, mentally unmarked  
and unscathed by a year, seven  
months and twenty-seven days  
"home service" in ~~active~~ war time,  
including about eighty months  
"field service" with the 10th Infantry, 45th  
Infantry, and officers, in my anxiety and haste  
to get home and ~~into~~ business in  
a "war market" I ignored or  
concealed injury or illness that  
could have been pensionable at  
a later date; or even retirement  
pay as a Reserve officer; The ~~entirely~~  
Railroad accident at Blue  
Creek, in particular to both legs,  
Incidentally, I may add, that  
the number of Medical officers  
granted "retirement" status after the  
war of 1917, became a national  
scandal shortly after, due to favors  
granted this or that by a Medical  
retirement board. (Comp. Moore)



Friday, Sept. 11, 1959 19  
Thirty days of almost continuous heated weather,  
around 90 each day; cooler weather and  
fall signs. Combining with locally the  
average was large & work on the Road  
and bridge progressing; but delayed by  
extensive ditching for sewerage. And  
day a typical "September Morn." a long  
distance call from Mr. Lemus, of Chaderston,  
of United Fuel Gas, regarding renewal  
of leases Campbell Ry. Mineral. It is  
evident they are still interested in  
this gas field.

Following my arrival of November 11, 1918,  
the 10th Infantry Division was convinced  
my war was over, whether the Pentagon of  
the day agreed, and sitting down to wait  
discharge. There had been no deaths or  
serious illness among the officers of the 10th  
and 40th Regiments during the influenza  
epidemic, and all of us were looking early  
for hope for promotion and pay in the war.  
Lemus and the family, by this time, were well  
enough quarters in his old house on the  
Farmington Road, with more space and  
freedom of movement than most families  
in the army enjoyed. We made visits  
to town, saw a show occasionally, and  
lived in hope of early discharge and return  
to Marlinton. No more Pop drills and  
giving classes by Colonel Bright, a  
Division Surgeon much distressed by the  
heavy mortality during the epidemic.  
Morale in the camp very low; no paper  
games were frequent, and playing for cups  
was prohibited, resulting in unjustified and



20

Losses to many officers, as for the men, their losses usually confined to any money they had in hand. Credit of "Jaco Bond" in gambling not popular among the centurians. Many times the game continued late at night the Barrack windows of officers mess covered with blankets and lights were supposed to be "out". On such a drop note. The war so far as it concerned the citizen soldiery, ended. This passes the glory of the earth.

Having made my financial clearance with the Quartermaster, the Commissary and the officers mess, early in February we left the farm house and embarked for home.

During the second day in the evening regaining practice in my profession after long absence, in my case, was comparatively easy, as I had retained, and paid out on my office in the Bank during my absence I was able to begin immediately, and it is a matter of some pride I earned a dollar the first day. I also made a deal with Ford Peabody and friend James Baxter for a Model T and set to work. Influenza was still rampant and home attendance of cases of colds with the usual thing. It is true the mood of late winter was almost bottomless less, but I and my model T and a horse I purchased valiently tried to answer all calls.



Just as I had been accustomed to doing  
before my tour of the War and its alarms.  
It is a singular fact that in Dec. & Jan. of  
1919 none of the five Physicians in practice  
in Marlinton was equipped with either  
horse or auto transportation; ~~except~~ except  
myself; the others relying on hired  
conveyance or conveying the homes  
of the clients. I had thus first call  
on Country practice, and kept busy.  
Many Physicians returning from the  
War were not so fortunate as I; some  
finding their places filled by claim  
jumping Doctors, or otherwise ousted.  
"For emulation has a thousand sons,  
Who stand in line; if one be gone  
another takes his place."

It is true I missed my Power and  
place as an elected County official,  
but hoped to regain that or some other  
public office; at this time having, as I  
thought, a justifiable belief that the  
returning soldiers might be welded  
into a voting block of influence in  
the election as supporters of former  
officers and comrades. The election  
of next year, a Presidential year,  
together with woman suffrage, pretty  
well demonstrated confusion of Veterans  
Politically, in a foreign war.  
The sad case of my class-mate and



and war ~~crusade~~ - Captain George A. McQueen, M.C., is cited as a ~~good~~ to the  
fidelity as a patriotic asset of service  
in that war -  
A brilliant student and prominent in  
the class of 1904, B.M.C. - latter University of  
Maryland, and a native of Summersville  
in Nicholas County, Do. McQueen was  
quickly successful as physician and Surgeon  
in Charleston, W. Va. & happily married.  
and before 1917 had served as Mayor  
of the Capital City. <sup>in the army</sup>  
After honorable service he aspired  
to the office of Governor of the State, with  
~~respectable~~ <sup>respectable</sup> Personal and financial  
backing. His grandiose figure in uniform  
featuring his campaign posters, as  
justifiable appeal to the "expected" soldiers  
vote "expected" in the elections of 1920.  
This proved a delusion, of the ~~highest~~ <sup>highest</sup>  
magnitude, the "Soldiers" voting as  
Personal and Political opinions  
dictated, as heretofore, before and after  
the war. Dr. McQueen, running  
as a Democrat, failed of <sup>the</sup> nomination,  
going to some "Civilian" Politician, who  
was in turn, defeated by the Republican  
land-slide of 1920.  
The losses of a Political Campaign  
were heavy and the Doctor lost out in  
with the profession as well. The death of his



Beloved wife affected Dr. McQueeney  
adversely, as well, and he partially  
succeeded to the use of alcohol.  
My last meeting with my friend Doctor  
George A. McQueeney was at the meeting  
of the State Medical Association in  
Huntington, W. Va. May, 1921, and  
at a Country Club I observed George  
drinking, under the influence, half tipsy,  
throwing dice on the floor of the  
card room; as for myself, I was  
sitting in a game of stud poker,  
one of the participants and on my  
left no other man the elderly  
first mayor of the town of Huntington  
Peter Blume Buffington; and even in  
old age enjoyed the society of  
the comparatively young.  
A singular incident of the poker

A singular incident of the Police game. A visiting sharp-shooter had for some reason singled me out as a special contestant, and in one round, the play narrowed down to Mr. ~~Bray~~ <sup>Brayton</sup>, the sharper, and me; and as I held three Kings and no especial danger in sight, stood several <sup>rounds</sup> ~~times~~ on a 2-dally limit. It seems that Mr. ~~Bray~~ <sup>Brayton</sup>, who was on my left, flung in deliberately, as he resented what



he considered bluffing or bluffing  
tactics of the sharp-shooter directed  
at me in several plays previous.  
His quite obvious "staying" nettled  
and discomprized my opponents who  
dropped out on the next bet. Mr. ~~Allen~~  
commented to me after the game, in  
which I was a small winner, what  
the gentleman had against me.

Because of alcoholism, after  
a few years, Dr. McQueen lost  
out professionally and politically  
and died aged about 40 years.

Unusually gifted and promising  
in early life, his end I fear was not  
peace. I trust he was in the  
Covenant of Grace; though wandering  
not last.

The death of a brother, a Doctor  
McQueen, Dentist at Seemerville a  
few years since was tragic. He  
fell into an open hearth fire; it may  
have been while dozing, and was  
fatally fumed.

Further I will record that in the elections  
of 1920 I was nominated for County  
Commissioner, as a Democrat, and  
defeated by Mr. Edward C. Williams,  
prominent Lumberman and Banker. ~~in~~  
~~the~~ I opposed the amendment to the State  
Constitution enabling the issue of Road Bonds.



Saturday - Sept. 11, 1939<sup>25</sup> - Rose at 3.30. The  
Mummy Coal; beginning fire in the Bath room -  
very usual "sitting down" in early morning  
and eve. Arthur has come - then writes.

It seemed unreasonable to me - then as  
now - that people the voters - men and  
women - under the leadership of tax-  
wasters in the Legislature, would  
allow the Palls and vote an amend-  
ment enabling the state to borrow  
vast sums to be used internal  
improvements. The Mother State  
of Virginia, Reminiscent of the  
"Internal Improvement" bonds dating  
to a period before the Revolution  
of 1861; the West Virginia part of  
the "Virginia Debt" until receiving  
a political issue, in ~~1920~~ 1920, finally  
settled by payment of Fourteen  
million Dollars with interest; elected  
to "pay as you go" in Road Building.  
In the elections the "Good Roads  
Amendment," with its borrowing  
"Revolving" fund, carried heavily;  
particularly popular with the need  
women voters; again the ladies  
as always, insufficient for progress,  
regardless of public debt. The  
Debt Amendment helped to defeat me  
in the elections; besides the trend that



26  
Year was Republican. Wilson  
Paralytic and Senile, held on to the  
Presidency to his last gasp for  
death in the White House.

I was aware of the voting trend - not  
going my way - My defeat for County  
Court not unexpected. The Campaign  
was lifeless - without interest.

Not in the least daunted by defeat,  
I was soon after elected to the Town  
Council, and later Mayor of Marlinton.  
Meanwhile I was practicing to the  
limit of capacity, enjoyed a good  
income, sufficiently ample for all  
present needs.

With the year 1920 began the ten-  
year onset of the incredible 18th  
amendment, with moonshine traffic  
in hard liquors and the home  
brewing of filthy country wines and  
liquors, along with Judicial  
and Police Tyrannies, graft and  
hypocrasies. Our home, like  
others in Marlinton, was marked as a  
fifty brewery of Malt liquors and  
fermented assorted drinks, with  
Wmmy, aged 13 years an enthusiastic  
helper in Bottling operations, thus  
early acquiring a taste for illicit  
alcoholic Beverages.  
With my customary aloofness, I



gave no need. Signs of danger, even when, at times, I found at the house an assorted drinking party of men and women. I was personally there and through life a total abstainer. Always early to rise for a breath of morning air, and busy with my practice of medicine, and gardening. Land-surveying and forestry, I ignored as did not observe the plain signs of disaster in the family life.

From early life, Jean had been accustomed to social drinking on occasion; now for a considerable period - about three years - excessive and habitual, until the onset of ill-health, in 1924, and anxiety about Norman's alcoholism, put a final stop to her drinking, until her death four years later.

About this time the activities of Mr. H.S. Ruelaz, an attorney, and for long operator of a part-time gambling Commercial Paper place in an apartment over his office; he was also notable in the Moonshine and Home Brew Business, as an adjunct to his Paper game, and as a business.

"The Judge", as he was often called by cronies and customers, possessed



28  
An ancient auto - a "huuf" or  
other extinct brand, the operations of  
which required the expert attentions  
of Henry Hines, and who drove the  
car on Judge Ruchers frequent  
trips to Anthony's Creek, where resided  
one Hoptlett, a leading Moon distiller  
of Moonshine. Many times Henry  
accompanied ~~the~~ Ruchers, ~~also~~ in  
~~with~~ the expeditions. It was on  
returning from a trip to the North Fork  
of Anthony with the Ruchers that I  
first observed Jean drunk in the  
Autumn of 1923. The unpleasant  
incident is fixed in memory,  
because Jean ~~pro~~ exhibited a  
long knife, or stiletto, I did not  
know she possessed, and stated  
fiercely that if I objected to her  
conduct I would be killed then  
and there.

I was silent; felt no fear, nor  
fled or made resistance; she put  
away the evil looking stiletto;  
and nothing more said of the  
incident. Nor was the threat  
repeated. Doubtless, I have always  
thought of the right of a woman  
to kill her husband, if she cannot  
live with him, and should not  
be penalized. It may be this







Sunday, Sept. 13, 1909 30 30  
4 A.M.

I arose from dreams related to the complexities of modern life, including local, state and inter-national government and political life; the dream even included a complete national election - style of about 1970. Personally, such problems are complicated by the advance of age and weakness.

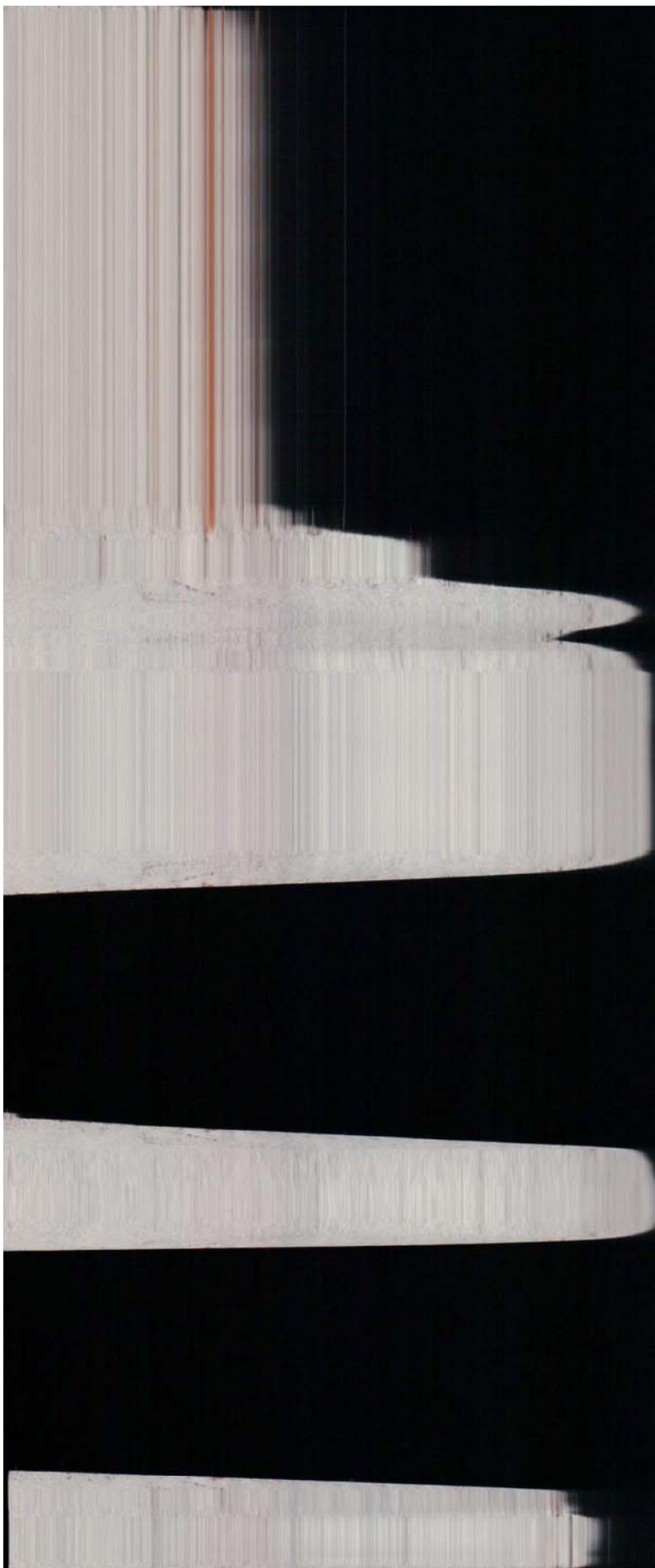
The youths shall faint and be weary,  
And the young men shall utterly fall;  
But they that wait upon the Lord  
shall mount up with wings as eagles;  
They shall run and not be weary;  
And they shall walk and not fall.

A recent letter from Amos L. Harold of Austin Texas; two pages written in execrable, almost indecipherable script. I will advise Amos, who is seventy-five, even at this late time to practice round letter writing, with some wrist and forearm action; "even as you can."

Once Dr. John Hunter had a call to attend a noble patient in London. He was at the time engaged in some research regarding the body temperatures of men, animals, and even vegetables; but impatiently said: "I will attend him, because if I do not make the damned

(4000) Shuttan and Henry August M  
(4000) Shuttan and Henry August M







31  
 I will be sure to  
 need it tomorrow.  
 It is called the same  
 that on the morning of the  
 with the presence of the  
 At once, I remember that he was  
 demonstrate the existence of the  
 as a cure. he has not the  
 "Pure Religion" as a reference to the  
 great "Mystery of King"  
 which has been receiving from  
 the 9th to the 11th of the  
 (Museum) to his chest.  
 A. Scott Rucker was one of the  
 of Dr. William Rucker, of  
 Virginia and Kentucky, who was  
 both physician and leader. all  
 the old were lawyers, one, James  
 Conway in Kentucky, one, James  
 with a degree, and of was the  
 residence in other towns in  
 the King River Valley, while living  
 then (more) than in these and  
 the name Rucker, that of first  
 just then from James, 1800;  
 Kentucky.



Mrs Elizabeth Scott Rucker, a  
 handsome lady of large frame, the  
 mother of three daughters; a native  
 of Amherst County, Virginia and of  
 excellent family and culture.  
 Her brother, Samuel B. Scott, attorney  
 and journalist, practiced law in  
 our County and edited the Marlinton  
 Journal for several years. In  
 1899 he married Miss Fannie Yeager -  
 daughter of Henry A. Yeager. Mr. Sam  
 Scott had University Education, was  
 literate, even a genius; but was  
 dissolute, slothful, and alcoholic -  
 all of which is another story.

During this married life in Hunterville  
 and Marlinton, over a period of about  
 forty years, Attorney and Mrs. Rucker  
 "separated" a number of times, due  
 principally to ~~the~~ Rucker's frequent  
 affairs with certain Native Concubines  
 of the period.

On more than one occasion when  
 Mrs. Rucker was seen driving at  
 a fast gait the team of two cross-  
 bay horses, with her three daughters  
 in the large family Chariot, the  
 village would remark that Mrs.  
 Fannie Rucker was leaving Scott



Rucker, again <sup>3,3</sup>

When an attractive woman of middle age leaves her husband, and does not find another man of means to take her up, she is lost.

A lady of high Principal, Mrs. Rucker, on these recurrent separations invariably went to the home of her father-in-law, Dr. William P. Rucker, at Lewisburg for refuge. After a time, a reconciliation would be patched up, and Mrs. Rucker ~~and~~ and the children would drive home. One such incident occurred about 1907, and the old Dr. Rucker having died, Mr. Rucker took a small hotel or boarding house in Norfolk, Virginia, in anticipation of expected literary activity connected with his publications & positions ~~that~~ ~~year~~. Due to a minor business recession that year, or to public indifference, the ~~&~~ positions proved a failure, or "flop," and in due time she returned to her home, in Marlinton. On another occasion she removed herself, (My girls grown, and all teaching or doing secretarial work) as far as Mobile, Alabama, but again returned. About 1912, to reside



with her aged <sup>34</sup> husband until his death in 1924. Throughout her married life my dear lady in whom could not bear was John Rucker "Infidelity". He did not drink to excess. Provided well for and educated his daughters. His success as a lawyer was principally defending those accused of major crimes, such as murder; also popular in matters of divorce from the bonds of matrimony. In the latter, he was popularly, at times, accused of supplying the necessary grounds for divorce from wrong wives, if other evidence was not to be found or proven.

Incurably affected with the gambling fever, when by reason of advancing years inevitably slowed down law practice, Mr. Rucker converted his Court Room over his office, a building adjoining his residence near the Clerk's House, into a "Poker Palace"; draw Poker preferred. The joint gradually lost its atmosphere of gentility as a resort for all hours discourse by fellow attorneys and gentlemen, and at last became known as a "Rake-off" game, resorted to by lumberjacks, even Negroes; with a bit of book-keeping of drinks on the side, as previously referred to.

The County Grand-Jury over a period of years, would chronically attempt to "indict" Mr. Rucker gambling "Joint."



The Prosecution <sup>25</sup> was usually unsuccessful  
for lack of direct evidence. The game favors  
not usually cooperation in supporting  
"Law and order".

On one occasion, the late William Dearing  
was asked by the Grand Jury foreman if he  
played Poker, replied he "did not know  
how" - in the sense that he was unskillful  
and unsuccessful at the game - ~~and~~  
and had no luck. This from a  
veteran soldier of the 1st Cavalry,  
1st Regiment, and no damning  
evidence from Bill Dearing -

Another time, my friend and schoolmate  
in boyhood, Wallace Lange, who yet  
lives a retired and plain life in  
Marlinton at an advanced age,  
supported for the most part by his  
"Social Security". Married late in  
life to the Widow Mary - Ellis - Moore,  
who has recently died. For many

years Wallace Lange followed  
the life of a woodsman in the Cumber  
Quimp, was known as "Pete", and his  
luck and proficiency ~~with~~ in cards  
games to some extent. Proverbial,

when asked by the jury foreman and  
Prosecutor, he admitted having played  
in Rufus's apartment; interrogated  
further if he had seen money pass  
commercially in the game, "Pete"  
replied he had seen "Donations"  
to provide utilities, Cards, light, heat,



Book 26, pages, 36

Forster's services and other survivors  
surroundings of a gentleman's game -  
The jury returned no indictment -  
So fully appreciate this anecdote  
one needs be familiar with Walter  
Lange, his personality, eagle eye and  
And beaked nose, altogether a hand-  
some man not often seen, even in  
age and adversity; correct in his  
language, although not regularly  
educated, his education that of a  
man of the world endowed with  
intelligence. I believe, had fate so  
decreed, Wallace Lange could  
have been a leader in war and  
peace. True, a lifetime in the  
Lumber Camps - like unto soldiering,  
he may have spent too many hours  
studying the history of kings, and the  
favors of the Goddess of Chance -  
at present friend Lange lives  
alone in his cottage at the base of  
Price Hill in West Marlinton. Kind  
Providence has granted him length  
of days following an active life in  
the open and forest places. He was  
born on the lofty top of Buck's Mountain  
overlooking Marlinton from the west.  
Now he can review life as vanity;  
"the shadow of a dream;" at the same  
time real and earnest. ~~In good luck!~~



In the autumn of 1904<sup>38</sup> and Jean being detained  
at home, our young son being an infant of  
eight months, I desired to offset the  
exposition at Jamestown, and with Jean's  
consent travelled alone by rail, and by  
way of Baltimore, having a nostalgic  
wish to again ~~see~~ recall student days.  
After a four years interval, that had  
witnessed my marriage.

In the city I chose to board for two  
days in a student's boarding house  
West Fayette Street, and mingle  
with students assembling at the  
University of Maryland Medical  
School, where I readily passed  
for one of them, with the reserve  
of new acquaintances. The Medical  
School had recently opened for both  
men and women - an innovation -  
a woman medical sat near me at  
table, who appeared to speak German  
by choice. I did not rate her as near  
my equal in beauty and charm as  
Dr. Alice Stebbins of the early days.  
I travelled by boat from Baltimore  
to Norfolk, part time out of sight of the  
shore - an inland sea.

Arriving at night, and before leaving  
the boat, who should appear looking  
for lodgers at her rooming house  
than Mrs. Fizzu Rucker, who had  
recently "left" Scott Rucker as her  
wedded husband, again! Mrs. Rucker  
either did not recognize me, or a student



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appearance of doing so; she may have  
been somewhat near sighted, or ~~other~~  
over-sight, as she had seemed to  
look directly at me without recognition,  
I chose not to introduce myself, and not  
long afterward I heard that she had  
given up her logging business and  
returned to her home.

After Mr. Rucker's death in 1924, Mrs.  
Rucker went to Alabama for a while.  
Before her departure she enlisted Jean  
to arrange and dispose of the household  
effects, by barter or sale, and otherwise,  
including some debts the Ruckers  
owed, medical, funeral, etc.

Preliminary symptoms of Jean's  
long illness had already appeared  
in the fall of 1924, but she labored  
long and hard on the Rucker  
disposal of effects, though not  
feeling well. This she did from  
some feeling of association and  
friendship for the family over many  
years; although at the time I did  
not think she owed them much,  
either in association or in such  
friendship; especially in the matter  
before referred to in the automobile  
expeditions for ~~their~~ foot-leg  
leynarr, wines and home brews  
of the early years of Prohibition  
beginning in 1930.



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This trafficking by Jean of the Rucher  
furnishings and effects continued for  
about a year, because as late as  
September, 1925, I paid Mr. Rucher  
for books and some furnishings. By  
then Jean's liver and pancreas was  
failed to function markedly, together with  
hardening of the arteries and emaciation.  
An abnormal craving for Carminatives -  
Cloves, pepper, cinnamon, was a symptom.  
A collection of wines in jugs and some  
matted drinks in bottles no longer craved  
as nature had revolted against such  
abuse of appetite for food and drink.  
It was necessary to keep the "wines" under  
lock, as by this time Norman was quite  
willing and eager to dispose of the lot  
in short order.

Next spring, 1926, as a general state  
police had begun raiding private houses  
in Marlinton in search of alcoholic  
beverages, I persuaded Jean to dispose  
of all "Cellar" contents, some gallons  
of jug of wine being cached by me  
among ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> rocks on the hill side.  
Some years later when I ~~searched~~ <sup>looked</sup>  
for this treasure I could not find  
a single jug - six in number -  
but it had exploded, or else  
I had not marked the site of  
burial ~~treasure~~ sufficiently well.  
Anyway, the brew was not of a vintage  
exactly improved by "age."